

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Per. 3977 e. $\frac{227}{1}$

The Present Age.

'The *search* of Truth, which is the wooing of it,—
the *perception* of Truth, which is the presence of it,—
and the *belief* of Truth, which is the enjoying of it,—
constitute the sovereign good of Human Nature.'—LORD BACON.

'In the discovery of truth, in the development of
man's mental powers and (social) privileges, each genera-
tion has its assigned part; and it is for us to endeavor to
perform our portion of this perpetual task of our species.'

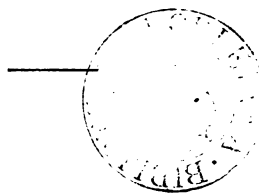
Professor WHEWELL, D. D.

THE
TRUTH-SEEKER
AND
PRESENT AGE:

A Catholic Review

OF

LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION.



LONDON :

JOHN CHAPMAN, 142, STRAND,

M.DCCC.XLIX.

PRINTED, AND THE STAMPT EDITION PUBLISHED, BY THE
EDITOR, DR. FREDERIC RICHARD LEES, LEEDS, FROM WHOM
THE FIRST SERIES CAN BE HAD, PRICE IN THREE VOLUMES,
TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE POST FREE.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
THE TRUTH-SEEKER. Manifesto of Principles, etc	9
The Nature of Truth—its evidence and obligation	10
The duty of self-culture: Imitation of the Divine Perfections	14
SCIENCE OF SOCIETY. Systematic History, or Society in Evolution	17
Human Life and Social Progress analogous	487
Obstacles to the elevation of the People	46
Lectures on the Wealth of Nations. I, <i>On Laissez-faire.</i> II, <i>The Labor Question.</i> III, <i>Surplus Labor and Poor Laws.</i> IV, <i>Organization of surplus Laborers.</i> V, <i>The Land Question</i>	89, 174, 249, 384, 421
Memoranda of the third French Revolution. The Press of Paris	240, 244
The Religion of the Revolution	290
Fourier on the Passion for Cabal, and its social uses	470
GENERAL REVIEWS. 'Characteristics of Men of Genius'	73
The Poet and his Mission. Milton—Byron—Goëthe—Machiavelli—St. Louis—Peter the Great	74
'Elements of Individualism'—stages of development—Earnestness and Enthusiasm	87
Tennyson's 'Princess,' <i>with extracts.</i>	50
Sutton's Poems: <i>with citations</i>	304
Buckingham's 'National Evils and Practical Remedies'	448
Fourier on the Human Soul	469
PHYSICAL AND MEDICAL PHILOSOPHY, Animal Magnetism: a theory	83
Action and uses of Alcohol	154
On Cholera, and three modes of treating it	477
Infant-treatment, and hereditary disease	485
Johnson's 'Domestic Practice of Hydropathy'	506
ON LITERATURE AND LIFE. Of Plutarch—his Morals and Banquet	199
Of Fiction—its character and tendencies	199
Notes in the Fields... ..	136
Emerson on Domestic Life	147
Human Superiority... ..	193
More Letters of Oliver Cromwell!	295
Consolations of Poverty	321

<i>Sleeping Beauty: A Masque for the Times</i>	330
Ralph Waldo Emerson	287
George Dawson	306
Principles of Education	357
On the Choice of Books	410
Of Friendship	461
Gentleness: by W. J. Linton	509
BIBLICAL CRITICISM AND RELIGION. Analysis of Coleridge's <i>Confessions of</i>	
<i>an Enquiring Spirit</i> on the Inspiration of the Scriptures—Opinion of	
Dr. Neander	23, 123
The Second Advent. Objection of Gibbon—solution of Belsham, etc., 59, 60,	115
The Universalist and Destructionist <i>versus</i> J. N. Darby on Endless Life in	
Torment	64
The Future Life: by J. W. Jervis	366
The Intermediate State: by Archbishop Whateley	405
Hebrew Readings. <i>Hosea</i> , ii. 16,— <i>Sheol</i> (Hell),— <i>Isaiah</i> , i. 18,— <i>Zeph.</i> i. 4,	
5,— <i>Isaiah</i> , lxvi. 3	116, 127, 143, 294, 446
Of Prayer, and other things	110
<i>The True Catholic Religion</i> : by W. Maccall	138
The true Preacher	145
Humility—genuine and spurious	137, 195
On Oaths and legal swearing	196, 813
True Virtue	273
Dr. Eadie on Geology and Creation	352
<i>Oriental Vineyards, Wines, etc.</i> By a Missionary	274
<i>Christian Theism</i> —analysis of W. J. Fox on Religious Ideas	515
Pious Frauds—Papal and Protestant	505
THE TEMPERANCE TOPIC. Dr. Forbes and the <i>Medical Review</i> on the use of Alcohol	
Dr. Lees's Critique on Prof. Stuart's Scriptural View of the Wine Question ...	156
<i>Tirosh</i> not wine— <i>gitzhar</i> not oil: Letter to Prof. Stuart on Hebrew Criticism	163
<i>Tirosh</i> 'vintage fruit,' not <i>wine</i> : in reply to Dr. Kitto	229
Teetotalism not 'the great Apostacy': in answer to Mr. Govett	235
Critique on Dr. Lillie's reply to Prof. Stuart	344
<i>Shechar</i> , not 'strong-drink': in answer to Drs. Eadie and Beard	355, 451
Professor Eadie on the Wines of Scripture	373
Criticism on W. Cooke's <i>Teetotalism Purified</i> , and W. H. Rule's Brief <i>Enquiry</i>	452
Dietetic Temperance—its nature and obligation	460
VARIETIES. Literary Notices	
<i>The Pathfinder</i> : or Questions and Responses	118, 344, 448
New opinions—A Princely Pathfinder—Seed time and harvest—Sensuous	
Esthetics	22, 58, 305, 468
Maxims in Rhyme	198, 227, 279
The Mission of Tracts	226
ORIGINAL POETRY. <i>Spirit Voices</i>	
Aids to devotion—the Christian Priesthood	45, 48
<i>Hymn to May</i>	49
Love thy Neighbor—Onwards!	82, 88
<i>Moontlight</i>	114, 248

CONTENTS.

vii

Sunset	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	116
<i>God all in all</i>	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	117
Depression	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	135
<i>The Uses of Adversity</i>	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	144
Twilight	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	150
An Epitaph for Dickens: by Elliott	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	172
<i>Lines to an Infant</i>	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	173
'Consider the Lilies how they grow!'	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	225
A page of Epigrams: by Elliott	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	228
Song of the Earth Spirits	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	234
The Poet on the French Republic	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	240
<i>The Rectory in the Vale of Trent</i>	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	280
Home of Childhood revisited	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	311
<i>The Swineherd of Stowe</i>	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	317
The Day and the Hour shall reveal	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	327
All good things are common	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	328
<i>Let me rest:</i> by Elliott	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	361
Ode to May	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	381
<i>Robin Hood's Grave</i>	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	362
<i>Ode to June</i>	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	403
<i>A July Noon</i>	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	445
The Circle—Silence	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	409,	420
For Rome! by Linton	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	444
Address to a Snail	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	447
<i>A Phase of Life</i>	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	476
Kossuth and Görgey	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	492
Sow thy Seed	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	494
<i>The Masque of Life</i>	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	495
Love's Trinity: by Linton	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	508
Watching	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	524
Rhymes to a River	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	525



ERRATA AFFECTING THE SENSE.

Page 90, for 'Henry IV of France' read 'Colbert, Minister of Louis XIV.'

P. 94, l. 5, for 'mellis' read 'mel.' Line 16, change ; into a , (comma).

P. 111, l. 33, for 'highly' read 'lightly.'

P. 116, in Poem on Sunset, l. 2, insert 'all' before 'alone.'

P. 118, in note (a) insert 'not' before 'abridged.'

P. 168, l. 38, for 'filling the land' read 'filling the hills.'

P. 230, l. 45, for 'get aid' read 'get rid.'

P. 337, l. 18, for 'Wailing' read 'Qualling.'

P. 338, l. 5, for 'roof,' read 'woof.'

P. 343, l. 30, for 'thou' read 'that.'

P. 348, l. 26, for '1668,' read '1588.'



THE
TRUTH-SEEKER
 AND
CHRISTIAN THINKER :
 A Catholic Review
 OF
 LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION.

New Series.

'The seed,
 The little seed they laught at in the dark,
 Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
 Of spanless girls, that lays on every side
 A thousand arms, and rushes to the Sun.'
 Tennyson.

'If an offence come out of the Truth, better is it that the offence come, than the
 Truth be concealed.' Jerome.

MANIFESTO OF PRINCIPLES.

THE title we have selected for our Periodical, **THE TRUTH-SEEKER**, is not used in opposition to **THE TRUTH-FINDER**, but rather as synonymous with it. It does not signify that no Truth is possessed or found, neither has it reference to the opinions of its Conductor at all. The name denotes the nature of the work as an Organ for the discussion, discovery, and development of Truth, rather than the position of any individual writer. In a gold-seeking age, we proclaim truth-seeking to be the better part, and 'the love of truth' to be the first and essential condition of finding it. The inscription over the portico of nature, and the gateway of knowledge, ever is—'*Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.*'

In the spirit of the Jewish sage, we exhort all men, every where, to 'get wisdom and understanding'; not implying their actual destitution of wisdom and intelligence, but that wisdom is a fountain and knowledge a stream, whereat all men may drink *for ever*—living and exhaustless waters flowing from the throne of God, upspringing from the infinite depths of His everlasting being.

In the words of the same Hebrew thinker, we say—'*Buy the truth and sell it not*'; not meaning by this maxim that we possess *no* truth now, or shall, in a coming day, have attained to *all* truth, and thenceforth cease to be truth-seekers; but, simply, that of all commerce, the commerce in wisdom is the richest and noblest—that truth is a treasure more precious than fine gold, 'a pearl beyond price'—a treasure requiring the sphere of the infinite ages for the

B

unfolding of its splendor to the growing and progressing faculties of man. Hence truth-seeking is not the negation of truth-finding, since, as SCHILLER observes,

'Ever Truth's bright bounds outranges man.'

We hold, also, that truth must be purchased by toil and thought—the even at this price it will not be revealed, save to its sincere and childlike worshippers; it is a sacred treasure equally concealed from the gaze of purblind prejudice and self-complacent laziness.

Truth, strictly, is the *perceived harmony between phrase and fact*—Reason's Echo to the voice of Pan. Hence, practically, truth must be to every man *subjective*—that which to each seems best to express the Realities of Nature and the Laws of God. Whatever may be *the sense, the impression*, left on any individual soul, by unbiased contact with the word or the works of God, THAT must be *his* truth, calling for reverence as the sacred Revelation of God to him, and claiming constant and consistent obedience. We in our *affirmations*, or others in their *denials*, can never rise above *human, individual* assertion—i.e., our own Subjective Conviction—in any point whatever. If, therefore, party or passion, power or pelf, fear or favor, shall urge any man to let this conviction go—see that he do it not! Rather, bind it fast round his heart of hearts: if resulting from the search after evidence, then it has been bought of God, and must be regarded as a sacred truth and trust. '*Sell it not*'!

The *impression* on the God-made intellect is the result of God-made Laws; it is consequently the most sacred law, the highest rule of life. Hence *the great duty of every man is to prepare himself conscientiously for the calm perception and cordial reception of that truth by which he is appointed to live*. This is the primal duty—but how despised! Let us learn, then, to seek God and Truth—let our spirits lie in observant but reverential silence before Him, so that no disturbing passion, or darkening prejudice, may intercept the rays of truth, or prevent us from receiving the right impression. In short, let the soul, duly prepared, be Daguerreotyped in the sun-light of the Eternal! Thus, and thus only, can we worthily worship the highest in the highest way—intelligently and in truth.

A wise *culture* and harmonious *growth*, we hold, complete the conditions, and fulfil the ends, of all life. Men confess this when it concerns corn and cattle, fruits and flowers; but with reference to Human Life, the teaching of the accredited teachers is, that we should be as silent and submissive, as still and stereotyped, as quiet and contracted as possible; in short, that we should not grow, but congeal; not progress, but petrify.

Numbers of professing pious persons indeed, even represent the Deity as displeased with those discoveries in science, which, on the one hand, have unveiled to us the wondrous workings of His Power in the Past, and, on the other, revealed to our venerating gaze, glimpses into the glories and evidences of His Presence in Space—displeased with the study of Nature, the most authentic of his works, as tho this were not a revelation of Himself, written with the very finger of God—a Divine manuscript of creation, disfigured by no mortal amanuensis and medium, but coming to us in its primitive purity, free alike from the corruptions of transcribers and the misconceptions of translators.

Nevertheless, the Culture of Human Reason, the insight into Truth, is manifestly the grand and final purpose of the Universal Parent. For this end,

in an era too remote for human measurement, was the primitive matter of the world created, and, thro' manifold revolutions, fashioned and furnished for the habitation of Man. Naked and houseless he was placed upon its wild, uncultured surface, and his appointed task was to '*subdue it*'—to subdue it by the Thought of his Brain and the Skill of his Hand, for the satisfaction of his daily needs and the development of his divine nature. For this end, in divers periods and parts, the divine faculties being enfeebled by oppression, or decaying from disuse, Poets and Prophets, Sages and Saviour, have been sent forth, to revive the declining life, and transfuse fresh blood into the collapsing arteries, of the world—to breathe a purer air into its poisoned lungs, and enkindle a more vital spirit in its fainting soul.

Holding these principles, we necessarily discard all *one-sided views* of doctrine, and demand that each writer shall stand on his own responsibility. We afford to Truth-seekers, therefore, fitting medium for tolerant exposition and unshackled enquiry, free from all sects and systems. The claim of *infallibility*, whether put forth by Pope or Protestant, we utterly despise. We stand or fall by these principles—That *self-culture* is the central axiom of all true ethics—That *the duty of truth-seeking is paramount to all others*—That it is a crime against God and against man to hold out favor or fear, gain or loss, with the view of deciding the judgments of men on any question of Truth—That it is a vice of the worst kind, leading to spiritual death, to give up the use of our own talent, the exercise of our own intellect, to priest or polity of any sort—That truth is necessarily a *subjective* perception; whence we deduce the duty of each individual to put aside all who dare presumptuously to step in between the Soul and God, and solemnly to settle for himself, according to the worth and weight of the evidence before him, *What is Truth*, and *What is Error*. The Protestant Churches have hitherto, equally with the Roman, denied these great principles. All have overlooked the fact, that hope and fear are neither instruments of discovery nor tests of truth. The only difference is this—that once Rome had a *monopoly* of infallibility, and swayed the sceptre of spiritual despotism over willing slaves and undivided empire, whereas Protestantism is a *competition* of petty Infallibilities, exhibiting a partial union of sects in conjunction with universal contest. It is pure romance to regard the Reformed Churches as a Republic, in contradistinction to the mighty monarchy of Rome. A Republic involves *equality of claim*, and negatives all separate supremacy, all distinct ascendancy. But it is not so among the sects. Nearly all claim '*divine right*'—not merely to *judge for themselves*, but for others; each speaks of the rest, not as citizen of citizen, but as *prince* speaks of *pretender*. Accordingly factions usurp the name of '*Evangelical*,' and establish '*Alliances*' which exclude other fractions of professing Protestants. In fact, each swelling sect in turn aspires to be Pope—copies the spiritual policy of the triple crown—and mimics, with its tin trumpets, the thunder-tones of its Italian Prototype. The Vestry apes the Vatican.

It should not be so amongst TRUTH-SEEKERS: they should unite in bringing about a wiser and worthier reformation; in enforcing the *Morality of Enquiry*, and in achieving the downfall of all sectarian and satanic intolerance! To this grand object we dedicate our periodical and devote our powers. It is this NEW REFORMATION which must precede, and prepare for, the NEW AGE of hope and

joy for the emancipated millions. May the people flock to the uplifted ensign ! Then indeed will their rest be great, and their reward glorious.

How vast its issues ! It will rescue the phrase 'Love of Truth,' from its profanation on the lips of fanatics and fools, and apply it, not to the *vice* of mental apathy, but to a *virtue* sects dream not of ; not to a vow of faithfulness to sect or system, but to the *moral and mental aptitude to relinquish prejudice for rational conviction* ; in fine, not to the self-complacent feeling of fancied *possession*, but to the earnest aspiration of rational *pursuit*.

This Reformation will discard the angry intolerance with which men look upon doubt, and consecrate it as a mental state necessary and natural in passing from a lower to a higher point of intellectual progress. It will affix to all *wilful favoritism* in the treatment of evidence, a sentiment of stern disapprobation, and direct the feeling of *moral responsibility* towards keeping the Process of Enquiry perfectly free from bigotry or bias. *Really believing* in the truth, and that true religion is indeed reasonable—'the *Logos*, or *Reason* of God, which was in the beginning with God'—men will cease to hoodwink the Intellect within them, and fearlessly look Truth in the face ! He who does not, will then be pitied as a coward, or branded as a criminal—traitor to Truth—infidel to Faith. Such a Revolution, by breaking up the selfishness of sects, by banishing the rivalry of creeds and the bribery of the pulpit, will unite the true Thinkers of the time in consentaneous action for the advancement of the race, and establish so glorious a Co-operation for the culture and development of the divine powers in man, that SOCIETY shall appear rather as the multiplication of One Individual, than as a mere aggregate of distinct units : it shall *realize* PAUL'S noble *ideal* of a CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY—an organization of many members fitly joined in one body, animated by one spirit, active to one end, and every limb in unison, serving and being served ; its sympathetic circulation free as if flowing from one central heart, and its vital thought as if generated in one single brain ! Thus the varied orders of Intellect, by rejecting repulsive *antagonism* for free *association*, would contribute to their mutual development ; the material gathered by the PERCEIVING POWERS of one class, would pass on to the COMBINING FACULTIES of another—either to those of the Poet, to be woven up into the glowing fabric of poesy ; or to those of the Philosopher, by whose generalizing skill the varied facts and forms of nature would be reduced to order, and exhibited in all the sublime simplicity of one grand and harmonious system ! Thus may we hope, by union, to reach with rapidity results to which *individuals* can attain only by long and laborious steps ; and in place of the tedious process of solitary vision, by uniting the powers of all (until the community shall resemble the symbolic creature of the Apocalypse, full of eyes behind and before), a new and deeper insight may be obtained into the Arcana of Existence, while round the sphere of life, the thousand eyes of this enlightened band of Truth-Seekers will spread a sort of Omnipresent Perception.

We seek especially to address 'THE PEOPLE,' to promote their welfare, and assist their noble efforts at self-culture and self-instruction—because we think that the time has at length arrived when the higher truths of Philosophy and Morals may be proclaimed to them. This conviction is founded on their temperate habits, and their consequently more thoughtful dispositions. The great

necessity, the primal condition of all educational efforts, namely, *that the soil should be prepared for the seed*, appears to be partially achieved.

To accomplish the great object of our enterprise, we shall divide our Magazine into the several departments of LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, and RELIGION.

The department of Literature will comprehend articles bearing on the social, moral, and spiritual unfolding of man; essays written in a poetic and attractive style, appealing alike to the sympathies and intellect of the reader; sketches of men who by their virtue and valor have surmounted the difficulties of life, and contributed to advance the cause of humanity; and poems of a high order, unallied to mere morbid sentimentality. We shall strive always to cultivate the faculty of the Beautiful in our readers, and to bind it to Goodness as to a bride.

It will give us real pleasure also to encourage the struggling and earnest in their efforts for individual development, and to aid in the solution of difficulties: this will, in fact, be a peculiar feature in our literary work, combined with inculcations of true self-reliance, and sturdy battlings with the Leviathans of the mental deeps, as absolute requisites to a brave and noble character.

In Politics we shall advocate the Rights of the People, not only to mental liberty, but to the material means of happiness: all unjust monopolies, anti-christian privileges, and pernicious prerogatives, we shall sternly oppose; but while we shall not speak with unnecessary harshness of persons, we design to give the boldest and most determined utterance to Truth.

The Critical department will include the reviewing of important books, wherein we shall, by a fair and full *analysis*, expound the thoughts and views of the given *author* to the reader, weaving our own affirmations or denials in the web of our criticism. Besides copious ANALYTIC REVIEWS of the costly books of the present, we also propose to give RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS of scarce or celebrated works of the past.

Knowing that a Sound Mind requires a Sound Body for its fullest and fairest manifestation—that the material and the mental are essentially associated, and exert a powerful reciprocal influence—we regard *self-culture* as inclusive of *physical culture*, and bodily temperance, or health of blood, as a natural condition of mental temperance, or health of spirit. Expositions of the great principles of diet, health, and longevity, therefore, and comparisons of the various competing medical philosophies—Allopathic, Homœopathic, and Hydropathic—will come legitimately within the scope and aims of THE TRUTH-SEEKER.

Under the Philosophical and Theosophical department, a variety of papers on subjects of great and general interest, will be admitted. Amongst the topics proposed may be enumerated Education, Social and National Economy, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Biblical Criticism and Theology—including inductive and Catholic expositions of Christianity, and analyses and examinations of the most celebrated writers against ‘the truth as it is in Jesus.’

In defending Christianity—we mean the simple and unchangeable Christianity of Christ, not the complex and chameleon Christianity of the sects—our eulogy and our censure alike will be primarily directed to doctrines and deeds, not to persons or parties. Frauds, forgeries, and falsehoods, indeed, falling in our way, or crossing our path, will receive *due* exposure. But we do not wish, in defending the *truth*, to discard the *temper* of Christ. Our contributors, we hope,

will be animated by the same spirit. They will honor each other's sincere thought, and help to further, by every generous and manly means, the realization of Truth, and the refutation of Error. In any controversial papers, the *absence* of such a spirit, quite as much as of talent, will form a ground for its rejection. We will listen to any man's Reason, but to no man's Wrath. Our's is an organ open to free discussion, but will be sternly closed to every display of passion or invective. Let us all, rather, imitate the chivalrous politeness of old, and exemplify that honorable humility which graced and guided the contests of the tournament. Nay, since we know that in Nature there is no such anomaly as war, but only action and re-action, resulting in the supremacy of the strongest, or in the production of a third state still better—that of harmony—let us even transcend the courtesy of the tilt-yard, and *help each other to arms and opportunity*, so that if 'God and the right' be *not* on our side, we may speedily be discomfited and disarmed. In such high-souled conflict amongst the Knight-errantry of Truth, defeat will be without disgrace, and victory all the more glorious for being won, not in the name of sect or self, but as the Champion of Truth, in behalf of our friendly antagonist himself, and of the whole family of man.

Let us bear in mind, that for our high Destiny, the performance of Duty has to prepare us. Salvation is essentially and primarily a *prepared state*: and therefore implies *culture* as a condition, as culture implies *exercise*, and exercise *freedom*. Our salvation must be *wrought* out with a sacred, not a craven fear, knowing that it is both of Love and of Labor, of Grace and of Service. The Prize of our high calling is noble—let the performance be worthy! '*Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect.*' This is the Ideal which Life, by progressive steps, must look to Realize—the consummation to which only a continuous culture can conduct. Thus the World and the Wise Man ever advance, from twilight to dawn, and from dawn unto meridian day. What a noble lesson of tolerance and truthfulness does the Divine Example present to us in this matter! If the Everlasting and Infallible Father can look down, in the greatness of patience or pity, upon the diversities of dogma which obtain amongst his frail and fallible children, ought not they at least to listen to each other's differences with respect? When the great unproud God complacently hearkens to the babblings of Men, surely they may quietly give ear to *each other*! Since God has placed us together on the common platform of earth, why should we erect our party palisades, and insist on our exclusive and paltry shibboleths? When the great Father tolerates my 'heresy,' why, oh brother! shouldst *thou* condemn? When He sheds upon me his sunshine and his favor, how darest *thou* to frown? Know'st thou not thy mission, oh fellow-man? which is not to blame thy brother, but to perfect thyself: '*Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect.*' Is not patience a great perfection of God? as impatience is the blind and passionate impulse of a cruel or contracted soul? Be ye, therefore, perfect in the exercise of patience and charity on matters of opinion. First *seek* the truth, and *prove* the doctrine; then hold fast to the good, in the spirit of peace and love. If you really believe that you *possess* the truth, you will rather seek than shun the freest enquiry into its evidence, since 'evidence' is that which makes truth evident, and necessarily implies examination and *looking at*.

If, on the contrary, you dread discussion and decry enquiry, it must be either because you dare not *trust* the Truth, or have no self-convincing *evidence* of its being such. In the first case, you are FAITHLESS to God, who is the fountain of Truth; in the second you are *faithless to yourself* and to your fellow men. You are not prepared to give a reason for the faith you profess, and yet attempt to palm upon others what evidently does not *convince* yourself! Hence the *bigoted* man is essentially the *bad* man: insincere, dishonest, false alike to God, himself, and others; and notwithstanding his Pharisaic professions, at best self-deceived and deceiving.

God, however, in a still more specific manner, is exhibited as an example for our imitation. Does not the Prophet rightly represent Him, when he puts forth this language:—‘*Come, let us reason together*, saith Jehovah?’ How strongly does this representation condemn the character, and rebuke the conduct, of the Persecutor. When God condescends to *reason*, the priest dares to *rage*! Miserable presumption! shocking pride! The ever-blessed Creator in his greatness stoops to *argue* with his creatures, even to invite man’s darkened soul to hold converse with his Divine Spirit, yet do priests in their littleness frown upon Truth-seekers for reasoning *with each other*! Clearly, the persecutors, the priests, the Light-shunners, are not of God—not observers and imitators of the Divine Perfections and Providence. They would fetter thought, limit enquiry, destroy Reason—probably because, like the demons in the Gospel, they strongly suspect that reason is calculated to destroy them.

F. R. L.

SPIRIT VOICES.



OUR seasons of joy
 Are the flowers on the mountain;
 Far beneath lies the treasure—
 The life-giving fountain.
 We may gather the flowers
 At our ease in the sun;
 In the sweat of our brow
 Must the others be won—
 Labor then,
 Fellow men,
 Up brave hearts, try again!
 Ours is no struggle for might or domain,
 Ours no ignoble strife;
 Aiming at purer life
 Front we all hardship, all trial, all pain.

Clouds gather round,
 In the sky is no star,
 Huge wastes are before us,
 And Salem afar.
 Yet faint not, but trust
 That new light will be given—
 Not till Earth's fruits have failed,
 Comes the manna from Heaven.
 Labor, then,
 Fellow men,
 Faint not, but try again!
 Life one-long-conflict from birth to the grave,
 In that broad battle-field
 Once having borne the shield,
 With it, or on it, is one to the brave!

Thou standest alone
 In the desolate waste;
 All dried the sweet fountains,
 The Palm trees all passed;
 Yet, yet, there is comfort,
 Thou nearest the goal,
 Where the world pales before thee—
 Thou liv'st in the soul!
 Then on high
 To the sky
 Rises Faith's triumph cry—
 'The Father is with me, I am not alone!'
 The drop of the mighty sea,
 Shrouded in mystery,
 Joins the vast waters and rolls with them on.

K. B.



SYSTEMATIC HISTORY:

OR, A BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF THE TEN SOCIETARY STATES.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

 HE Science of Society is the philosophy and system of History. Societary Science is the true foundation of Societary Art. It is what Memory is to the Thinker, in the evolution of his new combinations. It is the experience of the past and of the present, inspiring and regulating with prophetic vision the destiny of the future. History, vulgarly so called, however, is not societary science, altho related to it. It is merely a chronology without system—an indiscriminate collection of dates and occurrences, often irrelevant, often trivial, and but seldom connected with the great progressive developments of society, and those markt societary phases which best offer themselves for a systematic classification of historic states.

The subject of societary science, the systematic classification of the great phases of society, is a novel idea. History indeed we have had, in learned tomes, in ponderous volumes; but this history gives societary facts according to date, and not according to state. It is a thing of time, and not of essence. It deals with chronology, and eschews psychology. It measures by Olympiads, lustrums, and hejirahs, but not by organic phases, or data of positive societary progress.

As an introduction to a better classified system of history, in connection with Societary Science and Art, we present a brief synopsis of the principal phases of history, thrö an outline of the chief states of society which have been developed more or less in the world. In analyzing society in relation to its progress, we find these societary states to be *ten* in number. As the classifications of science demand a certain unitary and definite nomenclature, and an algebraic abbreviation of expression, we name these ten societary states—Paradization, Patriarchality, Clanism, Barbarization, Feudality, Municipality; Civilization, Monopolism, Associativity, and Communization.

Paradization is the first societary state. The fact of the histories of all nations having, in general coincidence, the record of the commencement of society in a paradizaical state, is the basis of this position. A traditionary remembrance of paradization is preserved not only by the Hebrew Moses, and the Latin writers Ovid and Lucretius, but even by the most savage and uncultivated tribes in all parts of the globe. According to the general tradition of all nations, what we term Paradization was the garden, or Eden condition, of the primitive world—the golden age and the Arcadian valley of the sons of song. In it, according to the tradition, the inhabitants of the earth lived in common upon the spontaneous fruits of nature. In it all was love, peace, plenty, and happiness. The world was so thinly populated, and its produce so plenteous, that the terms of

meum and *tuum* were unknown. Society was undefined, unregulated, having, without thought or design, all things in common. Thus in a sense, its definition is indefinite. Analogic probability, as well as historical tradition, however, supports the idea of paradization as the first societary state. In the analogy of numbers it accords with 1, which as 1 is no number, which as a *one* is *in* all numbers, and which as The One is all number. Hence its ambiguity. It originates with the human couple, man and woman, who form in themselves one social individual, having all things in common, but yet scarcely to be called a society. Nevertheless, the family commences from the united couple. 1 and 2, according to Pythagoras, symbolize all things. 1 and 2 make 3, and once the square of two, four. The power of one working in 3 produces 9—27—81—243. Society has begun. It is in operation. But it would not have begun, it would not have operated any more than arithmetic, without a first, without a one; of itself no fact save in relation to facts. Paradization, therefore, we class as the first societary state. It stands as the germ of society, as important and mysterious to societary science, as God is to religion.

In Paradization, then, there is the human couple. It produces a family. This family produces families. With these families, according to the law of progressive experience, division first developes itself. The Fall commences. The one family of paradization is broken up, and the various individual families and private possessions of Patriarchality or Pastoralism begin.

Consequently the Patriarchal-pastoral condition is the second societary state. It is so, not arbitrarily, but in natural order. Place any human couple, inexperienced, ignorantly happy, in the isle of Juan Fernandez, or any where else, and the moment individual familism arises out of their paradisaical union, the societary state of patriarchy arises also, and must of necessity institute itself. In like manner do the other eight societary states follow in a natural course of development. Thus any supposition that the classification here propounded is arbitrary, must be banished from the mind. It is the system of History, not our system. It is natural, necessitated: an exposition of the general law of cause and effect, as it relates to societary association.

Patriarchality is the development of the germ of human familism, in its most individualized and isolated aspect. The man, in its domestics, is the despotic father; in its politics, the absolute governor; in its ecclesiastics, the sole priest. The woman in it, is only the enslaved mother. Her mission is merely conjugal and maternal—is only to bear a family of which her husband is the patriarch. The industry of this family is of the pastoral kind. A few rods of ground may be planted around its tent, but herding and hunting are its chief employments. More than five times the extent of land is required for the pastoral, than for the agricultural life. The patriarchal family becomes nomadic, wandering. It moves for fresh pasture and water for the flock, or for a new hunting-ground. It consequently keeps apart from other families. The cattle of Abraham and of Lot, must not be too close together. The marriageable young men and maidens must after a while separate from their parents' family, and form themselves into a distinct family. Meanwhile population increases. The pastoral life absorbs very quickly also, any given tract of country. Differences as to the appropriation of pasturage arise, and the societary state of Clanism is consequented.

Clanism, or Tribism, is the third state of society. It is the junction of several families whom nearness of race, analogy of name, vicinage of situation, or some such conditions of probability, connect in a league, protective and aggressive, against a common foe. Junction of a temporary or incidental character, under one chief, with independence of families in general relations, characterizes the tribe, the sept, the horde, and the clan. This junction, primitively organized for defence or aggression only, as resulting from the disputes respecting pasturage, has in itself important results. The tents of the various families are clustered together, and become stationary huts, containing the germ of a village. In war, the elected chief commences the institution of arbitral power. Meanwhile population is on the increase. Their pasture, altho maintained as the property of the tribe, becomes insufficient for their wants. They cannot aggress, for their neighbors are clans as strong as themselves. They cannot change their situation. They have formed the attachment of place, and would have to move thro a hostile country. They look at home: they curtail their pasture, extend their agriculture, and thus provide for their population, and increase their wealth. In this latter respect is produced a motive for further societary change.

At this stage, Barbarization, the fourth state of society, arises. Induced by the wealth of the territory of a particular tribe, other tribes league together, and conquer it. By this warfare the barbarous manners are created, from which we name this state. The conquest of tribes, however, constitutes the nation. Monarchy establishes itself. The village, when centrally situate, becomes a city, or even a regal metropolis. The politics of the age enters into its ecclesiastics, and finds a Moses, a Mohammed, a Constantine, and a Charlemagne, as its practical expositors. The Latin and Sabine tribes become Romans, and Veii and Fidenatæ are conquered. The Saxon Heptarchy becomes the English nation. The nation *is*; the people *not*. War supplies the wants of the nation. The provinces feed the capital. Industry is not free, but compulsory. War meanwhile increases; it becomes national instead of tribal. All the power of the monarch is directed to it. He must succeed, or fall. The limits of his empire are increased; he must protect his boundaries. His chieftains grow tired of war; he must render it more attractive.

These causes effect a fifth state of society, Feudality or Baronialism. Its characteristic is Union, with graduated dependency. A barbarian monarch requires to conquer, or to maintain. The limits of his empire are too large, both for unrestricted obedience, and for simple personal aggrandizement. He grants, therefore, certain lands to certain of his chiefs, on condition of their conquest or their maintenance, and with patents of nobility, but subject to be held under certain customs or payments, in fief of him as their lord paramount. These fiefs are again subdivided by their holders into lesser fiefs, and distributed by them, under similar stipulations, among less powerful chieftains. The same system, thus applied politically, is adopted into ecclesiastical organization, whence come clerical as well as lay barons. Such is an outline of what is known as the Feudal System, from which we name the fifth societary state. In it aristocracy, titles of nobility, and heraldry arise, the illusions of chivalry prevail, and manorial institutions and copyholds commence. Meanwhile a period of peace occurs. The feudal barons repair to their castles. They attract

retainers around them. The monarch is now not alone in possessing a court. The barons and their courts have wants. The artizan appears to gratify them, and as the city has grown around the monarch, so grows the town around the baron.

From these causes springs a sixth societary state—that of Municipality. Differences arose between the central authority of the barbarian monarch, and the circular power of his feudal chiefs. Art had manifested itself, fostered by patronage, but with it came intelligence. The serf who had become an artizan, wished to become a free artizan, and would fight the battle, or defend the castle, only on that condition. His freedom was so gained, by this, and by the growing love of art. Towns were chartered with burgess rights and privileges. Industrial corporations and mercantile guilds obtained freedom, or bought it. The thirteenth century saw the tradesmen, as the Commons, admitted by their representatives, altho restricted by limitations, into the governing political assemblies of England and France. The oligarchic element had arisen in society. The Hanseatic league was instituted. And now the relations between the aristocracy and the commercial class become closer. The mercantile wealth of the latter increases, and places itself by the side of the territorial property of the former. Meanwhile, as the commercial demand has increased, prosperous tradesmen have employed sub-salaried workmen. These increase in number and intelligence; thus causing a seventh societary state.

This seventh state of society is Civilization, or the Civil-Commercial period. Fostered by municipal institutions, the last of which in the British Isles was the municipal Reform Bill, trade at first flourishes. Commerce is pacific. International treaties arise. Tariffs are introduced. A balance of power commences among nations, and war is in a great degree checkt. Correcter views of Christianity assist this. Meanwhile population ever increases. Its majority hasten to manufactures, and neglect agriculture. The markets of production are overstockt, and the distribution is defective. The nation has become a people, but it is an unemployed, and therefore a miserable and starving people. National war has been checkt, but the war of commercial competition rages. Democracy arises, and commences the contest for the unemployed. The electoral principle of representative reform is partially introduced, yet nothing but palliatives, or temporary revolution, offer themselves. Lastly, immense improvements in machinery are effected, and add to the development of a new societary state.

This eighth societary state is Monopolism, or negative association. The improvements in machinery are seized upon by an individual capitalist, or by a company of capitalists. They tend still more and more to throw the manual laborer out of employment, as they are monopolized for private advantage. Commercial patents increase. Great firms rule the markets. Forestalling, and its concomitant famine, are fearfully prevalent. Monopolizing companies, and not national governments, execute railways and great public works. Private banks are extended. Monopoly in machinery, monopoly in corn, monopoly in legislation, and monopoly in almost every respect, prevail. The rich become richer daily, and the poor, poorer. Change is absolutely forced on by misery and starvation. Such is the terrible state of society under which the more civilized countries, and most particularly the British Isles, are now groaning.

Hence the ninth *societary state* is partially arising—*Associativity*. Those who are not reduced to absolute pauperism by Monopolism, are compelled by it to associate for mutual benefit. They institute labor exchanges, with labor notes as a monetary currency. They as laborers, imitate the capitalists in the variety of their combinations, with the difference that the constitution of their associations is less exclusive. They form co-operative societies and land-buying companies. They subscribe to building-associations. They arrange united corn-mills, and constitute associative-farming-and-manufacturing-societies. They organize by shares, or by subscriptions, associations of united capital, skill, and industry. This phase of society has already partially commenced in all civilized countries. It is, however, individualized, indefinite, and feeble. Like Monopolism, Municipality, and Feudality, it is rather a *transitive* state than a *societary* position (like Barbarization or Civilization) of *positive enduring progress*. It does not act from the whole, but from a few. It is more analytic than synthetic. It possesses little power save example. It is subject to external competition and national will. It is therefore only critical and transitive. It indicates, and prepares the way for, a further state of society, in which its principles shall have a generalized application, and its practices be empowered by public opinion.

The tenth state of society, thus indicated and prepared, we name Communization. It is not an arbitrary proposal, altho Utopias have prophesied it. It is a deduction from existing *societary* premisses, which, as can be proved, must of necessity, sooner or later, take place. It has also been the *beau-ideal* of prophets and sages, and the aspiration of the greatest legislators and patriots, thro'out all time. Its principal elements are common property, common industry, and common government, thro'out the mundane system. Under its development all mankind would have one united interest, as the members of one great family. The globe would, in fact, become but one estate, of which the territories of nations were the farms. That Communization is a premized fact, and not an arbitrary assumption, may be made evident, both from the doctrine of the day and its inferences, and from the present practices of society, and their consequences. The doctrine of the Communist Church is preacht, and has its chronicles of progress, and numerous disciples, in the most advanced countries of the world. The declaration that *God is the Only True Landlord*, and that *all the human race are his heirs in common*, is traveling over the earth, and has its political as well as religious aspect. It is taught, that as no one did ever create a particle of entity, so has no one any right to exclusive private property. It is taught, that all should produce in common, and consume in common—that ability is the measure of production, and want the scale of consumption. It is taught, that the practice of industry by all is an absolute condition of health for the individual, and of justice for society. It is shown that by unitary habitation, and by a union of income and expenditure, a larger population can be maintained, in greater wealth and happiness, than in a state of commercial competition and domestic isolation; that nationality is an evil, and that a federation of all countries, under a unitary government of the globe, should be establisht. Such doctrine as this must have some ground of fact whence it has arisen. The glaring inequality of private possession, caused by the competition of the eighth, and the monopoly of the ninth *societary states*, have directed the

attention of the people to the idea of common property. The monstrous evils caused by the private appropriation of the gigantic improvements in machinery, must further rivet this attention. In the present state of privately-monopolized machinery, a glut of manual labor is caused in the market. Want of employment, poverty, misery, and vice, are thus directly forced on the laboring masses. The machinery privately appropriated in the British Isles, was even in 1792 equal to the labor of 10,000,000 men. From subsequent improvements in the steam-engine, this mechanical power became in 1817 equal to the labor of 200,000,000 human beings. Moreover, in 1832 it equalled the industry of 400,000,000 of people, and has since gone on increasing in corresponding immense ratios. Thus it is seen that the discoveries of Arkwright and Crompton, having been seized on by capitalists and made to minister to private monopoly, have, by their superior industrial capacity, depreciated the relative value of human labor, successively thrown millions out of employment, and consequently so increased the misery of the present competitive state, that the liberty to work and the right to live are virtually denied. The only adequate remedy that seems to present itself, is that of declaring machinery public, and instituting common property. Partial emigration may precede this, but it can be only a palliative. A universal poor-rate may be adopted, but under a privately monopolized system of machinery, the rate receivers will soon so overpower in number the payers of the rate, and the evils of competition and monopoly will be so fully recognized, that common property will follow as naturally as an effect does its cause. Thus, therefore, do we consider that Communization will be the tenth societary state—the ultimate state of which we have any direct cognizance.

Such is our view of Systematic History. Thro' various states society experiences mixed good and bad; preserves the former, rejects the latter, and progresses from contention and division to peace and universal unity. The developments of one societary state operate another, and so onward to a further crisis. This doctrine is nothing more than the law of Cause and Effect applied to societary transformations. In the present synopsis of the ten principal societary states, a very cursory index only is given to a portion of societary science. It is merely an outline; but the canvass is elsewhere filled up. Yet brief as it is, the present outline of Systematic History may prove a useful index to the student.

NEW OPINIONS.

THE imputation of novelty is a terrible charge amongst those who judge of men's heads as they do of their perukes—by the fashion—and can allow none to be right but the received doctrines. *Truth scarce ever yet carried it by vote anywhere at its first appearance*: new opinions are always suspected, and usually opposed, without any other reason but because they are not already common! But Truth, like gold, is not the less so for being newly brought out of the mine. It is *trial* and *examination* must give it price, and not any antique fashion: and tho' it be not current by the public stamp, *yet it may, for all that, be as Old as Nature*, and is certainly not less genuine.—Locke.

INSPIRATION AND THE SCRIPTURES.

‘Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit: by SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Edited from the Author’s MS. by Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq., M.A.’ London: Pickering.

ONE of those minute but most precious books for which Mr. Pickering’s Aldine press is famous. The ‘Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit’ is little known, tho few students can be strangers to the great reputation of its author, not only as an accomplit scholar and philosopher, but as one of the greatest poets of his age, and a man gifted with a marvelous eloquence. We propose, therefore, to present our readers with the soul and substance of these ‘Confessions,’ thro the medium of our first Analytical Review.

We quite accord with the editor in thinking, that the essay is a wise attempt to place the study of the Written Word on its only firm foundation—‘a deep sense of God’s holiness and truth, and a consequent reverence of that Light (the image of Himself) which he has kindled in every one of his rational creatures;’—we would add, a *necessary* attempt on the part of this poet-seer, who had a clear pre-science of the *reaction* to downright disbelief and scorn that, sooner or later, must follow from the monstrous *Bibliolatry* of the times, and from which nothing but the diffusion of truer and more transcendental views of God’s unceasing Inspirations, not of Manuscripts merely but of Men, can yet save us. God’s Spirit and in-spirit-ings were never yet shut up in Parchments, but are, and were, and ever will be, incarnated, in different degrees of power, in the Persons of the Wise and Good: and hence the *synthesis* of Inspirer and Inspired—‘THE LIGHT WITHIN’ that ‘enlighteneth every man’—must always be the ultimate Interpreter of the written Parchment or the printed Book. The book was made for Man, not man for the Book: and after all the jargon of the Babylonians, it will be found as true *of them* as of others, that the aspect and state of the *spirit within*—be it of light or darkness, reason or un-reason—gives the coloring and shape to their several systems. The great thing therefore is, to have the spirit fixt upon the *primal* and *absolute perceptions* of Conscience and Reason, and to permit no system or creed, no man or mystery, to put out this Divine Insight.

Our author opens with a fine definition of Faith, which is certainly a very different state from that vain and fruitless thing about which the sectaries are for ever babbling.

FAITH subsists in the *synthesis* [or union] of the REASON and the individual WILL. By virtue of the latter it must be *an energy*, and, inasmuch as it *relates to the whole moral man*, it must be exerted in *each* and *all* of his constituents or incidents, faculties and tendencies:—it must be a total, not a partial—a continuous, not a desultory or oc-

casional—energy. And by virtue of the former, that is, Reason, *Faith must be a Light, a form of knowing, a beholding of Truth.* In the words of the Evangelist, therefore, *Faith must be a Light originating in the Logos, or substantial Reason, which is coeternal and one with the Holy Will, and which Light is at the same time the Life of men.* Now as *Life* is here the sum or collective of all moral and spiritual acts, in suffering, doing, and being, so is *Faith* the source and sum, the energy and principle, of the fidelity of Man to God, by the *subordination of his human Will, in all provinces of his nature, to his Reason*, as the sum of spiritual Truth, representing and manifesting the Will Divine. P. ix.

The work consists of Seven Letters to a Friend, concerning the *sound* and the *superstitious* use and estimate of the Sacred Canon, wherein the writer discloses his own private judgment on the following questions.

i. Is it necessary, or expedient, to insist on the belief of the divine origin and authority of all, and every part of, the Canonical Books, as the condition, or first principle, of Christian Faith?—

ii. Or, may not the due appreciation of the Scriptures collectively, be more safely relied on as the result and consequence of the belief in Christ—the gradual increase, in respect of particular passages, of our spiritual discernment of their truth and authority supplying a test and measure of our own growth and progress as individual believers, without the servile fear that prevents or overclouds the free honor which cometh from love? 1 John iv. 18.

Letter I, commences with a beautiful expression of the writer's mental state, as needing every buttress to his faith, yet as loving Truth, not only for itself, and when it reveals itself aloof from all interest, but with 'an indescribable awe.' He then announces his Creed, as comprizing articles of five classes, *the common essence*, as he deems, of the various Confessions of Faith promulgated by the Fathers of the Reformation. We will abridge them:—

i. The Absolute—in whose transcendent I AM, as the ground, *is whatever verily is*:—the Triune God, by whose Word and Spirit, as the transcendent Cause, *exists whatever substantially exists.* This class I designate *Στασις*.

ii. The Eternal Possibilities; the actuality of which hath not its origin in God: *chaos spirituale*:—*Ανδρασις*.

iii. The Creation—Apostasy—Redemption—Incarnation of the Word in the Son of Man—Crucifixion and Resurrection of the Son of Man—the Descent of the Comforter—Repentance (*μετανοια*, 'change of mind,') etc.—Hope in Death:—*Μεταστασις*—*Ἀναστασις*.

iv. These offers, gifts, and graces, are offered to *all*. When the gospel is preachd to a single individual, it is offered to him as to one of a great household. Christianity is *fact*, no less than *truth*—spiritual, yet historical—with a midpoint of 'the miraculous'—i.e., *phenomena* in nature beyond nature. All history must be providential; and thus is a providence, a preparation for, and a looking forward to, Christ.

Hitherto, this Creed is sufficiently 'orthodox,' as it is termed, whether scriptural or not in all points. In as far as we have gone, he declares the sky of his belief to be 'serene, unclouded by a doubt'. This, then, will render his 'Confessions' all the more trustworthy, concerning the last of 'the five points.'

His doubts are finely put concerning this fifth article :—

But there is a Book, of two parts—each part consisting of several books. The first part (I speak in the character of an uninterested critic or philologist) contains the reliques of the literature of the Hebrew people, while the Hebrew was still the living language. The second part comprizes the writings, and, with one or two inconsiderable and doubtful exceptions, all the writings of the followers of Christ within the space of ninety years from the date of the Resurrection. I do not myself think that any of these writings were composed as late as A.D. 120; but I wish to preclude all dispute. This Book I resume, as read and yet unread—read and familiar to my mind in all parts, but which is yet to be perused as a whole. I take up this work with the purpose to read it for the first time as I should read any other work—as far at least as I can or dare. For I neither can, nor dare, throw off a strong and awful prepossession in its favor—certain as I am that a large part of the light and life, in and by which I see, love, and embrace the truths and the strengths co-organized into a living body of faith and knowledge in the four preceding classes, has been directly, or indirectly, derived to me from this sacred volume—and unable to determine what I do not owe to its influences. But even on this account, and because it has these inalienable claims on my reverence and gratitude, *I will not leave it in the power of unbelievers to say, that the Bible is for me only what the Koran is for the deaf Turk, and the Vedas for the feeble and acquiescent Hindö.* No; I will retire up into the mountain, and hold secret commune with my Bible above the contagious blastments of prejudice, and the fog-blight of selfish superstition. *For fear hath torment.*

How bravely and beautifully is this spoken! Nor less so the expression of his faith in the *living* Truth; his resolve to receive Truth on its own absolute evidence, because it *is*, and is *seen*.

There is a Light higher than all, even *the Word that was in the beginning*—the Light of which light itself is but the *shekinah* and cloudy tabernacle—the Word that is light for every man, and life for as many as give heed to it. If between this Word and the written Letter I shall any where *seem* to myself to find a discrepance, I will not conclude that such there *actually* is; nor, on the other hand, will I fall under the condemnation of them that would *lie for God*, but seek as I may—be thankful for what I have—and wait.

With such purposes, with such feelings, have I perused the books of the Old and New Testaments—each book as a whole, and also as an integral part. And need I say that I have met every where more or less copious sources of truth, and power, and purifying impulses—that I have found words for my inmost thoughts, songs for my joy, utterances for my hidden griefs, and pleadings for my shame and my feebleness? In short, whatever *finds* me, bears witness for itself that it has proceeded from a Holy Spirit, even from the same Spirit *which remaining in itself, yet regenerateth all other powers, and in all ages entering into holy souls, maketh them friends of God, and prophets.* (Wisd. vii.)

He thinks too, that, in this enquiry, the greatest of the Fathers and Reformers are with him, at least in *principle*, for he cannot reconcile the dogma of Plenary Inspiration, which startles his belief, *with the practice and particular declarations of these great men.* No, indeed; if they freely criticised and commented, why not *we*? The truth ought to bear looking at: and God does not desire blind and servile worshipers. God approves of no lying or cheating *for Him*. Truth requires neither silence nor concealment.

Letter II opens with a close statement of the repulsive and impossible dogma which so startled this 'Man of Faith,' but also of Insight and Truth :—

I said that in the Bible there is more that *finds* me than I have experienced in all other books put together; that the words of the Bible find me at greater depths of my being; and that whatever finds me brings with it an irresistible evidence of its having proceeded from the Holy Spirit. But the doctrine in question requires me to believe, that not only what finds me, but that *all* that exists in the sacred volume, and which I am bound to find therein, was, not alone inspired by, *that is, composed by men under the actuating influence of, the Holy Spirit*, but likewise—*dictated* by an Infallible Intelligence; that the writers, each and all, were DIVINELY INFORMED as well as INSPIRED. Now here all evasion, all excuse, is cut off. An infallible Intelligence extends to all things, *physical* no less than *spiritual*. It may convey the truth in any one of the three possible languages—that of SENSE, as objects appear to the beholder on this earth; or that of SCIENCE, which supposes the beholder placed in the centre; or that of PHILOSOPHY, which resolves both into a *super-sensual* reality. But whichever be chosen (and it is obvious that the incompatibility exists only between the first and the second, both of them being indifferent and of equal value to the third), it must be employed consistently; *for an infallible Intelligence must intend to be intelligible, and not to deceive*. And, moreover, whichever of these three languages be chosen, it must be *translatable* into Truth. For this is the very essence of the Doctrine, *that one and the same Intelligence is speaking in the unity of a Person*; which unity is no more broken by the diversity of the pipes thro' which it makes itself audible, than is a tune by the different instruments on which it is played by a consummate musician, equally perfect in all. One instrument may be more capacious than another, but as far as its compass extends, and in what it sounds forth, it will be true to the conception of the master. I can conceive no softenings here which would not nullify the Doctrine, and *convert it to a cloud for each man's fancy to shift and shape at will*. And this Doctrine, I confess, plants the vineyard of the Word with thorns for me, and places snares in its pathways. These may be delusions of an evil spirit; but ere I so harshly question the seeming angel of light (my reason, I mean, and moral sense in conjunction with my clearest knowledge), I must enquire *on what authority this doctrine rests*. And what other authority dares a truly catholic Christian admit as coercive in the final decision, but the declarations of the Book itself.

I return to the Book. With a full persuasion of soul respecting all the articles of the Christian Faith, as contained in the first four Classes, I receive willingly also the truth of the history, namely, that the Word of the Lord did come to Samuel, to Isaiah, to others; and that the words which gave utterance to the same are faithfully recorded. But tho the origin of the words, even as of the miraculous acts, be supernatural—yet the former once uttered—the latter once having taken their place among the *phenomena* of the senses—the faithful recording of the same does not of itself imply, *or seem to require, any supernatural working, other than as all truth and goodness are such*. In the books of Moses, and once or twice in the prophesy of Jeremiah, I find it indeed asserted that not only the words were given, but the *recording of the same enjoined* by the special command of God, and doubtless executed under the special guidance of the Divine Spirit. As to *all such* passages, therefore, there can be no dispute.

Let us, therefore, remove all such passages, and take each Book by itself; and I repeat, that I believe the writer in whatever he himself relates of his own authority, and of its origin. *But I cannot find any such claim, as the Doctrine in question supposes, made by these writers, explicitly or by implication*. On the contrary, they refer to *other* documents, and in all points express themselves as sober-minded and veracious writers under ordinary circumstances are known to do. But, perhaps, they bear testimony, the successor to his pre-

decessor?—Or some one of the number has left it on record, that by especial inspiration *he* was commanded to declare the plenary inspiration of all the rest?—The passages which can without violence be appealed to as substantiating the latter position, are so few, and these so incidental^a—the conclusion drawn from them involving likewise so obviously a *petitio principii*, namely, *the supernatural dictation, word by word, of the book in which the question is found* (for until this is established, the utmost that such a text can prove, is the current belief of the writer's age and country concerning the *character* of the books then called The Scriptures): that it cannot but seem strange, and assuredly is against all analogy of Gospel Revelation, that such a Doctrine—which, if true, must be an article of faith, and a most important, yea, essential article of faith—should be left thus faintly, thus obscurely, and, if I may so say, so *obitaneously*, declared and enjoined. The time of the formation and closing of the Canon unknown; the selectors and compiler's unknown, *or recorded by known fabulists*; and (more perplexing still) the belief of the Jewish Church—the belief, I mean, common to the Jews of Palestine and their more cultivated brethren in Alexandria (no reprehension of which is to be found in the New Testament)—concerning the nature and import of the *θεοπνευστία* [Divine Inspiration] *attributed to the precious remains of their Temple Library*; these circumstances are such, especially the last, as in effect to evacuate the Tenet of which I am speaking, of the only meaning in which it practically means any thing at all, tangible, steadfast, or obligatory. *In infallibility there are no degrees.* The power of the High and Holy One is one and the same, whether the sphere which it fills be larger or smaller;—the area traversed by a comet, or the oracle of the house, the holy place beneath the wings of the Cherubim;—the Pentateuch of the Legislator who drew near to the thick darkness where God was, and who spake in the cloud whence the thunders and lightnings came, and whom God answered by a voice;—or but a Letter of thirteen verses from the affectionate *Elder to the elect lady and her children, whom he loved in the truth.* But at no period was this the judgment of the Jewish Church respecting *all* the canonical books. To Moses *alone*—to Moses in the recording no less than in the receiving of the Law—and to all and every part of the five books, called the Books of Moses—the Jewish Doctors of the generation before, and coeval with, the Apostles, assigned that unmodified and absolute *theopneusty*, which our divines, in words at least, attribute to the canon collectively. In fact it was from the Jewish Rabbis (who, in opposition to the Christian scheme, contended for a perfection in the Revelation by Moses, which neither required nor endured any addition, and who strained their fancies in expressing the transcendancy of the books of Moses in aid of their opinion), that the founders of the Doctrine borrowed their notions and phrases respecting the Bible thro'out. Remove the metaphorical drapery from the doctrine of the Cabbalists, and it will be found to contain the only intelligible and consistent idea of that *plenary inspiration* which later divines extend to all the canonical books; as thus:—

'The Pentateuch is but *one Word*, even the Word of God; and the letters and articulate sounds, by which this Word is communicated to our human apprehensions, are likewise divinely communicated.'

The great Theosophist, Swedenborg, professes, by means of his splendid system of '*Correspondences*,' to interpret most of the Jewish Scriptures, and the Christian Gospels, on a somewhat similar assumption. His genius has certainly served to invest the interpretations of his '*Arcana Cælestia*' with a wonderful aspect of plausibility, and to make it seem that the Scriptures were written upon an *unique* and

^a With only one seeming exception, the texts in question refer to the Old Testament alone. That exception is 2 Peter iii. 16. The word *λοιπὰς* (*γραφάς*) is, perhaps, not necessarily so to be interpreted; and this very text formed one of the objections to the Apostolic antiquity of the Epistle itself.

fixed principle, so as to be the expression of an internal, spiritual reality. We know of no other system which can offer any apparently solid foothold to the advocates of the dogma which Coleridge assails as at once irrational and unscriptural. Referring to the singular conception of the Cabbalists, which has been as singularly elaborated by the Swedish Seer, Coleridge thus continues:—

Now, for ‘Pentateuch’ substitute ‘Old and New Testament,’ and then I say this is the doctrine which I reject as superstitious and unscriptural. And yet, as long as *the conceptions* of the Revealing Word and *the Inspiring Spirit* are identified and confounded, I assert that whatever says less than this, says little more than nothing. For how can absolute infallibility be blended with fallibility? *Where is the infallible criterion? How can infallible truth be infallibly conveyed in defective and fallible expressions?* The Jewish teachers confined this miraculous character to the Pentateuch. Between the Mosaic and the Prophetic inspiration they asserted such a difference as amounts to a *diversity*; and between both the one and the other, and the remaining books comprized under the title of *Hagiographa*, the interval was still wider, and the inferiority in kind, and not only in degree, was unequivocally exprest. If we take into account the habit, universal with the Hebrew Doctors, of referring all excellent or extraordinary things to the great First Cause, *without mention of the proximate and instrumental causes*—a striking illustration of which may be obtained by comparing the narratives of the same event in the Psalms and in the Historical Books; and if we further reflect that the distinction of the Providential and the Miraculous did not enter into their forms of thinking—at all events not into their mode of conveying their thoughts—the language of the Jews respecting the *Hagiographi* will be found to differ little, if at all, from that of religious persons among ourselves, when speaking of an author abounding in gifts, stirred up by the Holy Spirit, writing under the influence of special grace, and the like.

But it forms no part of my present purpose to discuss the point historically, or to speculate on the formation of either Canon. Rather, such enquiries are altogether alien from the great object of my pursuits and studies, which is, to convince myself and others, **THAT THE BIBLE AND CHRISTIANITY ARE THEIR OWN SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE.** But it concerns both my character and my peace of mind to satisfy unprejudiced judges, that if my present convictions should in all other respects be found consistent with the faith and feelings of a Christian—and if in many and those important points they *tend to secure that faith and to deepen those feelings*—the words of the Apostle (2 Tim. iii. 16), rightly interpreted, do not require their condemnation. Enough, if what has been stated above respecting the general doctrine of the Hebrew Masters under whom the Apostle was bred, shall remove any misconceptions that might prevent the right interpretation of *his* words.

In Letter III Coleridge proceeds to consider the ‘Objections,’ and to put truer views in the place of those he rejects:—

‘The present Bible is the Canon, to which Christ and the Apostles referred?’
Doubtless.

‘And in terms which a Christian must tremble to tamper with?’

Yea. The expressions are as direct as strong; and a true believer will neither attempt to divert nor dilute their strength.

‘The doctrine which is considered as the orthodox view, seems *the obvious and most natural* interpretation of the texts in question?’

Yea and Nay. To those whose minds are *preposset* by the Doctrine itself—who from earliest childhood *have always meant* this doctrine by the word Bible—the doctrine being

but its exposition and paraphrase—Yea. In *such* minds the words of our Lord and the declarations of St. Paul *can* awaken no other sense. To those on the other hand, who find the doctrine senseless and self-confuting, and who take up the Bible as they do other books, and apply to it the same rules of interpretation—Nay.

And lastly, he who, like myself, recognizes in neither of the two the state of his own mind—who cannot rest in the former, and feels, or fears, a presumptuous spirit in the negative dogmatism of the latter—he has his answer to seek. But so far I dare hazard a reply to the question—*In what other sense can the words be interpreted?*—beseeching you, however, to take what I am about to offer but as an attempt to delineate an arc of oscillation—that the eulogy of St. Paul is in no wise contravened by the opinion to which I incline, who fully believe the Old Testament collectively, both in the composition and its preservation, a great and precious gift of Providence; *who find in it all that the Apostle describes*, and who more than believe that all which the Apostle spoke of was divine inspiration, and a blessing intended for as many as are in communion with the Spirit thro' all ages. And I freely confess that my whole heart would turn away with an angry impatience from the cold and captious mortal who, the moment I had been pouring out the love and gladness of my soul—while book after book, Law, and Truth, and Example, Oracle and lovely Hymn, and choral Song of ten thousand thousands, and accepted Prayers of Saints and Prophets, sent back, as it were, from Heaven, like doves, to be let loose again with a new freight of spiritual joys and griefs and necessities, were passing across my memory—at the first pause of my voice, and whilst my countenance was still speaking—should ask me, whether I was thinking of the Book of Esther, or meant particularly to include the first six chapters of Daniel, or verses 6—20 of the 109th Psalm, or the last verse of the 137th Psalm! Would any conclusion of this sort be drawn in any other analogous case? In the course of my Lectures on Dramatic Poetry, I in half a score instances referred my auditors to the precious volume before me—Shakspeare—and spoke enthusiastically, both in general and with detail of particular beauties, of the plays of Shakspeare as all in their kinds, and in relation to the purposes of the writer, excellent. Would it have been fair, or according to the common usage and understanding of men, to have inferred an intention on my part to decide the question respecting Titus Andronicus, or the larger portion of the three parts of Henry VI? Would not every genial mind understand by Shakspeare, *that unity or total impression comprizing, and resulting from, the thousandfold several and particular emotions of delight, admiration, gratitude, excited by his works?* But if it be answered—‘Aye! but we must not interpret St. Paul as we may and should interpret any other honest and intelligent writer or speaker’—then, I say, this is the very *petitio principii* of which I complain.

Still less do the words of our Lord (John v. 39) apply against my view.. Have I not declared—do I not begin by declaring—that whatever is referred by the sacred Penman to a direct communication from God, and wherever it is recorded that the Subject of the history had asserted himself to have received this or that command, this or that information or assurance, from a superhuman Intelligence, or where the writer in his own person, and in the character of an historian, relates that the *Word of the Lord* came unto priest, prophet, chieftain, or other individual—have I not declared that I receive the same with full belief, and admit its inappealable authority?

Analogies, if well chosen, are the windows of argument, which let light in. Coleridge again recurs to the aid of analogy, and is most apt in his selection:—

Suppose a Life of Sir Thomas More by his son-in-law, or a Life of Lord Bacon by his chaplain; that a part of the records of the Court of Chancery belonging to these periods were lost; that in Roper's or in Rawley's biographical work there were preserved a series of *dicta*

and judgments attributed to these illustrious Chancellors, many and important specimens of their table discourses, with large extracts from works written by them, and from some that are no longer extant. Let it be *supposed, too, that there are no grounds, internal or external, to doubt either the moral, intellectual, or circumstantial competence* of the biographers. Suppose, moreover, that wherever the opportunity existed of collating their documents and quotations with the records and works still preserved, the former were found substantially correct and faithful, the few differences in no wise altering or disturbing the spirit and purpose of the paragraphs in which they were found, and that of what was not collatable, and to which no test *ab extra* could be applied, the far larger part bore witness in itself of the same spirit and origin: and that, not only by its characteristic features, but by its surpassing excellence, it rendered the chances of its having had any other author than the giant-mind to whom the biographer ascribes it, small indeed! Now, from the nature and objects of my pursuits, I have, we will suppose, frequent occasion to refer to one or other of these works; for example, to *Dicta et Facta Francisci de Verulam*. At one time I might refer to the work in some such words as—‘Remember what Francis of Verulam said or judged;’ or—‘If you believe not me, yet believe Lord Bacon.’ At another time I might take the running title of the volume, and at another, the name of the biographer;—‘Turn to your Rawley! He will set you right;’ or—‘There you will find a depth, which no research will ever exhaust;’ or whatever other strong expression my sense of Bacon’s greatness, and of the intrinsic worth and the value of the proofs and specimens of that greatness, contained and preserved in that volume, would excite and justify. But let my expressions be as vivid and unqualified as the most sanguine temperament ever inspired, would any man of sense conclude from them that I meant—and meant to make others believe—that not only each and all of these anecdotes, adages, extracts, incidents, *had been dictated, word by word, by Lord Bacon*; and that all Rawley’s own observations and inferences, all the connectives and disjunctives, all the recollections of time, place, and circumstance, together with the order and succession of the narrative, were in like manner dictated and revised by the spirit of the deceased Chancellor? The answer will be—must be—No man in his senses! ‘No man in his senses—in *this* instance; but in that of the Bible it is quite otherwise; for (I take it as an admitted point that) it—*is quite otherwise!*’

If the doctrine be less decisively Scriptural in its application to the New Testament or the Christian Canon, the temptation to doubt it is likewise less. So at least we are led to infer; since in point of fact it is *the apparent or imagined contrast, the diversity of spirit which sundry individuals have believed themselves to find in the Old Testament and in the Gospel*, that has given occasion to the doubt; and, in the heart of thousands who yield a faith of acquiescence to the contrary, and find rest in their humility—*supplies fuel to a fearful wish that it were permitted to make a distinction.*

The question, ‘Why should I *not* believe the Scriptures thro’out, *dictated*, in word and thought, by an Infallible Intelligence?’—he admits to be a fair one. So it is; for tho, heaven wots, we have had ample experience of the delusions palmed upon us by churches and priests, yet in the case of all general traditions, there will be found some ground of fact or truth, and this, however small, furnishes a *presumption*, to some extent, in favor of the existing creed, which demands from the Doubter, *positive evidence* to overturn, or limit it. Eagerly and earnestly, therefore, does Coleridge proceed to adduce his reasons for rejecting the dogma which converts Moses and the Prophets, Christ and the Apostles, into the mere organs of a Divine Ventriloquist! and all the human Portraits and individual Characterizing, which so beautifully mark the Scriptures, into a Divine Comedy—a sham and not a reality!

For every reason that makes me prize and revere these Scriptures—prize them, love them, revere them, beyond all other books! *Why* should I not? Because the doctrine in question *petrifies* at once the whole body of Holy Writ, with all its harmonies and symmetrical gradations—the flexible and the rigid—the supporting hard and the clothing soft—the blood *which is the life*—the intelligencing nerves, and the rudely woven, but soft and springy, cellular substance, in which all are embedded and lightly bound together. This breathing organism, this glorious *panharmonicon*, which I had seen stand on its feet as a man, and with a man's voice given to it, the Doctrine in question turns at once into a colossal Memnon's head, a hollow passage for a voice, a voice that mocks the voices of many men, and speaks in their names, and yet is but one voice and the same; and no man uttered it, and never in a human heart was it conceived! *Why* should I not?—Because the Doctrine *evacuates* of all sense and efficacy the sure and constant tradition, that all the several books bound up together in our precious family Bibles, were composed in different and widely distant ages, under the greatest diversity of circumstances, and degrees of light and information, and yet that the composers, whether as uttering, or as recording what was uttered and what was done, were all actuated by a pure and Holy Spirit, one and the same (for is there any spirit pure and holy, and yet not proceeding from God—and yet not proceeding in and with the Holy Spirit?)—one Spirit, working diversely [i.e. in various ways], now awakening strength, and now glorifying itself in weakness, now giving power and direction to knowledge, and now taking away the sting from error! *Ere the summer and the months of ripening had arrived for the heart of the race*; while the whole sap of the tree was crude, and each and every fruit lived in the harsh and bitter principle; even then this spirit withdrew its chosen ministers from the false and guilt-making centre of Self. *It converted the wrath into a form and an organ of love, and on the passing storm-cloud impressed the fair rainbow of promise to all generations.* Put the lust of self in the forked lightning, and would it not be a Spirit of Moloch? But God maketh the lightnings his ministers, fire and hail, vapors and stormy winds fulfilling his word.

*Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof—*sang Deborah. Was it that she called to mind any personal wrongs—rapine or insult—that she or the house of Lapidoth had received from Jabin or Sisera? No; she had dwelt under her palm tree in the depth of the mountain. But she was a mother in Israel; and with a mother's heart, and with the vehemency of a mother's and a patriot's love, she had shot the light of love from her eyes, and poured the blessings of love from her lips, on the people that had *jeopardied their lives unto the death* against the oppressors; and the bitterness, awakened and borne aloft by the same love, she precipitated in curses on the selfish and coward recreants who *came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.* As long as I have the image of Deborah before my eyes, and while I throw myself back into the age, country, circumstances, of this Hebrew Bonduca, in the not yet tamed chaos of the spiritual creation—as long as I contemplate the impassioned, high-souled, heroic woman in all the prominence and individuality of will and character—I feel as if I were among the first ferments of the great affections—the proplastic waves of the microcosmic chaos, swelling up against—and yet towards—the outspread wings of the Dove that lies brooding on the troubled waters. *So long all is well—all replete with instruction and example.* In the fierce and inordinate, I am made to know and be grateful *for the clearer and purer radiance which shines on a Christian's paths*, neither blunted by the preparatory veil, nor crimsoned in its struggle thro' the all-enwrapping mist of the world's ignorance; whilst in the self-oblivion of these heroes of the Old Testament—their elevation above all low and individual interests—above all, in the entire and vehement devotion of their total being to the service of their divine Master—I find a lesson of humility, a ground of humiliation, and a shaming, yet rousing, example of faith and fealty. But let me once be persuaded

that all these heart-awakening utterances of human hearts—of men of like faculties and passions with myself, mourning, rejoicing, suffering, triumphing—are but as a *Divina Commedia* of a SUPERHUMAN (O bear with me if I say) VENTRILOQUIST—that the royal Harper, to whom I have so often submitted myself as a *many-stringed instrument* for his fire-tipt fingers to traverse, while every several nerve of emotion, passion, thought, that thrills the flesh-and-blood of our common humanity, responded to the touch—that this *sweet Psalmist of Israel* was himself *as mere an instrument as his harp*, an *automaton* poet, mourner, and supplicant; ALL IS GONE—ALL SYMPATHY, AT LEAST, AND ALL EXAMPLE. I listen in awe and fear, but likewise in perplexity and confusion of spirit.

Yet one other instance, and let this be the *crucial test* of the Doctrine. Say that the Book of Job thro'out was dictated by an infallible Intelligence. Then reperuse the book, and still, as you proceed, *try to apply the tenet*: try if you can even attach any sense or semblance of meaning to the speeches which you are reading. What! were the hollow truisms, the unsufficing half-truths, the *false assumptions and malignant insinuations of the supercilious bigots who corruptly defended the truth*: were the impressive facts, the piercing outcries, the pathetic appeals, and the close and powerful reasoning with which the poor sufferer—smarting at once from his wounds, and from the oil of vitriol which the Orthodox *liars for God* were dropping into them—impatiently, but uprightly and holily, controverted this truth, while in will and in spirit he clung to it; were *both* dictated by an infallible Intelligence? Alas! if I may judge from the manner in which *both* indiscriminately are recited, quoted, appealed to, preached upon, by the *routiniers* of desk and pulpit, I cannot doubt that they think so—or rather, *without thinking*, take for granted that *so they are* to think; the more readily, perhaps, because the so-thinking supersedes the necessity of all after-thought.

Yes! the Scriptures bear the deep stamp of *individual humanity*—the records of men 'moved' indeed 'by the Holy Ghost,' but *still human*, giving tokens of human thought, human passion, and human infirmity. This cannot be all a mockery, all seeming: there *is* sincerity in the Scriptures—whatever Satan may impel 'the orthodox *liars for God*' to affirm.

Letter IV is pregnant with the wisest instruction. We shall quote liberally from it:—

You reply to the conclusion of my Letter: 'Let nothings count for nothing, and the dead bury the dead. Who but such ever understood the Tenet in this sense?'

In what sense, then, I rejoin, do *others* understand it? If, with exception of the passages already excepted, the Tenet in this sense be inapplicable to the Scripture, destructive of its noblest purposes, and contradictory to its own express declarations—again and again I ask:—What am I to substitute? What other sense is conceivable that does not destroy the doctrine which it professes to interpret—that does not convert it into its own negative? I must still avow my belief that, however fittingly and unsteadily, as thro' a mist, it *is* the Doctrine which the generality of our popular divines receive as orthodox, and this the sense which they attach to the words.

For on what other ground can I account for the whimsical *subintelligiturs* of our numerous harmonists—for the curiously inferred facts, the inventive circumstantial detail, the *complemental* and *supplemental* history which, in the utter silence of all historians and absence of all historical documents, they bring to light by mere force of logic? And all to do away with some half-score apparent discrepancies in the chronicles and memoirs of the Old and New Testaments—discrepancies so analogous to what is found in all other narratives of the same story by several narrators, so analogous to what is found in all other known and

trusted histories by cotemporary historians, when they are collated with each other (nay, not seldom when either historian is compared with himself), as to form in the eyes of all competent judges *a characteristic mark of the genuineness, independency, and* (if I may apply the word to a book) *the veraciousness of each several document*; a mark, the absence of which would warrant a suspicion of collusion, invention, or at best of servile transcription—discrepancies so trifling in circumstance and import, that, altho in some instances it is highly probable, and in all instances perhaps possible, that they are only apparent and reconcilable, no *wise* man would care a straw whether they were real or apparent, reconciled or left in harmless and friendly variance. What, I ask, could have induced learned and intelligent divines to adopt or sanction subterfuges, which, neutralizing the ordinary *criteria* of full or defective evidence in historical documents, would, taken as a general rule, render all collation and cross-examination of written records ineffective, and *obliterate the main character by which authentic histories are distinguished* from those traditional tales which each successive reporter enlarges and fashions to his own fancy and purpose, and every different edition of which more or less contradicts the other? What, I say, could have tempted grave and pious men thus to disturb the foundation of the Temple, in order to repair a petty breach or rat-hole in the wall, or fasten a loose stone or two in the outer court, if not an assumed necessity arising out of the peculiar character of Bible history?

The substance of the syllogism by which their procedure was justified to their own minds, can be no other than this. *That*, without which two assertions—both of which *must* be alike true and correct—would contradict each other, and consequently be, one or both, false or incorrect, must itself be true. But every word and syllable existing in the original text of the Canonical Books, from the *Cherethi* and *Phelethi* of David,^b to the name in the copy of a family register, the site of a town, or the course of a river, were dictated to the sacred *amanuensis* by an infallible Intelligence! Here there can be neither more nor less. Important or unimportant gives no ground of difference; and the number of the writers as little. The Secretaries may have been many—the Historian was one and the same, and he infallible. This is the minor of the syllogism; and if it could be proved, the conclusion would be at least plausible; and there would be but one objection to the procedure, namely, *its uselessness*. For if it have been proved already, what need of proving it over again, and *by means*—the removal, namely, of apparent contradictions—which the infallible Author did not think good to employ? But if it have not been proved, what becomes of the argument which derives its whole force and legitimacy from the assumption?

In fact, it is clear that the harmonists and their admirers, held and understood the Doctrine literally. And must not that divine likewise have so understood it, who, in answer to a question concerning the transcendent blessedness of Jael, and the righteousness of the act in which she inhospitably, treacherously, perfidiously murdered in sleep, the confiding sleep, closed the controversy by observing that he *wanted no better morality than that of the Bible*, and no other proof of an action's being praiseworthy than that the Bible had declared it worthy to be praised; an observation, as applied in this instance, *so slanderous to the morality and moral spirit of the Bible* as to be inexplicable, except as a consequence of the Doctrine in dispute? But let a man be once fully persuaded that there is no difference between the two positions—'The Bible contains the religion revealed by God,' and 'Whatever is contained in the Bible, is religion, and was revealed by God;' and that whatever can be said of the Bible, collectively taken, may and must be said of each and every sentence of the Bible, taken for and by itself; and I no longer wonder at these paradoxes. I only object to the inconsistency of those who profess the same belief, and yet affect to look down with a contemptuous or compassionate smile on John Wesley for rejecting the Copernican system as incompatible therewith; or who exclaim 'Wonderful!' when they hear that Sir Matthew

^b 2 Sam. xx. 23; 1 Chron. xviii. 17.

Hale sent a crazy old woman to the gallows in honor of the Witch of Endor.^c In the latter instance it might, I admit, have been an erroneous (tho even at this day the all but universally received) interpretation of the word which we have rendered by *witch*; but I *challenge* these divines and their adherents to establish the compatibility of a belief in the modern *astronomy and natural philosophy with their and Wesley's doctrine respecting the inspired Scriptures*, without reducing the Doctrine itself to a plaything of wax—or rather to a half-inflated bladder, which, when the contents are rarefied in the heat of rhetorical generalities, swells out round, and without a crease or wrinkle; but bring it into the cool temperature of *particulars*, and you may press, and as it were except, what part you like—so it be but one part at a time—between your thumb and finger.

Now, I pray you, which is the more honest, nay, which the more reverential, proceeding—to play at fast and loose in this way, or to say at once, 'See here in these several writings one and the same Holy Spirit, now sanctifying a chosen vessel, and fitting it for the reception of heavenly truths proceeding immediately from the mouth of God, and elsewhere working in frail and fallible men like ourselves, and like ourselves instructed by God's word and laws?'

Of minor importance, yet not to be overlooked, are the forced and fantastic interpretations, the arbitrary allegories and mystic expansions of proper names, to which this indiscriminate Bibliolatry furnish fuel, spark, and wind. A still greater evil, and less attributable to the visionary humor and weak judgment of the individual expositors, is the *literal* rendering of Scripture in passages, which the *number and variety of images employed in different places, to express one and the same verity*, plainly mark out for figurative. And, lastly, add to all these the strange—in all other writings unexampled—practice of bringing together into logical dependency *detached sentences from books composed at the distance of centuries*, nay, sometimes a *millenium*, from each other, under different dispensations, and for different objects. Accommodations of elder Scriptural phrases—that favorite ornament and garnish of Jewish eloquence—incidental allusions to popular notions, traditions, apologues (for example), to the dispute between the Devil and the Archangel Michael about the body of Moses, Jude 9), fancies and anachronisms imported from the synagogue of Alexandria into Palestine by, or together with, the Septuagint Version, and applied as mere *argumenta ad homines* (for example, the delivery of the law by the disposition of Angels, Acts vii. 53; Gal. iii. 19; Heb. ii. 2)—these, detached from their context, and, contrary to the intention of the sacred writer, first raised into independent *theses*, and then brought together to produce or sanction some new *credendum*, for which neither separately could have furnish a pretence! By this *strange mosaic*, Scripture texts have been workt up into passable likenesses of Purgatory, Popery, the Inquisition, and other monstrous abuses.

It will perhaps appear a paradox, if, after all these reasons, I should avow that they weigh less in my mind against the Doctrine, than the motives usually assigned for maintaining and enjoining it. Such, for instance, are the arguments drawn from *the anticipated loss and damage that would result from its abandonment*; as that it would deprive the Christian world of its *only infallible arbiter* in questions of Faith and Duty, suppress the only common and inappealable tribunal; that the Bible is the *only religious bond of union* and ground of unity amongst Protestants, and the like. For the confutation of this whole reasoning it

^c He sent two, nor does it appear that the poor creatures were at all crazy.

Rose Cullender and Amy Duny, widows, of Lowestoff, Suffolk, were tried for witchcraft, on the 10th of March, 1665, at Bury St. Edmunds. Sir M. Hale told the jury, 'that he would not repeat the evidence unto them, lest by so doing he should wrong the evidence on the one side or the other. Only this acquainted them, that they had two things to enquire after: first, whether or no these children were bewitched; secondly, whether the prisoners at the bar were guilty of it.

'That there were such creatures as witches he made no doubt at all. For, first, the Scriptures had affirmed so much.'

might be sufficient to ask :—*Has it produced these effects ? Would not the contrary statement be nearer to the fact ?* What did the Churches of the first four centuries hold on this point ? To what did they attribute the rise and multiplication of heresies ? Can any learned and candid Protestant affirm that there existed, and exists, no ground for the charges of Bossuet and other eminent Romish divines ? It is no easy matter to know how to handle a party maxim, so framed that, *with the exception of a single word, it expresses an important truth*, but which by means of that word is made to convey a most dangerous error.

The Bible is the appointed conservatory, an indispensable criterion, and a continual source and support of true Belief. But that the Bible is *the sole source* ; that it not only *contains*, but *constitutes*, the Christian Religion ; that it is, in short, a Creed, consisting wholly of articles of Faith ; that consequently we need *no rule, help, or guide, spiritual or historical*, to teach us what parts are, and what are not, articles of Faith—*all being such*—and the difference between the Bible and the Creed being this, that the clauses of the latter are *all* unconditionally necessary to salvation, but those of the former *conditionally so*, that is, as soon as the *words* are known to exist in any one of the canonical Books ; and that, under this limitation, the belief is of the same necessity in both, and not at all affected by the greater or lesser importance of the matter to be believed ; this scheme differs widely from the preceding, tho its adherents often make use of the same words in expressing their belief.

Every sentence found in a canonical Book, *rightly interpreted*, contains the *dictum* of an infallible Mind ; but *what* the right interpretation is, or whether the very words now extant are corrupt or genuine, must be determined by the industry and understanding of fallible and, alas ! more or less prejudiced theologians.

And yet I am told that this Doctrine must not be resisted or called in question, because of its fitness to preserve unity of faith, and for the prevention of schism and sectarian byways ! Let the man who holds this language trace the history of Protestantism, and the growth of sectarian divisions, ending with Dr. Hawker's *ultra-Calvinistic Tracts*, and Mr. Belsham's *New Version of the Testament*. And then let him tell me that for the *prevention* of an evil which *already exists*, and which the boasted preventive itself might rather seem to have occasioned, I must submit to be silenced by the first learned Infidel who throws in my face the blessing of Deborah, or the cursings of David, or the *Grecisms* and heavier difficulties in the biographical chapters of the Book of Daniel, or the hydrography and natural philosophy of the Patriarchal ages. I must forego the means of silencing, and the prospect of convincing an alienated brother, because I must not thus answer :—' My Brother ! what has all this to do with the truth and the worth of Christianity ? If you reject *a priori* all communion with THE HOLY SPIRIT, there is indeed a chasm between us, over which we cannot even make our voices intelligible to each other. But if—tho but with the faith of a Seneca or an Antonine—you admit the *co-operation of a divine Spirit in souls desirous of good*, even as the breath of heaven works variously in each several plant according to its kind, character, period of growth, and circumstance of soil, clime, and aspect ; *on what ground can you assume that its presence is incompatible with all imperfection in the subject*—even with such imperfection as is the natural accompaniment of the unripe season ? If you call your gardener or husbandman to account for the plants or crops he is raising, would you not regard the special purpose in each, and judge of each by that which it was *tending to* ? Thorns are not flowers, nor is the *husk* serviceable. But it was not for its thorns, but for its sweet and medicinal flowers that the rose was cultivated ; and he who cannot separate the husk from the grain, *wants the power, because sloth or malice has prevented the will*. I demand for the Bible only the justice which you grant to other books of grave authority, and to other proved and acknowledged benefactors of mankind. Will you deny a *spirit of wisdom* in Lord Bacon, because in *particular facts* he did not possess perfect science, or an entire immunity from the positive errors which result from imperfect insight ? A Davy will not so judge his great pre-

decessor. For he recognizes the spirit that is now working in himself, and which, under similar defects of light and obstacles of error, had been his guide and guardian in the morning twilight of his own genius. Must not the kindly warmth awaken and vivify the seed, in order that the stem may spring up and rejoice in the light? As *the genial warmth* to the *informing light*, even so is the predisposing Spirit to the revealing Word.

If I should reason thus—but why do I say *if*?—I have reasoned thus with more than one serious and well-disposed Sceptic; and what was the answer?—‘*You speak rationally, but seem to forget the subject. I have frequently attended meetings of the British and Foreign Bible Society, where I have heard speakers of every denomination, Calvinist and Arminian, Quaker and Methodist, Dissenting Ministers and Clergymen, nay, dignitaries of the Establishment Church—and still have I heard the same doctrine—that the Bible was not to be regarded or reasoned about in the way that other good books are or may be; that the Bible was different in kind, and stood by itself. By some indeed this doctrine was rather implied than exprest, but yet evidently implied. But, by far the greater number of the speakers, it was asserted in the strongest and most unqualified words that language could supply. What is more, their principal arguments were grounded on the position, that the Bible thro’out was dictated by Omniscience, and therefore in all its parts infallibly true and obligatory, and that the men, whose names are prefix to the several books or chapters, were in fact but as different pens in the hand of one and the same Writer, and the words the words of God himself; and that on this account all notes and comments were superfluous, nay, presumptuous—a profane mixing of human with divine, the notions of fallible creatures, with the oracles of Infallibility—as if God’s meaning could be so clearly or fitly exprest in man’s as in God’s own words!* But how often you yourself must have heard the same language from the pulpit!’

What could I reply to this? I could neither deny the fact, nor evade the conclusion—namely, that such is at present the popular belief. Yes—I at length rejoined—I have heard this language from the pulpit, and more than once from men who in any other place would explain it away into something so very different from the literal sense of their words, as closely to resemble the contrary. And this, indeed, is the peculiar character of the doctrine, that you cannot diminish or qualify, but you reverse it. ‘I have heard this language from men, who knew as well as myself that the best and most orthodox divines have in effect disclaimed the doctrine, inasmuch as they confess it cannot be extended to *the words* of the sacred Writers, or *the particular import*—that therefore the doctrine does not mean all that the usual wording of it expresses, tho’ what it does mean, and why they continue to sanction this hyperbolic wording, I have sought to learn from them in vain. But let a thousand orators blazon it at public meetings, and let as many pulpits echo it, surely it behoves you to enquire *whether you cannot be a Christian on your own faith*; and it cannot but be beneath a wise man to be an Infidel on the score of what other men think fit to include in their Christianity!’

Studying the sacred Volume in the light and in the freedom of a faith already secured, at every fresh meeting my Sceptic friend has to tell me of some new passage, formerly viewed by him as a dry stick on a rotten branch, which has *budded*, and, like the rod of Aaron, *brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds*. Let these results, I say, be supposed—and shall I still be told that my friend is nevertheless an alien in the household of Faith? Scrupulously orthodox as I know you to be, will you tell me that I ought to have left this Sceptic as I found him, rather than attempt his conversion by such means; or that I was deceiving him, when I said to him:—

‘Friend! *The truth revealed thro’ Christ has its evidence in itself, and the proof of its divine authority in its fitness to our nature and needs*;—the clearness and cogency of this proof being proportionate to the degree of self-knowledge in each individual hearer. Christ tianity has likewise its historical evidences, and these as strong as is compatible with the nature of history, and with the aims and objects of a religious dispensation. And to all these

Christianity itself, as an existing Power in the world, and Christendom as an existing Fact, with the no less evident fact of a progressive expansion, give a force of moral demonstration that almost supersedes particular testimony. These proofs and evidences would remain unshaken, even tho the sum of our religion were to be drawn from the theologians of each successive century, on the principle of receiving that only as divine, which should be found in all—*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. Be only, my Friend! as orthodox a believer as you would have abundant reason to be, tho from some accident of birth, country, or education, the precious boon of the Bible, with its additional evidence, had up to this moment been concealed from you; and then read its contents with only the same piety which you freely accord on other occasions to the writings of men considered the best and wisest of their several ages! *What you find therein coincident with your pre-established convictions, you will of course recognize as the Revealed Word*, while, as you read the recorded workings of the Word and the Spirit in the minds, lives, and hearts of spiritual men, the influence of the same Spirit on your own being, and the conflicts of grace and infirmity in your own soul, will enable you to discern and to know, in and by what spirit they spake and acted—as far, at least, as shall be needful for you, and in the times of your need. Thenceforward, therefore, your doubts will be confined to such parts or passages of the received Canon, as seem to you irreconcilable with known truths, and at variance with the tests given in the Scriptures themselves, and as shall continue so to appear after you have examined each in reference to the circumstances of the Writer or Speaker, the dispensation under which he lived, the purpose of the particular passage, and the intent and object of the Scriptures at large. Respecting these, decide for yourself; and fear not for the result. I venture to tell it you beforehand. The result will be, a confidence in the judgment and fidelity of the compilers of the Canon increased by the apparent exceptions. For they will be found neither more nor greater than may well be supposed requisite, on the one hand, to prevent us from sinking into a *habit of slothful, indiscriminating acquiescence*, and, on the other, to provide a check against those presumptuous fanatics who would rend the *Urim and Thummim* from the *breastplate of judgment*, and frame oracles by *private divination* from each letter of each disjointed gem, uninterpreted by the Priest, and deserted by the Spirit, which shines in the parts only as it pervades and irradiates the whole.’

Letter V insists upon the evil and uselessness of imposing premature and unnecessary burdens upon the consciences of men.

To make the Bible, *apart from the truths, doctrines, and spiritual experiences contained therein, the subject of a special article of faith*, I hold an unnecessary and useless abstraction, which in too many instances has the effect of substituting a barren acquiescence in the letter for the lively *faith that cometh by hearing*; even as the hearing is productive of this faith, because it is the word of God that is heard and preached (Rom. x. 8, 17). *Who shall dare enjoin aught else as an object of saving faith, beside the truths that appertain to salvation?* The imposers take on themselves a heavy responsibility, however defensible the opinion itself, as an opinion, may be. For by imposing it, they counteract their own purposes. They antedate questions, and thus in all cases aggravate the difficulty of answering them satisfactorily. And not seldom they create difficulties that might never have occurred. But, worst of all, they convert things trifling or indifferent into mischievous pretexts for the wanton, fearful difficulties for the weak, and formidable objections for the enquiring. For what man *fearing God*, dares think any the least point indifferent, which he is required to receive as God’s own immediate word miraculously infused, miraculously recorded, and by a succession of miracles preserved unblended and without change? Thro all the pages of a large and multifold volume, at each successive period, at every sentence, must the question recur:—‘Dare I believe—do I in my heart believe—these words to have been dictated by an infallible

reason, and the immediate utterance of Almighty God?'—No! It is due to Christian charity that a question so awful should not be put unnecessarily, and should not be put out of time. The necessity I deny. And out of time the question must be put, if after enumerating the several articles of the Catholic Faith I am bound to add: 'And further you are to believe with equal faith, as having the same immediate and miraculous derivation from God, whatever else you shall hereafter read in any of the sixty-six books collected in the Old and New Testaments.'

I would never say this. Yet let me not be misjudged as if I treated the Scriptures as a matter of indifference. I would not say this: but where I saw a desire to believe, and a beginning love of Christ, I would there say:—'There are likewise sacred Writings, which, taken in connection with the institution and perpetuity of a visible Church, all believers revere as the most precious boon of God, next to Christianity itself, and attribute both their communication and preservation to an especial Providence. In them you will find all the revealed truths which have been set forth and offered to you, clearly and circumstantially recorded: and, in addition to these, examples of obedience and disobedience both in states and individuals, the lives and actions of men eminent under each dispensation, their sentiments, maxims, hymns, and prayers—their affections, emotions and conflicts; in all which you will recognize the influence of the Holy Spirit, with a conviction increasing with the growth of your own faith and spiritual experience.'

In Letter VI Coleridge passes from the argument with the well-disposed Deist, to meet the case of the more learned and less fanatical class of Christians, who hold to the vulgar view chiefly from 'their dread of conceding to all alike, simple and learned, the privilege of picking and choosing the Scriptures that are to be received as *binding on men's consciences*.' He reduces the controversy to a simple issue:—

Is it safer for the Individual, and more conducive to the interests of the Church of Christ, in its twofold character of pastoral and militant, to conclude thus:—The Bible is the Word of God, and therefore true, holy, and in all parts unquestionable: or thus:—*The Bible, considered in reference to its declared ends and purposes, is true and holy*, and for all who seek truth with humble spirits, an unquestionable guide, and therefore it is the Word of God?^d

^d Coleridge adds, that it is remarkable both parties might appeal to the same text of Paul—*pasa graphē theopneustos (kai) ōphelimos pros didaskalian*, etc. (2 Tim. iii. 16)—which favors the one or the other opinion *just as the words are construed*; and which, again, is the more probable construction, depends, in great measure, on the preference given to one or the other of *two different readings* (of the Greek), the one having, and the other omitting, the conjunction *kai*.

We add, to this note of Coleridge, a few instructive facts, concerning the comparative versions of this text.

English version:—'*All Scripture (is) given by inspiration of God, (and) is profitable for doctrine*,' etc. This is countenanced by the rendering of

1. The Version of the Dutch Reformed Church.
2. The Italian version of Diodati.
3. The French version of Martin; and
4. The Latin translation of Beza.

Opposite rendering: viz.—'*All Scripture divinely inspired, is profitable for doctrine*.'

- This reading is supported by
1. The Ancient Syriac (or Peshito.)
 2. The two Arabic versions.
 3. The Vulgate (ancient Latin version).
 4. By Luther's German version.
 5. By the common Spanish version.
 6. By Calmet's translation; and
 7. It was followed by Clement of Alexandria, by Origen, Tertullian, and the majority of the early Fathers.

On the other side, owing to the omission of *kai* (and); therefore also of the supplied verb *is*; we have an

An unprejudiced person will easily determine on which side is the preponderating evidence.

In every generation, and wherever the light of Revelation has shone, men of all ranks, conditions, and states of mind, have found in this Volume a correspondent for every movement toward the Better felt in their own hearts. The Bible has been found a spiritual World—spiritual, and yet at the same time outward and common to all. You in one place, I in another, all men somewhere or at some time, meet with an assurance that the hopes and fears, the thoughts and yearnings that proceed from, or tend to, a *right spirit in us*, are not dreams or fleeting singularities, no voices heard in sleep, or spectres which the eye suffers but not perceives. As if on some dark night a pilgrim, suddenly beholding a bright star moving before him, should stop in fear and perplexity. But lo! traveler after traveler passes by him, and each, being questioned whither he was going, makes answer—‘I am following yon guiding Star!’ The pilgrim quickens his own steps, and presses onward in confidence. More confident still will he be, if by the way side he should find, here and there, ancient monuments, each with its votive lamp, and on each the name of some former pilgrim, and a record that there he had first seen, or began to follow, the benignant Star!

No otherwise is it with the contents of the Sacred Volume. The hungry have found food, the thirsty a living spring, the feeble a staff, and the victorious warfarer songs of welcome and strains of music; and as long as each man asks on account of his wants, and asks what he wants, no man will discover aught amiss or deficient in the vast and many-chambered storehouse. But if instead of this, an idler or a scoffer should wander thro’ the rooms, peering and peeping, and either detects, or fancies he has detected, here a rusted sword or pointless shaft, there a tool of rude construction, and superseded by later improvements (preserved, perhaps, to make us more grateful for them); which of two things will a sober-minded man, who from his childhood upward had been fed, clothed, armed, and furnished with the means of instruction from this very magazine, think the fitter plan? Will he insist that the *rust is not rust*, or that it is a rust *sui generis*, intentionally formed on the steel for some mysterious virtue in it, and that the staff and astrolabe of a shepherd astronomer are identical with, or equivalent to, the quadrant and telescope of Newton or Herschel?—Or will he not rather give the curious inquisitor joy of his mighty discoveries, and the credit of them for his reward?

Or lastly, put the matter thus. For more than a thousand years the Bible, collectively taken, has gone hand in hand with civilization, science, law—in short, with the moral and intellectual cultivation of the species, always supporting, and often leading the way. Its very presence, as a believed Book, has rendered the nations emphatically a chosen race, and this too in exact proportion as it is more or less generally known and studied. Of those nations, which in the highest degree enjoy its influences, it is not too much to affirm, that the differences, public and private, physical, moral, and intellectual, are only less than what might be expected from a diversity in species. Good and holy men, and the best and wisest of mankind, the *kingly spirits of history*, enthroned in the hearts of mighty nations, have borne witness to its influences, have declared it to be beyond compare the most perfect instrument, the only adequate organ, of Humanity; the organ and instrument of all the gifts, powers, and tendencies by which the individual is privileged to rise above himself—to leave behind, and lose his dividual phantom self, in order to find his true Self in that Distinctness where no division can be—in the Eternal I AM, the Ever-living WORD, of whom all the elect, from the archangel before the throne to the poor wrestler with the Spirit until the breaking of day, are but the fainter and still fainter echoes. And are all these testimonies and lights of experience to lose their value and efficiency, because I feel no warrant of history, or Holy Writ, or of my own heart, for denying, that in the framework and outward case of this instrument, a few parts may be discovered of less costly materials and of meaner workmanship? Is it not a fact that the Books of the New Testament were tried by their consonance with the rule, and according to the analogy, of Faith? Does not the universally admitted canon—that

each part of Scripture must be interpreted by the spirit of the whole—lead to the same practical conclusion as that for which I am now contending ; namely, that it is the *spirit* of the Bible, and not the *detacht words and sentences*, that is infallible and absolute ? Practical, I say, and spiritual too ; and what knowledge, not practical or spiritual, are we entitled to seek in our Bibles ? *Is the grace of God so confined—are the evidences of the present and actuating Spirit so dim and doubtful*, that to be assured of the same we must first take for granted that *all the life and co-agency of our humanity is miraculously suspended ?*

To assert and to demand miracles without necessity was the vice of the unbelieving Jews of old ; and from the Rabbis and Talmudists the infection has spread. And would I could say that the symptoms of the disease are confined to the Churches of the Apostasy ! But all the miracles which the legends of Monk or Rabbi contain, can scarcely be put in competition, *on the score of complication, inexplicableness, the absence of all intelligible use or purpose, and of circuitous self-frustration*, with those that must be assumed by the maintainers of this doctrine, in order to give effect to the series of miracles by which all the nominal composers of the Hebrew nation before the time of Ezra, of whom there are any remains, were successively transformed into *automaton* compositors—so that *the original text* should be in sentiment, image, word, syntax, and composition, an exact impression of the divine copy !

He asks why the divines who set up such miraculous claims for the Hebrew Scriptures, do not, in common consistency, extend the miracle to the Masora, and to the Septuagint, Vulgate, English, and other translations ? What is the use of a *lost* infallible-original-MS., with corrupt and fallible copies, versions, and translations of versions ?

Why refuse the writ of consecration to these, or to the one at least appointed by the asserter's own Church ?

But I am weary of discussing a tenet which the generality of divines and the leaders of the Religious Public have ceased to defend, and yet continue to assert or imply. The tendency manifested in this conduct, the spirit of this and the preceding century, on which, not indeed the tenet itself, but *the obstinate adherence to it against the clearest light of reason and experience*, is grounded—this it is which, according to my conviction, gives the venom to the error, and justifies the attempt to substitute a juster view. As long as it was the common and effective belief of all the Reformed Churches (and by none was it more sedulously or more emphatically enjoined than by the great Reformers of our Church), that *BY THE GOOD SPIRIT WERE THE SPIRITS TRIED*, and that *the light which beams forth from the written Word, was its own evidence for the children of light* ; as long as Christians considered their Bible as a plenteous entertainment, where every guest, duly called and attired, found the food needful and fitting for him, and where each—instead of troubling himself about the covers not within his reach—beholding all around him glad and satisfied, praised the banquet and thankfully glorified the Master of the feast—so long did the Tenet (that the Scriptures were written under the special impulse of the Holy Ghost) remain safe and profitable. Nay, in the sense, and with the feelings, in which it was asserted, it was a truth—a truth to which every spiritual believer, now and in all times, will bear witness by virtue of his own experience. And if, in the overflow of love and gratitude, they confounded the power and the presence of the Holy Spirit, working alike in weakness and in strength, in the morning mists and in the clearness of the full day ; if they confounded this communion and co-agency of divine grace, attributable to the Scripture generally, *with those express, and expressly recorded, communications and messages of the Most High*, which form so large and prominent a portion of the same Scriptures ; if, in short, they did not always duly distinguish the inspiration, the imbreathment, of the *predisposing and assisting SPIRIT*, from

the revelation of the *informing* Word—it was at worst a harmless hyperbole. It was holden by all, that if the power of the Spirit from without furnish *the text*, the grace of the same Spirit from within must supply the *comment*.

In the sacred Volume they saw and revered the bounden wheat-sheaf that *stood upright*, and had *obedience* from all the other sheaves—the writings, I mean, of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church—sheaves depreciated indeed, more or less, with tares

and furrow-weeds,
Darnel and many an idle flower that grew
Mid the sustaining corn;

yet sheaves of the same harvest, the sheaves of brethren! Nor did it occur to them, that, in yielding the more full and absolute honor to the sheaf of the highly favored of their Father, they should be supposed to attribute the same worth and quality to the straw-bands which held it together. The bread of life was there. And this in an especial sense was *bread from heaven*; for no where had the same been found wild: no soil or climate dared claim it for its natural growth. In simplicity of heart they received the Bible as the precious gift of God, providential alike in origin, preservation, and distribution, without asking the nice question, whether *all* and *every part* were likewise miraculous. The distinction between the providential and the miraculous, between the divine Will working through the agency of natural causes, and the same Will supplying their place by a special *fiat*—this distinction has, I doubt not, many uses in speculative divinity. But its weightiest practical application is shown, when it is employed to free the souls of the unwary and weak in faith from the nets and snares, the insidious queries and captious objections, of the Infidel, by calming the flutter of their spirits. They must be quieted, before we can commence the means necessary for their disentanglement.

First, let their attention be fixt on the history of Christianity, as learnt from universal tradition, and the writers of each successive generation. Draw their minds to the fact of the progressing and still continuing fulfilment of the assurance of a few fishermen, that both their own religion, tho' of divine origin, and the religion of their conquerors, which included or recognized all other religions of the known world, should be superseded by the faith in a man recently and ignominiously executed. Then induce them to meditate on the universals of Christian Faith—on Christianity, taken as the sum of belief common to Greek and Latin, to Romanist and Protestant. Let the attention of such as have been shaken by the assaults of Infidelity be thus directed, and then tell me wherein a spiritual physician would be blameworthy, if he carried on the cure by addressing his patient in this manner:—

'All men of learning, even learned unbelievers, admit that the greater part of the objections, urged in the popular works of Infidelity, to this or that verse or chapter of the Bible, prove only the ignorance or dishonesty of the objectors. But let it be supposed for a moment that a few remain hitherto unanswered—nay, that to your judgment and feelings they appear unanswerable. What follows? *That the Apostles' and Nicene Creed is not credible, the Ten Commandments not to be obeyed, the clauses of the Lord's Prayer not to be desired, or the Sermon on the Mount not to be practised?*—See how the logic would look. David cruelly tortured the inhabitants of Rabbah (2 Sam. xii. 81; 1 Chron. xx. 8), and in several of the Psalms he invokes the bitterest curses on his enemies; therefore it is not to be believed that *the love of God toward us was manifested in sending his only-begotten Son into the world that we might live thro' him* (1 John iv. 9). Or: Abijah is said to have collected an army of 400,000 men, and Jeroboam to have met him with an army of 800,000, each army consisting of chosen men (2 Chron. xiii. 8), and making together a host of 1,200,000, and Abijah to have slain 500,000 out of the 800,000: therefore, the words which admonish us that *if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another* (1 John iv. 11), even our ene-

mies—yea, *to bless them that curse us, and to do good to them that hate us* (Matt. v. 44), cannot proceed from the Holy Spirit. Or : The first six chapters of the Book of Daniel contain several words and phrases irreconcilable with the commonly received dates, and those chapters and the Book of Esther have a traditional and legendary character unlike that of the other historical books of the Old Testament : therefore, those other books, by contrast with which the former appear suspicious, and the historical document, 1 Cor. xv. 1—8, are not to be credited !

We assuredly believe that the Bible contains all truths necessary to salvation, and that therein is preserved the undoubted Word of God. We assert likewise that, besides these express oracles and immediate revelations, there are Scriptures which to the soul and conscience of every Christian man, bear irresistible evidence of the Divine Spirit assisting and actuating the authors ; and that both these and the former are such as to render it morally impossible that any passage of the small inconsiderable portion not included in one or other of these, can supply either ground or occasion of any error in faith, practice, or affection, except to those who wickedly and wilfully seek a pretext for their unbelief. And if in that small portion of the Bible which stands in no necessary connection with the known and especial ends and purposes of the Scriptures, *there should be a few apparent errors resulting from the state of knowledge then existing*—errors which the best and holiest men might entertain uninjured, and which, without a miracle, those men *must* have entertained ; *if I find no such miraculous prevention asserted, and see no reason for supposing it*, may I not, to ease the scruples of a perplexed enquirer, venture to say to him :—‘ Be it so. What then ? *The absolute infallibility, even of the inspired writers, in matters altogether incidental and foreign to the objects and purposes of their inspiration, is no part of my Creed ; and even if a profest divine should follow the doctrine of the Jewish Church so far as not to attribute to the Hagiographi, in every word and sentence, the same height and fullness of inspiration as to the Law and the Prophets, I feel no warrant to brand him as a heretic for an opinion the admission of which disarms the Infidel without endangering a single article of the Catholic Faith.*’ If to an unlearned but earnest and thoughtful neighbor, I give the advice :—‘ Use the Old Testament to express the affections excited, and to confirm the faith and morals taught you in the New, and leave all the rest to the students and professors of theology and Church history ! *You profess only to be a Christian !*’—am I misleading my brother in Christ ?

With respect to Christians generally, I object to the consequence drawn from the Doctrine rather than to the Doctrine itself ; a consequence not only deducible from the premises, but actually and imperiously deduced ; according to which every man that can but read, is to sit down to the consecutive and connected perusal of the Bible, under the *expectation and assurance that the whole is within his comprehension*, and that, unaided by note or comment, catechism or liturgical preparation, he is to find out for himself what he is *bound* to believe and practise, and that whatever he conscientiously understands by what he reads, is to be *his* religion. For he has found it in his Bible, and the Bible is the Religion of Protestants !

Would I then withhold the Bible from the Cottager and the Artizan ?—Heaven forbid ! The fairest flower that ever clomb up a cottage window is not so fair a sight to my eyes, as the Bible gleaming thro’ the lower panes. Let it but be read as by such men it *used* to be read ; when they came to it as to a ground covered with manna, even the bread which the Lord had given for his people to eat ; where he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack. *They gathered every man according to his eating.* They came to it as to a treasure-house of Scriptures ; each visitant taking what was precious and leaving as precious for others.

Letter VII and last, is devoted to the statement of an objection which weighed with the author more than all the rest—the influence of the dogma in destroying

our reliance upon *absolute truth*, and converting *living faith* into a dead and fruitless *objective belief*.

This is the impelling principle, or *way of thinking*, which I have in most instances noticed in the assertors of what I have ventured to call Bibliolatry, and which I believe to be the main ground of its prevalence at this time, and among men whose religious views are any thing rather than enthusiastic. And I here take occasion to declare, that my conviction of the danger and injury of this principle was and is my chief motive for bringing the Doctrine itself into question; the main error of which consists in the confounding of two distinct conceptions—*revelation* by the Eternal Word, and *actuation* of the Holy Spirit.

First, the term is used in the sense of *Information* miraculously communicated by voice or vision; and secondly, where, without any sensible addition or infusion, the writer or speaker *uses* and *applies* his existing gifts of power and knowledge under the predisposing, aiding, and directing actuation of God's Holy Spirit. Now—between the first sense of inspired revelation, and the highest degree of that grace and communion with the Spirit which the Church under all circumstances, and every regenerate member of the Church of Christ, are permitted to hope and instructed to pray for—there is a positive difference of kind—a chasm, the pretended overleaping of which constitutes imposture, or betrays insanity.

But alas! this is not sufficient; this cannot but be vague and unsufficing to those with whom the Christian Religion is *wholly objective*, to the exclusion of all its correspondent subjective. It must appear vague, I say, to those whose Christianity, as matter of belief, is wholly external, and, like the objects of sense, common to all alike—altogether historical, an *opus operatum*—its existing and present *operancy* in no respect differing from any other fact of history, and not at all modified by the supernatural principle in which it had its origin in time. Divines of this persuasion are actually, tho without their knowledge, in a state not dissimilar to that into which the Latin Church sank deeper and deeper from the sixth to the fourteenth century; during which time religion was merely objective and superstitious—a letter proudly emblazoned and illuminated, but yet a *dead letter* that was to be read by its own outward glories, without the light of the Spirit in the mind of the believer. The consequence was too glaring not to be anticipated, and, if possible, prevented. Without that spirit in each true believer, *whereby we know the spirit of truth and the spirit of error* in all things appertaining to salvation, the consequence must be—*So many men, so many minds!* And what was the antidote which the Priests and Rabbis of this purely objective Faith opposed to this peril? *Why, an objective, outward Infallibility*; concerning which, however, the differences were scarcely less or fewer than those which it was to heal; an Infallibility which, taken literally and unqualified, became the source of perplexity to the well-disposed, of unbelief to the wavering, and of scoff and triumph to the common enemy; and which was, therefore, to be qualified and limited, and then it meant so much and so little, that, to men of plain understandings and single hearts, it meant nothing at all. It resided here. No! there. No! but in a third subject. Nay! neither here, nor there, nor in the third, but in all three conjointly!

I comprize and conclude the sum of my conviction in this one sentence. *Revealed Religion* (and I know of no religion not revealed) *is in its highest contemplation the unity, that is, the identity or co-inherence, of Subjective and Objective*. It is in itself, and irrelatively, at once inward Life and Truth, and outward Fact and Luminary. But as all Power manifests itself in the harmony of correspondent Opposites, each supposing and supporting the other—so has Religion its objective, or historic and ecclesiastical pole, and its subjective, or spiritual and individual pole. In the miracles, and miraculous parts of religion—both in the first communication of divine truths, and in the promulgation of the truths thus communicated—we have the union of the two, that is, the subjective and supernatural *displayed objectively*—outwardly and phenomenally—as subjective and supernatural.

Lastly, in the Scriptures, as far as they are not included in the above as miracles, and in the mind of the believing and regenerate Reader and Meditator, there is proved to us the reciprocity, or reciprocation, of the Spirit as subjective and objective. No man, I say, can recognize his own inward experiences in such Writings, and not find an objectiveness, a confirming and assuring outwardness, and all the main characters of reality, reflected therefrom on the spirit, working in himself and in his own thoughts, emotions, and aspirations—warring against sin, and the motions of sin. The unsubstantial, insulated Self passes away as a stream; but these are the shadows and reflections of the Rock of Ages, and of the Tree of Life that starts forth from its side.

On the other hand, as much of reality, as much of objective truth, as the Scriptures communicate to the subjective experiences of the Believer, so much of present life, of living and effective import, do these experiences give to the letter of these Scriptures. In the one, *the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit*, that we have received the *spirit of adoption*; in the other our Spirit bears witness to the power of the Word, that it is indeed the Spirit that proceedeth from God. If in the holy men thus actuated, all imperfection of knowledge, all participation in the mistakes and limits of their several ages had been excluded, how could these Writings be, or become, the history and example, the echo and more lustrous image, of the work and warfare of the sanctifying Principle in us?

Archbishop Leighton has observed, that the Church has its *extensive* and *intensive* states, which seldom fall together. Certain it is, that since kings have been her nursing fathers, and queens her nursing mothers, our theologians seem to act in the spirit of *fear* rather than in that of *faith*; and too often, instead of enquiring after the Truth in the confidence that whatever is truth must be fruitful of good to all who are in Him that is true, they seek with vain precautions to guard against the possible inferences which perverse and distempered minds may pretend, whose whole Christianity, do what we will, is and will remain nothing but a Pretence.

In conclusion, we may enquire, Why was this extraordinary scheme of *Plenary* Inspiration devised? What was the motive to its manufacture?

Let the reader reflect a moment, and he will perceive that it is one and the same impulse which gives occasion to a *Personal* POPE and a *Parchment* One. Man desires an *Infallible* ground of Certainty—and unfortunately, instead of consulting the oracles of a pure Conscience and a sincere Will—the inner *Shekinah* where the Divine Spirit emphatically dwells—he gropes, like a blind child, after mere *objective* oracles, and seeks the Living amongst the Dead. Indeed, the Personal Pope is the best device of the two—for it not only secures an infallible Oracle, but an infallible Interpreter to boot. Nevertheless, both schemes are hollow, short-sighted, and delusive. Men cannot, in the nature of things, thus find what they seek—direct access to the Infallible. Man cannot rise above the conditions of his own being; he cannot attain to *absolute* ‘infallibility’ with ‘fallible’ faculties. Nor is it needful that he should: for all a Reasonable Creature can reasonably desire or demand, plainly is, a *Reasonable certainty*; and that, in all matters of duty and salvation, the most simple may possess, equally with the most subtle. He who seeks for more is not a philosopher, but a fool.

The plea for a Parchment Pope is preposterous enough: yet sufficiently cogent for imposing on the thought-less herd.

Well! we Protestants have got *our* Pope: and what is he? ‘The Inspired Scriptures.’ Which?—the Greek, Latin, Lutheran, or English? ‘These are but versions and translations.’ Well! what is the ‘original’? ‘The Hebrew and Greek.’

Can we all read and translate this? 'No: but few.' Do those few translate alike? Are they co-intelligent and infallible? 'No, alas!' Have you got the *original MSS.* of Moses and the Prophets, of the Apostles and Evangelists? 'No! they have been long lost, some for a thousand, some for two thousand years; we have only copies of copies.' Were the copyists infallible? 'No: quite the reverse; sometimes they were corrupt, often careless, and added or omitted entire verses, or even whole chapters.' Well! but amidst all these lifeless *Fallibilities*, have you no *living infallible Interpreter*? 'No: that would be *Popery*!' Then *how*, by what *means*, do you lay hold of the Infallible Letter-Words of God? 'We *prove* the operation of an *infallible* spirit in the *penning* and *preservation* of the Bible.' Nay, you have already admitted that a *series* of fallibilities are interposed *between* your fallible Reason and interpretation, and the *original*-infallible-MS.; but is your *proof*, as you call it, 'infallible'? Is it any thing more than *your* appeal to your own, or your *brother's* reason?—are either of you a Pope? 'No.'

It seems, then, good brother, that you labor under a huge mistake in this matter. On one side you *approach* 'THE INFALLIBLE MS.' only thrö *centuries and systems of Infallibilities*; and on the other side you *draw* from 'the Infallible' its supposed meaning, with your own very FALLIBLE FACULTIES: now, we pray, is not this rather the SHADE OF THE SHADOW, than the vital SUBSTANCE, of INFALLIBILITY?

L. R. F.

AIDS TO DEVOTION.

t church on Sunday last I could not pray;
My heart, whate'er the cause, was dull and slow,
Nor would its fountains at my bidding flow.
I sighed, but strove not; when a tender ray
Of Evening sunshine, lighting up the way
Thrö a darkling side-aisle, to me did show
Kneeling before a scanty bench and low,
A poor old man, clad in a coat of grey,
And meekly thanking God for daily bread.
The sight brought water instant to my eyes,
Melting my previous hardness: For it fed
In me the dormant gratitude which ties
Me to that All-Merciful, who has said
That rich and poor with him have equal price.

A. K.

OBSTACLES TO UNIVERSAL ELEVATION.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

EDUCATION can never be what it ought, until a vast and pervading improvement has been wrought in the social and physical condition of the destitute millions of mankind. In vain shall we provide capable teachers and comfortable schoolrooms, and the most admirable school books, apparatus, libraries, etc., for those children who come shivering and skulking in rags; who sit distorted by the gnawings of hunger, or suffering from the effects of innutritious or unwholesome food; who must sleep huddled in cellars or garrets, unfit even for dog-kennels—hard necessity overruling all distinctions of age or sex, and crowding Modesty thro' the unglazed window, to keep company with exiled Decency outside. You may fill the hovels of the famishing with bibles and tracts, sufficient to replace the tables which famine and the landlord have sent to the pawnbroker, yet you cannot render those who grow up under such influences religious or moral: you may cram them with popularized science, and convert them into infant prodigies of intellect and culture, and they will yet be deplorably uneducated, untrained, undeveloped. No stimulation of one or two faculties ever yet produced a true or useful human character, nor ever will. The education which does not begin worthily in the cradle, can rarely result in eminent worth or honor. Idly shall you labor to teach the child whose earliest recollections are of torturing hunger or of cloying surfeit, that food is not an end of life, but a means of sustaining it: vainly shall you moralize to him whose youth was rendered bitter and abject by want, that wealth is but an added responsibility, and not necessarily a sovereign good. The actualization of grosser vice may be shunned from instinct, or fear, or habit; but the soul's native purity and delicacy cannot be preserved where a single garret is made to afford the sleeping accommodations of a numerous family; nor can monitorial precepts restore it, while the influences which wrought its destruction are still present and potent. It will be idle to expect true beneficent attainment in school, from those who have not the means of decent and comfortable existence at home. You may sharpen their wits; you may awaken in them a dread of shame or pain, and a resolution to avoid them; but to impress the solemn injunctions, 'Thou shalt not steal,' 'Thou shalt not covet,' on him who daily casts famine-sunken eyes on the fruit ripening and rotting in the rich man's orchards, and who feels the fuel which would warm his benumbed limbs is mouldering to dust in the adjacent wood, unused and unwanted—this is the impossible task: yet who shall be deemed educated, whose heart festers with rebellion against these essential commandments? Not until we shall have achieved the emancipation of the poor from the slavery of physical and absolute destitution—not till we shall have rendered possible to all, obedience to the Divine precept, 'Take no thought for the morrow'—not till we shall have relieved all who will work from the terror of constrained idleness and

consequent starvation—can we feel that a secure basis has been laid for universal education. There will still remain obstacles in abundance—obstacles originating in perverted appetites, impetuous passions, narrow-minded parentage, false pride, mental incapacity, and the like; but before all these I place the impediments arising from extreme indigence, and the degradations and dangers which have thence their origin. Let these be removed, and we shall have better opportunity to appreciate and encounter the residue.

Universal Education! Grand, inspiring idea! And shall there come a time, when the delver in the mine and the swamp, the orphans of the prodigal and the felon, the very offspring of shame, shall be truly, systematically educated? Glorious consummation! morning twilight of the Millennium!—who will not joyfully labor, and court sacrifices, and suffer reproach, if he may hasten, by even so much as a day, its blessed coming? Who will not take courage from a contemplation of what the last century has seen accomplished—if not in absolute results, yet in preparing the approaches, in removing impediments, in correcting and expanding the popular comprehension of the work to be done and the feasibility of doing it? Whatever of evil and of suffering the future may have in store for us—tho the earth be destined yet to be plowed by the sword, and fertilized by human gore, until rank growths of the deadliest weeds shall overshadow it, stifling into premature decay every plant most conducive to health or fragrance—the time shall surely come, when universal and true education shall dispel the dense night of ignorance and perverseness that now enshrouds a vast majority of the human race; shall banish evil and wretchedness almost wholly from earth, by removing or unmasking the multiform temptations to wrong-doing; shall put an end to robbery, hatred, oppression, and war, by diffusing widely and thoroly a living consciousness of the brotherhood of mankind, and the sure blessedness, as well as righteousness, of doing ever as we would have others do to us. ‘Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.’ Such is the promise which enables us to see to the end of the dizzy whirl of wrong and misery in which our race has long sinned and suffered. On wise and systematic training, based on the widest knowledge, the truest morality, and tending ever to universal good, as the only assurance of special or personal well-being, rests the great hope of the terrestrial renovation and elevation of man.

Not the warrior, then, nor the statesman, nor yet the master-worker, as such, but the Teacher, in our day, leads the vanguard of humanity. Whether in the seminary or by the wayside, by uttered word or printed page, our true king is not he who best directs the seige, or sets his squadrons in the field, or heads the charge, but he who can and will instruct and enlighten his fellows, so that at least some few of the generation of whom he is, shall be wiser, purer, nobler, for his living among them, and prepared to carry forward the work of which he was a humble instrument, to its far grander and loftier consummation. O, far above the conqueror of kingdoms, the destroyer of hosts by the sword and the bayonet, is he whose tearless victories redden no river and whiten no plain, but who leads the understanding a willing captive, and builds his empire, not of the wrenched and bleeding fragments of subjugated nations, but on the realms of intellect which he has discovered, and planted, and peopled with beneficent activity and enduring joy! The mathematician who, in his humble study, undisturbed as yet by the footsteps

of monarchs and their ministers, demonstrates the existence of a planet before unsuspected by astronomy, unobserved by the telescope—the Author, who from his dim garret sends forth the scroll which shall constrain thousands on thousands to laugh or weep at his will—who topples down a venerable fraud by an allegory, or crushes a dynasty by an epigram—he shall live and reign over a still expanding dominion, when the pasteboard kings whose steps are counted in court circulars, and timed by stupid huzzas, shall have long since mouldered and been forgotten. To build out into chaos and dress vacuity—to render some corner of the primal darkness radiant with the presence of an idea—to supplant ignorance by knowledge, and sin by virtue—such is the mission of our age, worthy to enkindle the ambition of the loftiest, yet proffering opportunity and reward to the most lowly. To the work of universal enlightenment be our lives henceforward consecrated, until the black clouds of impending evil are irradiated and dispersed by the full effulgence of the divinely predicted day, when ‘all shall know the Lord from the least unto the greatest,’ and when wrong and woe shall vanish for ever from the presence of universal KNOWLEDGE, PURITY, and BLISS.

‘MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS UNTO GOD.’

 NEVER meet a man in street or field,
 However mean his garb and rude his toil,
 Or rough the step with which he treads the soil,
 But from my inmost heart of hearts I yield
 Him honor and reverence. For seal'd
 Is not the greatness in him more than royal,
 Which (by a body given as a spoil
 Unto a crooked generation steel'd
 'Gainst truth and goodness) Christ hath for him bought?
 And there is in him, marr'd but yet entire,
 Capacity to raise his present humble lot
 Upwards to bright communion with the higher
 And blest Intelligences which cease not,
 Day or night, fanning the everlasting fire.

A. K.

HYMN TO MAY.

BY GEORGE S. PHILLIPS.

HAIL, holy May! sweet virgin pure and fair,
Who like a Vestal from the throne of God,
With mystic eyes, and azure streaming hair,
Walks't o'er the world as if an Angel trod;
Beneath whose rosy feet, the waiting sod,
Long yearning for thy shadowy embraces,
In odorous throes, that pain the vital clod,
Givest forth its violet births, and starry races
Of flowers that gladden earth and human faces.

All hail! thou rosy-bosomed! whom the birds
In their wild woodland minstrelsy do praise—
Whom all the meadows and the tranquil herds
(Altho unconscious of thy wondrous ways),
Love for the beauty of thy sunny days;
Whilst on the mountain tops the breezes sing
Their solemn anthems in the dreamy haze,
And in the valley children's voices ring
To see the golden cowlslips blossoming.

All hail! for thou hast brought us back once more
New life, and joy, and trustful hope for man.
I long have watched thy coming at the door,
And down my garden o'er the hills have ran
To listen in the bosky dells of Pan
If I might hear the rustling, joyous sound
Of thy rich kirtle—in its dainty span—
Trailing, like music, the enchanted ground,
Mid murmuring brooks and insects buzzing round.

And now I see and hear thee all day long,
And claim thee for my own, my Spirit's bride!
And love thee with a passion, deep and strong
As heaven's own love in all its rushing tide,
Embracing worlds and universes wide.
For thou to me art Nature's symbol pure
Of man triumphant over sin and pride;
And in thy wondrous eyes, which mine allure,
I see that happy future mirrored there and sure.

TENNYSON'S POEMS.

'The Princess : a Medley. By Alfred Tennyson.' London, Moxon. 1847.

 HERE is perhaps no living poet, not yet enshrined in the temple of fame, more certain of finding a niche there than Tennyson. That he has only very gradually grown into notice, and that his admirers are still the few, is the strongest evidence in favor of our opinion : for, as the Prophet is without honor in his own country, so often is the Poet in his own age and time. Our idols are ever the idols of the past ; we dare not make new ones each for himself ; we bow to literary canonization as our forefathers did to saintly, and refuse to accept as 'household words' any names that are not borne to us on the echoes of the past.

But there are special reasons, over and above this general fact, why the writings of Tennyson are so little known in proportion to their worth, and these it is desirable in some measure to understand, before proceeding to consider his new poem of 'The Princess.'

There are two distinct classes of writers, the one requiring thought and study, the other asking only for perusal : of these the latter is distinguished by the epithet, 'popular' ; the former by its seeking 'audience fit, tho few.' Neither is this distinction confined to art and to science ; it extends equally to poetry and fiction : and tho, unhappily, we have few novelists who either claim or deserve to be studied, yet both classes of writers will be found amongst the poets. The popular ones are Byron, Campbell, Southey, Scott, and various others ; the thoughtful, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Tennyson—of whom the two former were forced into notice by unfavorable criticism, and by being considered, sorely against their own will, as the founders of a new *school* of poetry ; whilst the latter, not appearing until this great literary revolution had subsided, has been floated on by no tide of criticism, either favorable or otherwise ; but has left his poems entirely to make their own way, and attain by degrees the celebrity to which they are destined.

Having asserted that Tennyson belongs to the number of poets who deserve to be studied, it will naturally be asked, on what foundation he rests his claims ? We will therefore very briefly enumerate his principal characteristics, leaving it to our readers to test the accuracy of the statement by their own acquaintance with his works.

The first distinctive feature of Tennyson's genius, is a tendency to go directly to the *heart* of every thing : he never lingers on the surface ; never plays with mere semblances ; but even in his lightest poems, is earnest and straightforward. Hence come his wonderful suggestiveness, and the latent meaning discoverable in every line : both being further assisted by an unusual degree of conciseness, and the utmost felicity in the choice of words. His *directness* will be seen by turning to the commencement of almost any of the narrative poems—Dora, the Miller's Daughter, The Lord of Burleigh, or Locksley Hall. It never occurs to us to enquire, To

whom are we being introduced? The characters are telling their own tale, almost before we are prepared to listen. The poems mentioned suggest another of Tennyson's characteristics, viz., his peculiar talent for narration; in this he more nearly resembles Coleridge than any other poet with whom we are acquainted. Scott's acknowledged supremacy as a story-teller we do not wish to call in question; but this much is certain, that his pictures are all the result of high finish, and that he never employs those grand strokes in which Coleridge and Tennyson delight, and which enable them to tell a tale in verse in fewer words than serve us to transcribe it into prose. The third distinctive peculiarity of Tennyson's poems, is their heart-lure; and it is here he differs most from Coleridge and from Wordsworth. In lieu of the wild visions and dreamy imaginings of the one, and of the pure and colorless admiration of nature of the other, we have a mind seeking, above all things, to understand *itself*, and disposed to regard the outward world thro' the colored glass of the feelings. In point of subjectiveness, Tennyson greatly resembles Byron, and Locksley Hall and Mariana go far to prove that he might have equalled him in his own style: but the tide of feeling which swept thro' Byron with the impetuosity of a torrent, is restrained by Tennyson within due limits, and becomes a fertilizing stream. The living poet has all the intensity of the departed, without any of that earthly dross with which it was alloyed in him. Tennyson is the poet of the *affections*, as the other was of the passions, and his influence is as soothing as his predecessor's was exciting and fierce.

Another characteristic of Tennyson is his exquisite gracefulness of style, and the melody and sweetness of every line he has written. For modulation and rhythm no living poet can be compared to him, neither has he many rivals in the past, after Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats: his blank verse is deserving of especial notice, because it is less easy to put a story into this form, than to string incidents together in rhyme. The straightforward simplicity of *Dora* and *Godiva*, in which it is impossible to find an extraneous ornament, or even a single superfluous word, and the absence of that stateliness which so often impairs the charm of blank verse, cannot fail to strike the attention of thoughtful readers. Ours, however, are impatient to get to *The Princess*: let us open the volume, then, and see what it contains.

The poem is rightly called a *Medley*, being a Christmas game adapted to the scenes and influences of a summer afternoon. It is told by a 'set' of college students assembled at the hospitable abode of the father of one of their number. The day chosen for the purpose is the one on which Sir Walter Vivian

'Gave his broad lands until the set of sun,
Up to the people:'

and the party, after contemplating the busy and happy scene around them, find their way to a Gothic ruin, where they light upon the sister and daughter of their host. The latter, named *Lilia*—

'A rose-bud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her'—

is led by the mention of an ancestress who had

'Arm'd

Her own fair head, and sallying thro' the gate,
Had beat her foes, with slaughter, from the wall,'

to lament over the present condition of Womanhood, and to declare,

'O were I some great Princess, I would build,
Far off from men, a college of my own,
And I would teach them all things, you should see.'

To this one of the party replies, naturally enough,

'Pretty were the sight
If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.'

At length, tired of discursive conversation, they resolve on something which is to be

'A tale for summer, as befits the time;
And something it should be to suit the place—
Grave, moral, solemn, like the mouldering walls
About us.'

It is agreed that the narrative shall turn on the fortunes of a Prince and Princess; the poet (who has introduced us to this fair scene) is required to begin and be his own hero; and the party being of the same number as Wordsworth's *Cottage Children*, the poem which follows is divided into seven parts. So much for the prologue.

The Prince, who is the son of a northern king, relates his betrothal,

'While life was yet in bud and blade,'

to the daughter of a monarch whose territories meet his father's to the south; and declares that he wore next his heart her picture, with 'one dark tress,' whilst

'All around them both
Sweet thoughts would swarm, as bees about their queen.'

The lady, however, as she grows up, is not so lovingly affected; she is possessed by the idea that the condition of her sex is one of thralldom and servitude, and that to her it is appointed to burst the chains by which they had so long been held in bondage. Her first step, therefore, on arriving at woman's estate, is to withdraw to a palace of her father's, on the confines of the two kingdoms, there to found and head a University, on which she relies for the regeneration of society. On hearing this, the Prince declines his father's proposal to

'Send a hundred thousand men,
And bring her in a whirlwind'—

resolving, rather, to try what ingenuity and courage united would effect. Accom-

panied by two friends, Cyril and Florian (whose individuality, like that of the other subordinates, is well markt), he takes horse; and on reaching the neighborhood of the college, all three disguise themselves as women. They are told that the two tutors are Lady Blanche and Lady Psyche—the latter, a young widow with a sweet infant, is Florian's sister, and she being 'prettiest and best natured,' they write—

'In such a hand as when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring East'—

to be enrolled among her pupils. In the second part they are introduced to the Princess, who is described as

'Liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the sun,
Than our man's earth.'

The reception she gives them indicates the nobleness of her mind:

'We give you welcome: not without redound
Of fame and profit unto yourselves ye come,
The first-fruits of the stranger: after-time,
And that full voice which circles round the grave,
Will rank you nobly, mingled up with me.'

Dismissed by the Princess, they are sent to the Lady Psyche's class, and are lectured on astronomy, history, and philosophy, in true professorial style. Cyril says:

'Learnt? I learnt more from her in a flash,
Than if my brain-pan were an empty hull,
And every muse tumbled a science in!'

Unfortunately, however—or fortunately, as the reader may be disposed to regard it—Florian's features betray him to his sister, and it is with the utmost difficulty that the joint persuasions of the three prevail upon her to let them remain another day unrevealed. This day is spent in a geological excursion, in the course of which the Prince indirectly but vainly pleads his suit; and the Princess, while reposing on the plain, calls for music to make the minutes 'lightlier move.' The following exquisite melody is sung by one of her maids:

'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

*Ah, sad and strange, as, in dark summer dawns,
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.*

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more !

But Ida, in disdain, calls for a more heroic measure. The three northern damsels are then askt to sing, and Cyril pitches upon a ditty which betrays their secret. The ladies in dismay mount their horses, and fly wildly homewards: but the Prince has the good fortune to save Ida's life in crossing a stream. Arrived at the palace, tidings are brought of an invasion by the prince's father, and in the college

'A clamor grew
As of a new-world Babel, woman built
And worse confounded ; high above them stood
The placid marble muses, looking peace—

Not peace, she lookt, the Head : but rising up,
Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so
To the open window moved, remaining there
Fixt like a beacon-tower above the waves
Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye
Glances ruin, and the wild sea-birds on the light
Dash themselves dead. She stretcht her arms and call'd
Across the tumult, and the tumult fell.'

After thanking the Prince bitterly for saving her life, she dismiss him and his companions beyond the college precincts. He tells us that upon his spirits

'Settled a gentle cloud of melancholy
Which I shook off, for I was young, and one
To whom the shadow of all mischance but came
As night to him that sitting on a hill
Sees the midsummer, midnight, Norway sun
Set into sunrise.'

A council is held in his father's camp, in which the Prince utters those beautiful and meaningful words :

'More soluble is this knot
(Like almost all the rest, if men were wise)
By gentleness than war.'

War, nevertheless, is agreed upon, the cause of the Princess being supported by her three brothers, of whom

'The midmost and the highest
Was Arac : all about his motion clung
The shadow of his sister.'

In the tourney of fifty knights on either side, which is fought without the palace walls, the Prince is left for dead on the field ; and the brothers of the Princess, tho victorious, are wounded. Then

'High upon the palace, Ida stood
With Psyche's babe in arm : there on the roofs,
Like that great dame of Lapidoth, she sang—

Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n : *the seed,*
The little seed they laught at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
A thousand arms, and rushes to the Sun.

Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n : they came ;
The leaves were wet with women's tears : they heard
A noise of songs they would not understand.
They markt it with the red cross to the fall,
And would have strown it, and are fall'n themselves.

Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n : they came,
The woodmen with their axes : lo the tree !
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,
And boats and bridges, for the use of men.

Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n : they struck ;
With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor knew
There dwelt an iron nature in the grain :
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,
Their arms were shatter'd to the shoulder blade.

Our enemies have fall'n, but this shall grow
A night of Summer from the heat, a breadth
Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power ; *and roll'd*
With music in the Eonian breeze of Time,
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the world.

And now, O maids, behold our sanctuary
Is violate, our laws broken : fear we not
To break them more in their behoof whose arms
Champion'd our cause and won it with a day
Blancht in our annals, and perpetual feast,
When dames and heroines of the golden year
Shall strip a hundred hollows bare of Spring,

To rain an April of ovation round
 Their statues, borne aloft, the three: but come,
 We will be liberal, since our rights are won.
 Let them not lie in the tents with coarse mankind,
 Ill nurses; but descend, and proffer these
 The brethren of our blood and cause that there
 Lie bruised and maim'd, the tender ministries
 Of female hands and hospitality.'

The sequel of the story is that the Prince is nursed by Ida, and that, beginning with pity, she goes on to love, and from love obtains that wisdom in which she has hitherto been wanting. Her noble nature makes her willing to acknowledge her mistake, and the Prince makes a similar concession on behalf of society. What his own view of Woman is he next proceeds to unfold; and this, it is unnecessary to observe, is the kernel for which the burlesque has been a mere shell.

'Blame not thyself too much,' I said, 'nor blame
 Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws;
 These were the rough ways of the world till now.
 Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
 The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
 Together, dwarf or godlike, bond or free:
 For she that, out of Lethe, shares with man
 His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
 Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? We two will serve them both
 In aiding her strip off, as in us lies
 (Our place is much), the parasitic forms
 That seem to keep her up but drag her down—
 Will leave her field to burgeon and to bloom
 From all within her, make herself her own
 To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
 Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this—
Not like to like, but like in difference:
 Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
 The man be more of woman, she of man;
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
 She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care:
 More as the double-natured Poet each:
 Till at last she *set herself to man,*
Like perfect music unto noble words;
 And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
 Sit side by side, *full-summ'd in all their powers,*

Dispensing harvest, *sowing the To-be,*
 Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
 Then comes the statelier Eden back to men :
 Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm :
 Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
 May these things be !

The poem ends with the betrothal : and the Prince addresses his future bride in words as full of melody and sweetness, as of power and truth.—

'The new day comes, the light
 Dearer for night, *as dearer thou for faults*
Lived over : lift thine eyes ; doubt me no more ;
 Look up and let thy nature strike on mine,
Like yonder morning on the blind half-world ;
 Approach and fear not ; breathe upon my brows ;
 In that fine air I tremble : *all the past*
Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this
 I scarce believe, and *all the rich To-come*
Reels as the golden Autumn woodland reels
Athwart the smoke of burning flowers. Forgive me,
 I waste my heart in signs : let be. My bride,
 My wife, my life—*O we will walk this world,*
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows.'

The object of the poem being now sufficiently evident, it only remains to notice its form and execution, and to enquire what rank it is likely to take with regard to the earlier productions of the writer.

The mould in which it is cast will not be generally acceptable : one is almost inclined, at first, to think the poet is playing with his subject, and, calling to mind the sober seriousness of the Vision of Sin and the Two Voices, to ask why the same spirit has not been retained. The true answer to this question must, of course, rest with the poet himself : still, many possible solutions may be hinted at ; whereof one is, that he was desirous of reaching those who cannot apprehend abstract ideas in their unclothed spiritualism.

It would be unfair to form a decided opinion of this or any other poem from once reading it ; we must return to it again and again in order to do it full justice. This much, however, is certain, that we may go thro' 'the Princess' repeatedly, and each time find fresh employment in eliciting its extent of *meaning*. The great evil of our present reading is, that we consider chiefly whether we 'like' a book, and think little of the duty of studying and making it our own. We expect to have every thing done for us by the writer, and to sit with folded hands whilst he strikes the various chords of the soul. Hence it is occasionally good for us to be *constrained to think* ; to be forced to enquire why things are not as we expected to find them,

and to investigate more narrowly that which at first sight appeared chaff, but which a closer examination may prove to be wheat.

So much as to form. With regard to execution, the poem is inferior to none of its predecessors of the same stock: it has the same fulness of melody, the same gracefulness of style, the same felicity of diction, which Tennyson has heretofore displayed. We doubt, however, if it will be so acceptable as his shorter pieces, to the younger portion of his readers, and this because it is less deeply colored with feeling and affection: thro'out there is a predominance of ideas over sentiments, and we are more disposed to ponder its meaning than to resign ourselves to its influence. In one respect it may be regarded as a compendium and sequel to his earlier productions, inasmuch as it gathers into one point all he has previously said on the subject of Woman; and so true and deep are his views of her position, so sage and friendly his counsels, that he may be considered one of her greatest benefactors after Shakspeare. It has been the custom to regard the Lilians and Margarets, the Adelines and Madelines, as mere common-place effusions inspired by Erato; but we believe they were all designed and drawn as individual portraits; that of Isabel we regard as the ideal of a perfect woman. Those who are penetrated with the spirit of Tennyson's earlier poems, will see how naturally the mind which gave birth to Dora and Godiva, should, in the course of years, produce 'the Princess': it is, as it were, the direct statement of truths which these poems first suggested—the fruit of that philosophy of which they were the flower.

We have not adopted the common practice of transcribing every fine passage, for nothing is so unfair to a new poem: we naturally feel, on reading it thro', that there is very little in it, and wonder why people have given it such praise. The few extracts here offered are selected with a view to variety, and to affording the best idea of the poem as a whole.

Let us again repeat, that we shall be better employed in fathoming its meaning than in weighing its merits, for these cannot be determined in a day, or a year: it is one of the many questions that can only be decided by the

'Aftertime,

And that full voice which circles round the grave.'

E. T.

A PRINCELY 'PATHFINDER.'

THE 'Royal' speech of Frederick William, King of Prussia, read before the United Diet, assembled at Berlin, April 2nd, 1848, contains the following 'Royal gem,' which we extract, not for its remarkable rarity, but its real virtue.

"The Prussian people must not forget, that it is only in the strife of opinions that the truth breaks forth, and that, in order to maintain freedom, every opinion should be freely and justly expressed."

It is quite clear, that state-educated Prussia is very far in advance of this sectarian Britain, as regards the true grounds of social, moral, and religious freedom.

THE EARLY CHURCH

AND THE

LORD'S SECOND ADVENT.

To the Editor of the Truth-Seeker.

MY DEAR SIR:—Many years ago, when I was a very young man, I was anxious to obtain a satisfactory solution of a difficulty arising from the prevalent opinion amongst the early Christians that Christ's second coming, and the day of judgment, would take place before the end of the generation then living—an opinion founded on the prophecy of our Lord, recorded by Matthew (xxiv. 29-35), and on the declaration of the apostle Paul in his First Epistle to the Thessalonians (iv. 15-17): and, for this purpose, I wrote to the late excellent and revered Mr. Belsham, soliciting his aid in the solution of my difficulty. His valuable observations on this subject are contained in the enclosed letters, which I forward to you for insertion in your pages, should you think them likely to be of service to the cause of Christian Truth, as tending to lessen, with ingenuous and enquiring minds, the injurious impression liable to be produced by the following insidious statement of the sceptical author of 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' in the fifteenth chapter of that celebrated work, where, with most elaborate art, he attributes the progress of our divine religion to secondary causes.

"In the primitive church, the influence of truth was very powerfully strengthened by an opinion, which, however it may deserve respect for its usefulness and antiquity, has not been found agreeable to experience. It was universally believed that the end of the world and the kingdom of heaven were at hand. The near approach of this wonderful event had been predicted by the apostles; the tradition of it was preserved by their earliest disciples; and those who understood in their literal sense the discourses of Christ himself, were obliged to expect the second and glorious coming of the Son of Man in the clouds before that generation was totally extinguished which had beheld his humble condition upon earth, and which might still be witness of the calamities of the Jews under Vespasian or Hadrian. The revolution of seventeen centuries has instructed us not to press too closely the mysterious language of prophecy and revelation; but as long as, for wise purposes, this error was permitted to subsist in the church, it was productive of the most salutary effects on the faith and practice of Christians, who lived in the awful expectation of that moment when the globe itself, and all the various races of mankind, should tremble at the appearance of their Divine judge."

Before closing this communication I would observe, that in the Bishop of Landaff's admirable answer to Gibbon, there are some weighty remarks tending to show that the Apostles did not expect the second coming of Christ to judge the world in their day (see Bishop Watson's 'Apology for Christianity,' p. 23-9, Edin. ed. 1823), and that even had such been their expectation, it would not have lessened their credit as witnesses of the life and resurrection of Christ. That Christ himself could not predict the arrival of this grand event as about to take place during the existence of the generation to whom he foretold it, will be sufficiently evident from some of Mr. Belsham's remarks in the enclosed letters: those who are not fully satisfied with these, may, perhaps, find more complete satisfaction in the interpretation of Mr. Cappe, who explains our Saviour's prophecy, as referring not to the coming of Christ to judge the world, but to the destruction of Jerusalem.

Yours truly,

Rotherham, February 1st, 1848.

J. BRETTELL.

LETTER I.

Essex Street, February 6, 1815.

My dear Sir:—I request in the first place that when you do me the favour to write to me, and I shall always be glad to hear from you when you think I can be of any service to you, you will have the goodness not to interline your letter—I would much rather pay double postage. My eyes were never very good: and the sight not improving with advancing years, it is with considerable difficulty that I can decypher an interlined letter.

Your remarks do great honour both to yourself and to the truly respectable institution in which you were educated. You have stated a very important case with great clearness and precision, like one who has thought and read upon the subject: and it is in fact one of the greatest difficulties in the New Testament: as an objection to revelation, it has been strongly stated by Gibbon in his sneering way; and I do not know that it has been fairly met either by Dr. Priestley or any other of his antagonists: though I think that Dr. P., in the passage to which you refer, has advanced some very important observations, which considerably alleviate the difficulty (vol. 3, p. 269).

I must confess, for my own part, I could never see the insurmountable objection against what is unfortunately called the *double* sense, but which I would rather denominate the *figurative* or *typical* sense of prophecy, as explained by Hurd and Lowth, in which the less and more immediate event is figurative of the more important and more remote; which is a very different thing from denoting, like the heathen oracles, two events which have no relation to, or which perhaps are even contradictory to, each other. But this by the bye.

To interpret Matt. xxiv. in the way that Mr. Cappe and Mr. Nisbet have done, of the destruction of Jerusalem, which was also the interpretation adopted by my late learned friend Mr. Dodson, is in my estimation to subvert the meaning of language, and to make every thing uncertain. I would not have recourse to such a hypothesis, but in case of a necessity, which does not appear to me to exist.

The difficulty stands thus: Our Lord declares his ignorance of the time of his second appearance; yet he solemnly predicts that this event will take place immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem, and before the then existing generation should pass away. But this event did not then take place. How then is our Saviour to be vindicated from the charge of being a false prophet?

The following considerations are satisfactory to my own mind. I wish they may relieve the difficulty to yours.

1. It is clear from our Lord's own declaration, that he did not know the time of his second appearance to judge the world.

2. I must assume that he would not so palpably contradict himself as *officially* and solemnly to foretell the period when it would take place.

3. Our Lord therefore never could have connected the two events, the destruction of Jerusalem and the day of judgment, together, in the manner stated by the Evangelists, and particularly by Matthew.

How is this error to be accounted for?

1. It is I think evident that the Apostles themselves believed that the day of judgment was very near at hand. The apostle Paul expresses himself so strongly upon this subject, in his First Epistle to the Thessalonians, that he excited an alarm which made it necessary to write his Second Epistle, in which he quiets them by telling them that the day of judgment would not come immediately, *that year*. See Grotius. But though an apostacy was to intervene, it by no means follows that he might not expect the appearance of Christ during the existing generation.

He could not believe in the *intermediate* state, or he would not have omitted this topic of consolation in writing to his bereaved friends.

He must have believed a *speedy* resurrection, or he would not have preferred to depart and to remain insensible and inactive in the grave, to a life of labour and usefulness in the world.

2. As Dr. P. observes in the passage you refer to, our Lord himself might possibly be under the same misconception: and might express *an opinion*, though not announce it as a *prophecy*; that his second appearance to judgment might immediately succeed the desolation of Jerusalem.

3. The evangelist Matthew, under the same impression, might possibly use stronger language than our Lord himself used: for he was not inspired to relate the prophecy which Jesus was inspired to deliver. The variation in the three accounts proves that the narratives were not verbally correct.

4. If Matthew's original was perfectly correct, the universal persuasion that the day of judgment was at hand, might naturally bias the early transcribers, and betray them into the error of adding, inadvertently or otherwise, a word or two to render the language of the prophecy conformable to their own feelings and opinions.

All this may be called hypothesis. But it is founded on the principle that Jesus could not err in delivering a prophecy, but the evangelist, or his transcribers, might err in recording it. And it is a hypothesis, which if admitted, solves the difficulty, and clears our Lord's character.

Various interpolations appear to have found their way into the gospel of Matthew: perhaps the account of the soldiers sleeping on guard—and the form of baptism.

I shall be very glad if the above hints (they are mere hints) may be of any use in relieving your difficulties, and wishing you the best success, and a divine blessing upon your labors in your present important situation,

I remain, dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

T. BELSHAM.

LETTER II.

Essex Street, March 6, 1816.

My dear Sir:—I do not consider myself as at all entitled to those flattering compliments which you are pleased to bestow upon me in the beginning of your letter. I have devoted a considerable portion of time to the study of the Scriptures, and as I have never blinked a difficulty, but have determined to follow evidence wherever it led me, confident that truth wherever found, must be favorable to virtue and happiness, I have allowed myself, and have found it necessary, to treat the sacred *writers*, or rather the canonical *writings*, with more freedom than many of my brethren venture to do. Having therefore taken great liberty myself, I feel very indulgent to a similar liberty taken by others. And where, as in your case, there appears to be a sincere desire to discover truth, and not merely to start objections, I regard it both as a pleasure and a duty to contribute to the utmost of my power to assist the inquiries of my younger brethren, and to state those solutions of difficulties proposed in which my own mind most readily acquiesces, leaving my arguments to make their proper impression on others.

And now, my dear sir, let us set out right, and with a thorough understanding of each other upon the question before us.

In the first place, I assume it as a *principle* not to be doubted or called in question, that *the difficulty here stated does not in the slightest degree affect our Lord's character and mission*: which is abundantly established upon other and *independent* evidence, external and internal, philosophical, prophetic, miraculous, and historical.

I grant that if the evidence of our Lord's divine legation rested upon this single prophecy, that the difficulty proposed would throw a doubt upon the whole. But as the case now stands, we assume the principle that Jesus is a true prophet, and the question is, How is it consistent

with this character that he should have foretold an event as about to take place immediately, which was not to come to pass till some thousand years afterwards?

Now, sir, I most readily admit that it was quite impossible that our Lord should have delivered a solemn prediction of the time of an event, without being conscious that he was fully authorized so to do. And I am fully convinced that every prophecy uttered by Christ was or will be accomplished in its full extent, in its proper place and time. In the case before us, therefore, we either misunderstand the prophecy when we apply it to the coming of Christ to judgment immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem; or the account in the evangelists is incorrect. The case admits no other alternative.

I cannot agree with those who limit the whole of the prophecy to the advent of Christ for the destruction of Jerusalem. And I agree that the impression conveyed by the language of the evangelists is, that the advent of Christ to judgment would immediately succeed the destruction of Jerusalem. And this is allowed to have been the general faith of the primitive age.

Mr. Towers, however, in his *Illustrations of Prophecy*, interprets *yevea* as a *race* of men, and understands that the Jewish race, or nation, will not be extinguished till our Lord's second coming. In this interpretation Dr. Priestley acquiesced.

Upon the whole, however, it appears to me probable, that the account given by the evangelists themselves is incorrect.

1. Our Lord so expressly and repeatedly denies his knowledge of the time of his coming to judgment, and immediately before his ascension he so explicitly declares that the Father reserves the times and seasons in his own power, that it seems impossible that he should ever have delivered a prophecy in which the time was specifically limited. And it seems to me that 'day and hour' are so frequently used to express 'times and seasons in general,' that I am not disposed to understand them in a more limited sense.

2. It is universally allowed that the *record* of the prophecy is much confused, and that it is very difficult to know when the discourse passes from one subject to the other. Now it is more probable that the evangelists should be confused in the recollection, than our Lord in the delivery, of the prophecy. They evidently considered the two events as simultaneous: and if our Lord had, as Dr. Priestley supposes, merely given an opinion in favour of that hypothesis, however guardedly, that opinion would, as is usual in similar cases, have the weight of an oracle. So that the evangelists gave from their own ideas, inadvertently, a colour to the prophecy which the original language of our Lord did not warrant.

You very justly observe 'this is all hypothesis.' It is so. *But the case requires a hypothesis.* And this hypothesis appears to me the most plausible and satisfactory. The error lies not with the prophet, but with the historian. And it saves all far-fetched and unnatural interpretations.

'It is not confirmed by authorities.' True. Because, upon this supposition, the error was in the writer; who of course was not inspired, but wrote from his own recollection, and his own views of the subject. The promise of bringing all things to remembrance must be understood with much limitation.

The case of Paul you have stated very forcibly. But though it should be allowed (which is not necessary, for it is denied of angels) that the time of the day of judgment should have been made known to Christ after his resurrection, it does not follow that it was revealed to Paul. I think it was not; and that Paul was clearly under a mistake with respect to the time. 'We that are alive'—must, I think, include himself personally, or at least the existing generation. I cannot however think that a mistake as to time affects the authority of the writers with regard to the *object*. Because *time* is so frequently, pointedly, and decidedly excepted from the range of their inspiration or information. 'If they had not believed that the day of judgment was near, they would not have been properly impressed with the

doctrine of a future life.' This is the reason Dr. Priestley assigns for the permission of this early delusion. It seems plausible. The same reason may hold for permitting the modern error of an intermediate state.

Upon the whole, christianity reveals a life to come and a state of just retribution hereafter. More than this it concerns us not to know, and very little more is revealed to us.

I am, dear Sir, most truly yours,

T. BELSHAM.

LETTER III.

Essex Street, March 27, 1815.

My dear Sir:—I am very glad if any of the observations which I have offered to your notice have contributed to relieve your difficulties. You still, it seems, have some remaining; but I hope not considerable. I am myself inclined to regard all verbal difficulties of little account in comparison with general considerations; and I am convinced that we should have abundant evidence of the truth of Christianity, and of the nature of the christian doctrine, if every book of the New Testament were lost. *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, is my principle of judgment. All christians, in all ages, have believed that Jesus was a teacher sent from God; that he wrought miracles; that he rose from the dead; that he taught the doctrine of a future state of just retribution. This belief would not have existed so generally and uniformly had not the fact really taken place. Upon this firm, broad, immovable ground, my faith is built. At the same time I hold the Christian Scriptures to be of inestimable importance, because they teach a thousand things which I should not otherwise have known. But my estimation of them does not rest upon their verbal accuracy. If I find difficulties which I cannot solve, and contradictions which I cannot reconcile, I pass them over: they make no impression upon me in the least degree unfavourable to the truth of Christianity; I exercise my judgment upon these writers as freely as I do upon Livy or Tacitus. If Paul reasons incorrectly, I approve his doctrine though I condemn his argument. If in the book called Matthew, I see an account of the resurrection of Christ, I believe it. If I read the story of the star in the East, I call it nonsense. Just as in reading Tacitus I believe that Agricola finished the conquest of Britain; but I do not believe that the Northern Ocean was so condensed by extreme cold upon the shores of Britain as to make it difficult for the ships to move through it.

Christ delivered a prophecy concerning the destruction of Jerusalem; and in connection with this, another, concerning his coming to judgment. What *he* said, was, I doubt not, perfectly correct. But he did not foretell the time, confessing himself to be perfectly ignorant of it.

Matthew records this prophecy; but he confounds the two events: he of consequence confounds the arrangement of the discourse, and he makes our Lord appear to contradict himself by foretelling the time which he acknowledges that he did not know. Collations of MS. and versions, &c., give me no assistance in solving this difficulty: I have no intention, in this case, of applying conjectural emendation—or, I take that part which I understand, and I leave what I cannot explain. But, in all this, the truth of Christianity is not in the slightest degree compromised.

You find a difficulty in the argument from prophecy. I frankly acknowledge that I find the same. It is however clear, that the prophecies of the Old Testament *did* excite a general expectation of the appearance of a great deliverer in Judea about the time of Christ. Upon what this expectation was founded, I cannot comprehend. There are some prophecies in the Old Testament which appear to me to have received their proper accomplishment in Christ, viz., Jacob's prophecy; Moses's—'A prophet shall God raise up like to me'; some of the Psalms; Daniel's seventy weeks; but most of all the liii. of Isaiah. Indeed I wonder how

any one can doubt this when we are expressly told in the Acts, that Phillip, *full of the Holy Spirit*, began from this prophecy to preach Jesus to the Ethiopian eunuch. And yet Dr. Priestley, Grotius, the German critics and others, give this prophecy a quite different interpretation. Upon the whole, my principle is this: Whatever God foretells, will certainly come to pass. Also, the sense and the accomplishment of the prophecy will be sufficiently understood by those for whose use it is intended. In the mean time every one must judge for himself, both with regard to the reality, and to the application, of the prophecy. And to those who think they see any particular prophecy accomplished, that prophecy will be an evidence of divine interposition, though to others it is not so. How many, for instance, like Mr. Evanson and Dr. Priestley, regard the Apocalypse as the strongest proof of the divine original of the Christian religion; while others regard the book as doubtful, if not altogether spurious.

But I am come to the end of my time and my paper, and therefore, sincerely wishing that your diligent and serious study of the sacred writings may be attended with the best and happiest results, and that you may be a scribe well instructed in the Word of God, able and willing to instruct others also, I am affectionately yours,

T. BELSHAM.

We coincide entirely with Mr. Belsham's mode of vindicating the truth and consistency of Christ. The objections of Gibbon and others have been ably reproduced by Strauss, in his 'Leben Jesu,' and, in our opinion, admit of no other sound reply save the one given by Mr. Belsham.—

FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

'Brief Scriptural Evidence of the Doctrine of Eternal Punishment, for Plain People: with Answers to some Objections. By J. N. D.' Exeter, Balle, 1847: pp. 20.

THIS Tract is as pleasant a specimen of the dogmatic as it has been our fortune to come across in the whole course of our reading, and that is tolerably extensive, on the subject of future retribution. Were the theme less painful, the mirth would be unmixt with which we should listen to the complacent settling of the question at the hands of the self-satisfied owner of the initial consonants J. N. D.;—to the confident *ipse dixit* with which he demolishes, in his own idea at least, all the explanations ever put forth by those, from Origen to Whately, who have deigned to mingle with their faith somewhat of reason, of those passages in our Bible version that so naturally stagger the sincere yet benevolent enquirer into Religious Truth—passages which render his very benevolence itself a snare to him, by representing the God of Justice and Mercy as indulging in a course of penal vindictiveness utterly opposed to those attributes, and only such as we might expect to find in one of Earth, whose character we should scarcely think of selecting as a model for our own. To visit temporal offences with eternal condemnation, is to inflict a retribution so completely disproportioned to the offence, and so far deficient in the essential quality of an intention to reform the offender, as to be abhor-

rent to that conception of Justice which is spontaneously formed in every well-constituted mind; nay, which may be said to be *implanted* in it by the hand of God himself. And yet there have been found men in all ages who have labored to affix to the Divine character this repulsive stigma, as earnestly as if their object were to depict that character in the most inviting colors, and to invest it with the most delightful attributes!

Our author is one of those persons. He would fain make out *his* God to be worse than himself: for we cannot, for an instant, suppose *him* capable of the flagrant *injustice* which he labors so hard to prove is the attribute of his Maker.

This question having been canvassed at large in the pages of our First Series, we here feel it right to examine the Tract of this self-constituted dealer of 'damnation round the land,' with much more attention than it intrinsically deserves. His first assertion is—that 'plain,' i.e. '*simple* people,' who do not understand Greek, are liable to be imposed upon by those who do, and that, consequently, they should distrust those who talk much about Greek to them, which language, nevertheless, he admits *it is useful to know* for the purpose of studying the New Testament, because it was written in Greek—and perfectly fair to quote to those who do understand it—but, he asserts, it is very suspicious to quote to those who do not.

For how can they judge about it? A man tells you eternal does not mean eternal, in Greek. That sounds very conclusive; but how can *you* judge whether it does or not. Now in all those who talk about Greek to plain people, I have generally found trickery; that their Greek has not been worth much when put to the test by those who did understand it. Without pretending to be very learned, *I* know Greek, and *I* have studied the Greek Testament, and *I* have not been led to place any confidence in their statements about the Greek; but the contrary. The Spirit of God will guide more surely a plain man, if he be humble, in fundamental truths, than a little Greek will those who trust in it.

We will deal with this opening portion of the tract, before we proceed to notice the rest of it. In the first place, then, while it is perfectly true that the ignorant *may* be imposed upon by the learned in the interpretation of a dead or strange language, the inference, that they should distrust those who talk much about that language to them, is not the less fallacious and unfair. In how many matters, even of daily life, must the unlearned depend upon the instructed! In matters of physical science, such is more especially the case. Well, and constantly, are the unlearned lectured in our days on the subject of light, heat, ventilation, cleanliness, etc., and that on principles of science which they cannot be supposed to understand? Should they, therefore, be told to distrust those who talk much to them on those subjects?—who endeavor to explain the principles on which their exhortations are based, and to render them as simple and comprehensible as may be to their uninformed minds? Any one will see in a moment the absurdity of such a recommendation; and yet it is identical with that of our tractarian. Absurd as it must be regarded in the one case, it is equally undeserving of respect in the other.

J. N. D. tells us that, without pretending to be *very* learned, he knows Greek, and has studied the Greek Testament, and that *he* has not been led to place any confidence in the statements about the Greek of those who do not agree with him. This *Unmerciful Doctor* is here offending against the very cautionary rule laid down by himself;—to the plain, simple folk, whose confidence in their 'blind guides' thro

the difficult paths of Greek interpretation he had deprecated so feelingly but a moment before, he thus virtually speaks :—‘Never mind what any body *but myself* tells you about Greek ; *you* know nothing of Greek, *I* know all about it, and you may trust *me*, that whatever any body else says must be wrong’ ! Glorious argument ! Glorious consistency ! Glorious teacher ! Glorious doctrine ! ‘Plain’ and ‘simple’ people of his persuasion, we congratulate you on your Popeling (as plain and simple as yourselves)—an Oracle who cannot, without self-contradiction, complete even the first page of his little tract !

The next grand point of J. N. D. is the assertion, for it is no more, that to a ‘plain man’ the statements of the English Bible leave not a doubt on the mind that the punishment of the wicked is eternal. The following extract, however, will show, among other things, that even our infallible expositor of Greek and English has *his* doubts whether the views and feelings of the Translators may not, in some instances, have influenced the translation. May we not ask this ‘Sir Oracle,’ in all humility, Why, if in some instances, not in others ? Why, if in other instances, not in *this* ?

These statements, I have no doubt whatever, are substantially right. No doubt, being a human work, translations are imperfect, and *the Translator’s views and feelings are apt to be transfused into them*. But, in the main, the doctrine presented by the English Bible, and the faith produced by it in a plain believer’s mind, is sound doctrine, and divinely-taught faith, tho it be possible *some passages might be more exactly rendered*. None, however, that I am aware, affecting this truth, are misrepresented by the translation. And it is quite evident to me, and to any plain, *honest* man, that God *meant to produce on the mind of the reader* the conviction that eternal misery was the portion of the wicked, and I do not believe that *he meant to produce the conviction of a lie*, nor frighten them with what was not true. Now I shall quote many plain passages, adding my unhesitating conviction that the attempts to undermine this doctrine of Scripture (and I have been compelled to examine a good many) have entirely failed, and that the arguments used are either dishonest, some of them flagrantly so, or contradictory and fallacious, and that all of them subvert other fundamental truths. And I declare also my conviction, that a sound knowledge of Greek confirms the plain man’s scriptural faith.

I give a *body* of texts (some of which *by themselves might not prove the point*), that the effect the Holy Ghost meant to produce may be wrought according to the full testimony he has given. I beg the plain reader’s attention to these passages. Some refute the doctrine of the salvation of all. Some the notion that the wicked will perish, *i.e.* cease to exist. Some show that the human notion of divine love which denies the vindication of God’s majesty and holiness against sin *by wrath*, and the eternal impossibility that light should have fellowship with darkness, is an unscriptural and an unholy notion. Some refute particular arguments used in favor of these errors. So that if the mind be solidly imbued with these passages, the error is confuted ; and lastly, the sum of them show, that the doctrine of Scripture is, that there is wrath, and that everlasting misery and punishment is the portion of unbelieving and rebellious sinners. Some show that it applies to all kinds of sinners, without law, under law, and unbelievers of the gospel.

I shall quote figurative as well as plain statements, because figures are meant by God to produce some conviction, *the exact force* being, no doubt, to be sought in *exact* expressions.

Now, what word of argument is there to be found in all this ? We have tried in vain to discover even a syllable. The changes are rung upon the words ‘plain,’ ‘simple,’ ‘honest,’ ‘dishonest,’ ‘conviction,’ etc., and *an intimately familiar ac-*

quaintance with the mind and intentions of God and the Holy Ghost is assumed :^a but the real question remains altogether untouched, save by J. N. D.'s *convictions*, the soundness of which is only to be equalled by that of his knowledge of Greek. The reader will, we hope, not fail to notice the cool way in which the intention of 'figurative statements' to produce 'some conviction' is spoken of, and the extreme *condescension* of J. N. D. in quoting them, as well as 'plain ones.' We could have wished he had defined which were, and which were not, figures of speech. Whether he would have cut a more respectable 'figure' himself thereby, may be a question, but we let that pass.

We have not, of course, space to follow the writer thro' all the passages (nearly sixty in number) adduced by him as refuting the supposed errors which he combats; indeed it would be unnecessary, for such of our readers as are interested in this question must have them at their finger's end. But this we may safely say, that of these passages a considerable number are not only far from refuting, but are *actually favorable to*, the notion that the wicked will 'perish,' *i.e.* cease to exist. Whether this notion, or that of the ultimate correction and salvation of all, be the true one, is another matter and not now in debate. All we have to do is to show the error of J. N. D. in asserting 'that the doctrine of Scripture is that *everlasting misery* and punishment is the portion of unbelieving and unrepenting sinners.'

Many of his texts go to prove the very reverse ; we will examine carefully those which seem to tell the other way. Matt. viii. 12, is the first of these :— 'But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.' This text, even if considered to refer at all to extramundane retribution, says nothing whatever of the *eternal* duration of it. The wicked may weep and gnash their teeth in an invisible world, but it does not follow they will do so for ever. They may either be released from the darkness in time, or eventually perish thro' exclusion from the light ; but they will, meanwhile, give the usual signs of repentance represented by the figurative expressions in the text.

But the fact is, that the words do not refer to such retribution at all, but to the exclusion of the unbelieving Jews from the blessings of Christianity, here represented, as in so many other places, by the figure of a banquet, and the introduction of the Gentiles to share with the remnant of Israel in the heavenly feast. This is plain from the context, with which may be compared Luke xiii. 28, pervaded evidently by the same idea.

As to Matt. xiii. 40-2, the whole passage, taken together, is much stronger for eternal *destruction* than eternal *misery*—tho, quoted in the imperfect manner resorted to by J. N. D., it might seem to favor the latter. So also v. 49, 50, in the same chapter, Mark ix. 43, and Heb. vi. 6. The furnace of fire kindled for the purification of evil doers from the evil within them, or for the purification of the world from evil by the complete destruction of the evil doers, may burn for ever. The life of the worm of remorse may be commensurate with the existence of *the mass* of evil on which it *feeds*, but it does not, cannot follow, that the *same individual evil doers* shall be for ever subjected to the flames of the one or the gnawings of the other. *Fire* is a process which *consumes the fuel* whereon it *feeds* : the *same fuel* cannot *endure*. By reformation, or by extinction of existence, individuals must be, in time, delivered from both.

^a 'Fools rush in, where angels fear to tread.'

Many of the texts adduced by J. N. D. have no bearing whatever on the question of the duration of punishment. They speak generally of the chastisement of sinners in the world to come, but indefinitely as to the period of its lasting; such is Matt. v. 22, 29, 30; vi. 15; and several others. While as to those quoted from the book of Revelations, there is so much of mysticism and figure in that portion of Scripture, and so much reason to question the extent of its inspiration, that nothing *conclusive* can be derived from them, one way or the other.

The other texts, such as Matt. iii. 12; x. 28, and with it, Luke xii. 4, 5, 9, 10; Mark viii. 36 (in which the word 'soul' is improperly put for 'life'); John viii. 24; xvii. 12; Rom. ix. 22; 1 Cor. i. 18; iii. 17; Phil. i. 28; iii. 18, 19; 2 Thes. i. 8, 9, and ii. 10; 1 Tim. vi. 10; go directly to support the doctrine of the extinction of being on the part of the wicked. Their citation by an advocate of an opposite conclusion must therefore be attributed either to an extreme simpleness of judgment, or to a fearful obliquity of mental vision, qualities which equally unfit the unfortunate possessor for the discussion of topics of such a nature as the one which he has been unhappy enough to select for his *Tractatus*.

We must, however, give him credit for some portion of the tact peculiar to the mere dialectician; he has carefully avoided the citation of any texts which *he thinks* would tell against himself, altho, as we have seen, he has unawares done so in the *congeries* which he has heaped together with a view to prop up his own opinion. But let us hear his *own* conclusion as to the force of his collection: it is what we might have expected.

Now no one can deny that the effect of these passages is to lead men to believe that the wrath of God is revealed against all ungodliness, as well as his love in Christ—that if that love be despised, and the gospel rejected, damnation is the consequence—that as to those who come under wrath their 'worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched'—that they have never forgiveness—that they are not saved, but *perish*, and are tormented, for ever *and ever*, in the lake of fire and brimstone—that having despised the sacrifice of the cross, there is no more sacrifice for sin.

But men seek to evade these plain testimonies, and begin to reason, and to speak of Greek.

The reader, if competent to 'reason'—which exercise of the mind seems particularly obnoxious to our 'Plymouth-brother'—will see how he carries out, in this passage, his favorite system of self-contradiction. 'Those who come under wrath,' he says, 'perish' AND 'are tormented for ever and ever'! Now we should like to ask him, how both of these can befall the same individual? If we dared refer him to the Greek, the contradiction would be rendered plainer still. As it is, it is evident enough; for how *that* which has *perisht* can yet be susceptible of *torment*, can only be explained by and to one who has *not* 'begun to reason'; to us, ordinary logicians, it must remain an unfathomable mystery.

J. N. D. having exhausted his 'artillery,' comes to the charge with 'horse and foot' of what he calls arguments; and attacks 'the allied forces' of the advocates of universal restoration and of the ultimate destruction of the wicked, with much energy and a slight degree of subtilty. In the first place, he seeks to advance his own cause by trying to set his antagonists by the ears. 'Now,' says he, 'these two systems destroy one another.' Possibly they may, friend J. N. D., but they will not think about that until they have destroyed *yours*: it is no time for division in the camp when a common enemy lies before it.

Let us see first what he says in regard to our friends the universalists.

And so as to the devil and his angels. For to be consistent with their views, they must save them too. For they say, God is to be all in all, and *being love*, there can remain no misery. But *if* so, the devils *must* be saved too.

Now it is not the universalists alone that say 'GOD IS TO BE ALL IN ALL.' The whole Christian Church, since St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians, has said it upon the authority of that Apostle, who, it will be observed, uses the words in treating of the most awful and momentous of all subjects, 'the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come.' (In doing which, be it observed, he does not say a word about the everlasting misery of the sinful, *tempting as the opportunity would have been to one of J. N. D.'s school*, and certainly irresistible to him.) If, therefore, God and his love being 'all in all' involves the salvation of the devil and his angels, as J. N. D. declares *must* be inferred, we are indebted for it to St. Paul, and have no objection to the boon. But, leaving the question of the ultimate fate of the demons, who, now 'believing and trembling,' may hereafter, perchance, believe and rejoice, let us see what J. N. D. says about the fate of sinful *men*.

God [the Son of God] has said, 'These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.' Now, who would believe that this meant that the condemned were to go for a short time into punishment, but had, or would have, eternal life, quite as much as the others. *Eternal life*, and *eternal or everlasting punishment*, answer to one another, and *mean the same in either case*. THEY argue that it means *eternal* in neither!^b But will any one believe that eternal life does not mean life-for-ever-and-ever? If its lasting-for-ever is only to be understood from the word *life*, because it is Christ's life, why add the word *eternal*?

Now we *plain folks* must not talk about Greek, or we might do so, and about Hebrew also; so we will just take the English version, and show that the words 'eternal,' 'everlasting,' or 'for ever' (since for all these but *one* and the same word is used in the original), does not always signify *an eternal*, but sometimes an indefinite, occasionally a short, and often only a long, space of time. We cannot do better than use, on this point, the words of the truly learned Dr. Thomas Burnet, tho the good doctor does talk a little about Greek and Hebrew, to be sure.

"The statutes of the Mosaic law are said to be *eternal* (Exodus xxvii. 21; xxviii. 43; Lev. x. 15; xvi. 34; Numb. xviii. 11; etc.), yet these statutes, with the Old Law, have been long since obsolete. We must, therefore, either soften the sense of the words, or make the Jewish law obligatory to this very day. The temple at Jerusalem was said to be an habitation of God *for ever* (2 Chron. vi. 2), tho it has long since vanished, and has not one stone left upon another, or the least mark of its ever having been the habitation of God. The kingdom of David was

^b This sentence displays a helpless confusion both of terms and thought, and is composed in violation of all rules of grammar. 'Eternal life' and 'eternal punishment,' it is said, 'answer to one another!' and 'mean the same in either case!' Damnation, according to this, is as good as salvation! Next, says J. N. D., 'They'—i.e. 'eternal life' and 'eternal punishment'—'argue that IT means eternal in neither.' What is the *it*? We have, in the text, to argue upon what J. N. D. *meant* to write, since what he *has* written, is unmitigated nonsense.—Ed.

said to be *eternal*, tho the kingdom passed from his family, and is now at an end (2 Sam. vii. 13). In the old law, the servant whose ear was bored by his master, was to serve *for ever* (Exodus xxi. 6); and yet by that law all servants were to be manumitted within half an age. Moreover, before the Mosaic law, circumcision was instituted *for ever* (Gen. xvii. 7), tho the divine authority has put an end thereto.

"The land of Canaan was given to Abraham, and to his posterity, for an heritage *for ever* (Gen. xiii. 15; xvii. 8; xlviii. 4), tho his posterity have been driven from the possession thereof. It is plain from these, and many other places, Eternity is not meant always by the word עולם [*hōlam*] or לעולם [*l'hōlam*], to which αἰών or αἰώνιος relates in the Septuagint and in the New Testament, where these words must be taken in a more loose sense. See Philemon 15; Jude 7; Rom. xvi. 25; 2 Tim. i. 9; Tit. i. 2. With the profane Greeks, grammarians very well know, those words have not always so strict a sense: nor is it of any weight that the same word is applied to rewards and punishments; for the eternal happiness of the saints contradicts no attributes of God, and there we have *no reason* to recede, from the literal sense, and words must yield to sense, otherwise 'This is my body,' is as explicit as to say 'Go into eternal fire.'"

"I say, then, from these words no thing certainly can be inferred concerning the *eternity* of hell torments. Moreover, the Holy Scriptures have given us several figurative and metaphorical touches upon Hell, too inconsistent with the nature of things to be literally true; flames, darkness, and extreme cold, do not combine well together; how can worms live in flames, or be immortal in their generations, whereas in other places they are said to die? The bodies of the damned, whatever they are, or at least if they are compounded and organical, cannot withstand the power of eternal flames without dissolution; the earth cannot remain for ever in the form it is now in, or shall be after the conflagration, and Hell [if at all] must be in one or the other.

"So far we have explained the sense of the words and the nature of things: I shall beg leave to add in the third place, that our Lord Jesus Christ on earth, having taken upon him the form of a Servant, and not of a Philosopher, spoke in the language of the sons of men, and of the Jews chiefly, to whom he was sent. Learned interpreters have made their observations of this nature upon the words of Christ; he therefore follows the phraseology of his own nation, and words most known to the people, or to their chiefs, from the law, prophets, or traditions, in his instructions to promote piety. When he speaks of hell, he uses the word *gehenna*, and speaks of the different degrees of punishments there, in the Jewish style, according to their *common* sense. Mentioning infernal punishments (Mark

* If J. N. D. had been a 'very learned' Grecian, we might have offered a problem for his solution concerning this text:—viz.—Why the adjective αἰώνιος (translated eternal) is repeated in the same sentence, contrary to the genius of the Greek, as well as Latin, wherein the rule is, that *one adjective* shall serve both members of the sentence, *if applied to them in the same signification*? The only exceptions are in cases where the adjective is *emphatic*, which amounts to a modification of meaning; but as this is not the case in the application of αἰώνιος (age, duration, etc.) to ζῶε ('life') and 'kolasis' (corrective chastisement) in this text, it seems to follow, that the term was to be *regulated*, in each case, by the *subject* to which it was attacht, for the *subject* cannot be altered by the *term*.—Ed.

ix. 44), he uses the words of the prophet Isaiah lvi. 24, as it is in the Septuagint—*Ὁ γὰρ σκώληξ αὐτῶν οὐ τελευτήσει, καὶ τὸ πυρ αὐτῶν οὐ σβεσθήσεται*.—‘For their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched.’ Authors have proved it was a common and familiar phrase with the Jews, ‘that fire and worms should have the wicked.’ Christ made no alterations in these expressions, nor did he endeavor to *take away* the notion of the people, when it was found necessary to restrain the assurance of wicked men.”^d

The following passage from another learned author may also be adduced with advantage :—

“I must not pass by a late opposition to the doctrine of eternal punishment, or the eternity of hell torments, by an anonymous writer of considerable learning and abilities; who not only rejects the commonly-received opinion, as built on a false translation and interpretation of Scripture, but has taken great pains to show that by means of the Christian Redemption, there will be an universal restitution or restoration of *all* God’s rational creatures, fallen angels and fallen men, to the favor of God and that state of happiness for which they were created. I have not room to do more than lay before the reader a few of those passages of Scripture upon which his hypothesis is built, premizing, that the Greek words *sōzō, sōtēr, sōtēria*, etc., according to this writer, are improperly rendered by the English words *save, saviour, salvation*, etc., and should be translated *restore, restorer, restoration*, etc.

The passages are these :—‘This is good and acceptable to God our Saviour, who will have *all men* to be (*restored*) saved’—1 Tim. ii. 3, 4. ‘We trust in the living God, who is the (*restorer*) saviour of all men’—1 Tim. iv. 10. ‘*All flesh* shall see the (*restoration*) salvation of God’—Luke iii. 6. ‘The grace of God, that bringeth (*restoration*) salvation to *all men*, hath appeared’—Titus ii. 11. ‘The Lord is long-suffering, not willing that *any* should perish, but that *all* should come to repentance’—2 Peter iii. 9. ‘Who gave himself a ransom for *all*, to be testified in due time’—1 Tim. ii. 6. ‘He is a propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the *whole world*’—1 John ii. 2. ‘By Him (*Christ*) to reconcile *all things* to himself’—Col. i. 20.

“Our author’s doctrine of *universal restitution*, or restoration, does by no means exclude the future punishment of the wicked in hell. On the contrary, ‘Restoration,’ he tells us, ‘implies some misery or misfortune already incurred—some distrest circumstances befall the persons to be restored or delivered out of them’; and he acknowledges that men ‘may for very good reasons, be damned or accursed to certain pains and penalties due to a damned and accursed creature’ In short, he admits of *æonian* (as he calls it), but not of *eternal*, punishment, in the world to come.

“Nor does our author’s doctrine of Restitution exclude even the devils themselves from a share in it. For after drawing a parallel, in several respects, between the condition of fallen men and *fallen spirits*, he concludes thus :—‘Since the parallel between wicked men and wicked spirits answers thro’ all the accounts we have of the Lord’s dispensation towards them; what can we conclude, *but that one indefatigable love pursues both*, and that Hades and the Abyss, and the Lake of Fire,

^d Thomas Burnet, LL.D. (Master of the Charter House), *On the State of the Dead*: translated by Mr. Earbery. London, 1728. Vol. ii. p. 1.

exist all by the providence of God; and for this divine reason, namely, because God will be *all in all*—will have all intellectual creatures collected into himself, churchwise—will *quicken all men*, will *restore all things*, will be the *Head of all*, will have *every knee bow to him*, and *every tongue confess him, to the glory of God the Father.*—”^c

With regard to the second doctrine attackt by J. N. D., we have seen that of the mass of texts he has set in array against it, a large number appear (in their *plain sense*) to be in its favor, and as his attempted reasoning (for, after all, he also attempts *to reason*) is based on these, we shall not consider it necessary to notice it at length.

But there is one passage we cannot refrain from quoting, since it shows either the prejudiced haste, or the pious fraud, of the disputant, in overlooking or omitting all mention of the *parallel text* in St. Matthew—a text that goes directly against his purpose, and which, tho thrust by him into the ‘*crowd of witnesses*,’ is *here* kept in the back-ground, lest it should interfere with its more favorable fellow-bearers of testimony.

Again, ‘fear not them which can kill the body, but after that have no more that they can do, but fear him who, after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell.’ Now here death, instead of being the whole wages of sin, tho it be its wages, is made comparatively light of, if taken alone, and what comes after in body and soul in hell, is the thing to be feared. And note, there is no such thought as a man’s soul dying with his body, as *they* say who teach that simple death was the whole wages of sin, alleging the passage—‘In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.’

Substitute for the text in Luke, the more ample one in Matthew—‘Fear not them which kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul: *but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell*’—and you will find that the very doctrine combated by J. N. D. receives support from the passage adduced by him against it!

Our readers will excuse our following the author thro the remaining portion of his rhapsodies, which prove only how good a Priest, and how bad a Philosopher, he would make; they have seen a full and fair sample of the tract, wherein we have convicted him of palpable self-contradiction, and of dishonest suppression of such texts as tell against his own side of the question. We will content ourself with giving the closing sentence of his tract, which portrays his *peculiar* modesty—‘the humility of mind,’ and diffidence of his own powers to pronounce on the counsels of the Infinite, of which he *cants*—far better than could be done by any pencil of ours:—

In conclusion, *I say, that if God had meant to convey the idea of eternal punishment, He would not have used expressions stronger than He has used—nor do any exist.*

* Broughton on Futurity.

MEN OF GENIUS.

‘Characteristics of Men of Genius.’ 2 vols., post 8vo. London, Chapman.

THERE is a selection of articles from the *North American Review*—a periodical which now enjoys an European, as well as a Transatlantic reputation. Altho it ranks high as a Journal of Criticism, its circulation in Britain is not so extensive as to make it generally known; hence Mr. Chapman has deemed these essays of sufficient interest to warrant his rescuing them from oblivion, by re-printing them. We think he will not be disappointed; we are quite sure the reading public will appreciate his endeavor, and thank him also for his able Prefatory Essay. We make an extract from the Preface, alike remarkable for its philosophical acumen, and its nervous expression.

An important element in modern civilization is the system of division and subdivision of labor; and doubtless the rapid elevation which that civilization has reached, the splendor, wealth, luxuriance, and innumerable philosophical and mechanical triumphs which it boasts, are in a great measure attributable to the application of this system. But this mighty display has been purchased at an enormous cost, perhaps too dearly; in casting up the nett value of it all, we are apt to leave out of the account *the amount of human life spent in its creation*, and to complacently congratulate ourselves merely as the possessors and representatives of this great result. We estimate the action more highly than the actor, we think more of doing than of being—of the mansion than the builder—of civilization than the citizen; and therefore value each individual in proportion to his capability of contributing to the already vast accumulation, his isolated products; instead of regarding society with all its riches, as the minister of *his* needs, and the sphere of activity for the exercise of *his* various faculties, and the development of *his* nature.

Proceeding in this spirit, society has imposed upon its members a countless diversity of employments, so subdivided and simple, that the action needed for the performance of each is so monotonous, wearying, and purely mechanical, conjoined with the large proportion of time necessarily spent in such occupations, that instead of tending to unfold the faculties and stimulate the growth of the worker, it deadens the feelings, renders obtuse the perceptions, narrows and stupefies the intellectual powers, and frequently inflicts permanent injury upon the physical frame. It is the same in every department of industry, but more particularly in the wonderful factories of which England is proud, and the products of which have contributed so largely to her extraordinary wealth and greatness. The same principle pervades society from the lowest to the highest classes; science, philosophy, and even religion, are subject to its sway; every distinguished man, with a few rare exceptions, is sacrificed at its shrine. The fabric of modern civilization consists of an infinite number of parts, differing in shape and size, held together by a cunning dovetailing of each with each, and thus creating a whole by mechanical conjunction; *instead of being an aggregate of independent and individually perfect atoms, constituting a whole by the attraction of gravitation*. This wonderful structure merging the individual in the mass, is [attempted to be] justified by its results, as having realized a far greater general progress than could have been attained in the

same time, by a system which should attempt an universal culture and development of each individual. If society be considered in reference to its products, without regard to the welfare and destiny of its members, this is possibly true ; but if the culture and expansion of *man's individual nature* is the great aim which our institutions should try to achieve, then it will be seen how illusive and apparent only is our progress. It is probable that a more enlarged view would show us, that even the advancement of science, inventions, and the practical application of these to manufactures, would not be retarded in the long run—say a cycle of centuries—by a careful and general unfolding of each individual. The slow progress made in the beginning would be compensated for by the rapidity which would be subsequently acquired.

The Essays selected are arranged in a series of groups, those occupying the first place being PRIESTS (Gregory VII, Loyola, and Pascal) ; the next POETS (Dante, Petrarch, Milton, Shelley, Byron, Göthe, Scott, Wordsworth, and the Poets of Germany) ; the next, being the smallest of all, ARTISTS (Michael Angelo and Canova, the first being a most versatile genius—painter, sculptor, architect, and poet—and hence sculptor would be too limited a term) ; and the last group is occupied by STATESMEN (Machiavelli, Louis the Ninth, and Peter the Great). As a further selection is contemplated, we shall have an additional portion of that great 'circle' of which this is only a segment. A good deal of praise is due to the editor, both for the judicious choice of the subjects, and for their arrangement in this fashion. It gives an air of completeness, and of subserviency to a purpose, which they would not have had, printed promiscuously. In fact, they seem to us, now, for the first time, applied to their proper purpose ; their original destination being only that of a quarry from whence they should one day issue as fit *materiel* with which a Parthenon to Genius might be built.

We have no intention of noticing all these essays, but we have markt a few passages as we read, which we shall give, not especially as specimens of the work, but as containing something that is note-worthy.

THE POET AND HIS MISSION.

A great Poet is the greatest of gifts to any people. He remains ever with us to inspire and instruct. He opens to us new worlds ; of our dim imaginings makes clear and palpable realities ; gives us new sources of pleasure ; draws us up from pursuits whose end is our present physical comfort, to clearer, calmer, more lofty and spiritual joys and hopes. There are hopes which take hold of eternity, fears which chill the heart, passions which scorch and wither the soul, and no words to give them utterance. There they lie in the common heart, dim, unrecognized, and half-formed. The all-sympathizing poet, by a magic word, unlocks the imprisoned sympathies and bids them be free. To our dull eyes the earth is a desert, or a field for common toil : but he touches our eyes, and earth and sky are appareled in glory. We remember our forgotten dreams : we think again of our nature and destiny.

'Tho inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.'—Vol. i. p. 156.

It is part of the poet's mission to give an intense and musical expression to the feelings and sentiments of the common heart of humanity ; to catch from the world all its sombre

and its gay hues, and to reflect them with different forms and wider significance; and in proportion to the universality of his genius, will be his power of developing the most various phases of human experience. We count in units those who have been equally at home in the grave and the lively, in the grandeur of lofty thought and quiet contemplation, and in the beauty of simple and artless melodies; but every poet who makes large excursions thro' the domain of thought and feeling, *must make trial of that inheritance of sorrow*, of which, from his very nature, he must partake more largely than his fellows.

Homer, so full of 'the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' does not shut his eyes to its miseries. He shows us the heart which it lacerates, the homes which it makes desolate, the household Gods which it destroys. He leads us in with old gray-headed Priam, that we may hear the pleading of a father for the dead body of his son, and see the tears of the divine Achilles. How profoundly mournful are many of the pages of Milton! a spirit of sorrow broods over his whole work. Spenser is continually turning one's view aside from the brighter scenes, by some picture which disposes us to contemplation, and before we are aware, solemn thoughts come stealing over the mind, as they would if we were walking alone in a great cathedral. Even Chaucer, with all his gaiety, now and then tinges his pictures with hues more dark and foreboding; the beautiful freshness of the morning is sometimes overshadowed. And in the great dramatists, in their *great master* above all, how much is there which suits the temper of grief—expressions which supply just the word to the craving and desolate affections, to say nothing of the awful tragedies which almost crush the soul that yields to them without restraint! P. 136-7.

The article on MILTON is one of the finest we ever perused: and we recognize the writer. It embraces more of the man and his works than any we have yet come across. Its value will atone for the length of our extracts.

As a poet, Shakspeare undoubtedly transcends, and far surpasses him in his popularity with foreign nations; but Shakspeare is a voice merely; who and what he was that sang, that sings, we know not. Milton stands erect, commanding, still visible as a man among men, and reads the laws of the moral sentiment to the new-born race. There is something pleasing in the affection with which we can regard a man who died a hundred and sixty years ago in the other hemisphere [Europe], who, in respect to personal relations, is to us as the wind, yet by an influence purely spiritual, makes us jealous for his fame as for that of a near friend. He is identified in the mind with all select and holy images, with the supreme interests of the human race. If hereby we attain any more precision, we proceed to say; that we think no man in these later ages, possess so great a conception of the manly character. Better than any other, he has discharged the office of every great man, namely, to raise the idea of Man in the minds of his cotemporaries and posterity, to draw after nature a life of man, exhibiting such a composition of grace, of strength, and of virtue, as poet had not described, or hero lived. Human nature in these ages is indebted to him for its best portrait. Many philosophers in England, France, and Germany, have formally dedicated their study to this problem; and we think it impossible to recall one in those countries, who communicates the same vibration of hope, of self-reverence, of piety, of delight in beauty, which the name of Milton awakens. Lord Bacon, who has written much and with prodigious ability on this science, shrinks and falters before the absolute and uncourtly Puritan. Bacon's Essays are the portrait of an ambitious and profound calculator, a great man of the vulgar sort; of the upper world of man's being they speak few and faint words. The man of Locke is virtuous without enthusiasm, and intelligent without poetry. Addison, Pope, Hume, and Johnson, students, with very unlike temper and success, of the same subject, cannot, taken together, make any pretension to the amount or quality of Milton's inspirations. The man of Lord Ches-

terfield is unworthy to touch his garment's hem. Franklin's man is a frugal, inoffensive, thrifty citizen, but savors of nothing heroic. The genius of France has not, even in her best days, yet culminated in any one head—not in Roussean, not in Pascal, not in Fenelon—into such perception of all the attributes of humanity, as to entitle it to any rivalry in these lists. In Germany, the greatest writers are still too recent to institute a comparison; and yet we are tempted to say, that art and not life seems to be the end of their effort. But the idea of a purer existence than any he saw around him, to be realized in the life and conversation of men, inspired every act and every writing of John Milton. He defined the object of education to be—'to fit a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.' He declared, that 'he who would aspire to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the honorablest things, not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have himself the experience and the practice of all that is praiseworthy.' Nor is there in literature a more noble outline of a wise external education, than that which he drew up, at the age of thirty-six, in his letter to Samuel Hartlib. The muscles, the nerves, and the flesh, with which this skeleton is to be filled up and covered, exist in his works and must be sought there. Vol. i. p. 197—9.

Among the advantages of his foreign travel, Milton certainly did not count it the least that it contributed to forge and polish that great weapon of which he acquired such extraordinary mastery—his power of language. His love of foreign tongues added daily to his consummate skill in the use of his own. No individual writer has been an equal benefactor of the English tongue, by showing its capabilities. Very early in life he became conscious that he had more to say to his fellow-men than he had fit words to embody. At nineteen years, in a college exercise, he addresses his native language, saying to it, that it would be his choice to leave trifles for a grave argument—

'Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe thy fancy in fit sound;
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful Deity,
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie.'—P. 201.

But, as a basis or fountain of his rare physical and intellectual accomplishments, the man Milton was just and devout. He is rightly dear to mankind, because in him, among so many perverse and partial men of genius—in him humanity rights itself; the old eternal goodness finds a home in his breast, and for once shows itself beautiful. His gifts are subordinated to his moral sentiments; and his virtues are so graceful, that they seem rather talents than labors. Among so many contrivances as the world has seen to *make holiness ugly*, in Milton, at least, it was so pure a flame, that the foremost impression his character makes is that of elegance. The victories of the conscience in him are gained by the commanding charm which all the severe and restrictive virtues have for him. His virtues remind us of what Plutarch said of Timoleon's victories, that they resembled Homer's verses, they ran so easy and natural. His habits of living were austere. He was abstemious in diet, chaste, an early riser, and industrious. He tells us, in a Latin poem, that the lyrist may indulge in wine and a freer life; but that *he who would write an epic to the nations, must eat beans and drink water*. Yet in his severity is no grimace or effort. He serves from love, not from fear. He is innocent and exact, because his taste was so pure and delicate. He acknowledges to his friend Diodati, at the age of twenty-one, that he is enamored, if ever any was, of moral perfection. P. 203.

He laid on himself the lowliest duties. Johnson petulantly taunts Milton with 'great promise and small performance,' in returning from Italy because his country was in danger, and then opening a private school. Milton, wiser, felt no absurdity in this conduct. He returned into his revolutionized country, and assumed an honest and useful task, by which he might serve the state daily, whilst he launght, from time to time, his formidable bolts against the enemies of liberty. He felt the heats of that 'love' which 'esteems no office mean.' He compiled a logic for boys; he wrote a grammar; and devoted much of his time to preparing a Latin dictionary. P. 206.

He felt the dear love of native land and native language. The humanity which warms his pages, begins as it should—at home. He preferred his own English, so manlike he was, to the Latin, which contained all the treasures of his memory. 'My mother bore me,' he said, 'a speaker of what God made mine own, and not a translator.' P. 207.

The most devout man of his time, he frequented no church; probably from a disgust at the fierce spirit of the pulpits. And so, thro'out all his actions and opinions, is he a *consistent spiritualist*, or a believer in the omnipotence of spiritual laws. He wished that his writings should be communicated only to those who desired to see them. He thought nothing honest was low. He thought he could be famous only in proportion as he enjoyed the approbation of the good. He admonisht his friend 'not to admire military prowess, or things in which force is of most avail. For it would not be matter of rational wonder, if the wethers of our country should be born with horns, that could batter down cities and towns. Learn to estimate great characters, not by the amount of animal strength, but by the habitual justice and temperance of their conduct.' P. 209-10.

This last thought, by the bye, is given as Pascal's, at p. 121; might not Pascal have got it from Milton? Milton was twenty-three years old when Pascal was born; we think it is not at all unlikely. Or did both Pascal and Milton derive it from one common source? for such a parallelism of thought is seldom or never found between two writers, both original men.

The essay on SHELLEY does not entirely satisfy us; it is hardly tolerant enough, and perhaps he is yet too near to be seen distinctly, or in the light in which such a character as Milton can be viewed.

To the article on BYRON we entirely subscribe, and can only regret that his promise and performance deserved no greater praise. Before the Ithuriel standard of moral perfection, indeed, how few can stand? We give the conclusion of the essay.

Many of his gloomy creations will long frown defiance upon time. It is certainly a calamity to the world, that a poet possessing such wide influence over the heart should too often have exercised it in cultivating and honoring its base and moody passions; should have robed sin in beauty, and conferred dignity on vice; should have given new allurements to that Dead-sea fruit,

which tempts the eye,
But turns to ashes on the lip:

should have shown such brilliant audacity in assaults on the dearest interests of society; and, by the force of his example and the splendor of his mind, should be able to perpetuate his errors and his vices for many generations to come. It is of importance, not only to morals but to taste, that there should be no delusion as to the nature of these perversions of his genius; that his wit should not shield his ribaldry from condemnation, nor his imagination be received in extenuation of his blasphemy. In speaking of Byron, as in speaking

of meaner minds, things should be called by their right names. The method too apt to be pursued towards him, is to gloss over his faults with some smooth sentimentalities about his temptations; or to speak of them with a singular relaxation of the rigidity of moral laws. But it seems to us impossible to defend his character, even as we defend the character of many men of genius, whose lives labor under some bad imputations. As soon as sophistry has dexterously disposed of one charge, a thousand others crowd up to be answered. He has written his own condemnation. The faults of his life blaze out in his verse, and glitter almost on every page of his correspondence. And the most that charity itself can do, is to repeat the mournful regret of the good Abbot over the sins of Manfred:

‘This should have been a noble creature: he
Hath all the energy that would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—
And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts,
Mixt and contending, without end or order,
All dormant or destructive.’

The essay on GÖTTE is excellent, exhibits a knowledge of the ‘artist’ and his works, and is highly discriminative; but Göthe’s character puzzles the writer as it has puzzled, and still perplexes, all his admirers; perhaps the best, the most comprehensive, as well as the shortest characteristic of Göthe, is to be found in a bare line, in the essay on Milton, describing the writers of Germany—‘ART and not LIFE is the end of their effort.’ Vol. i. p. 196. Of course a good deal more is said—will be said—but this seems to contain the pith of all that may be affirmed of Göthe.

SCOTT receives a noble tribute to his memory. Manfully did he earn it, and well does he deserve it—the prose Shakspeare of England will not be forgotten while the English language lasts.

WORDSWORTH is long and deeply considered; yet after all we do not obtain his characteristic. The writer seems to think his poetry is transcendental; but the transcendentalists love less words—the transcendentalists are neither enemies nor hindrances to progress, whether in things material or spiritual; they hail and use all such. The influence that with them permeates the universe of being is an onward influence, and resistless. They hinder it not, but, by a word now and then, endeavor to *guide* it. Wordsworth will be justly dealt by in the end, the good that is in his works will do its work, and posterity will award him his due meed of fame.

An essay on the German Poets closes the poetical portion of the ‘Characteristics.’ A single essay upon such a subject could only touch upon the most salient characters; and those, too, of course, would receive most consideration who wrote and lived latest. We thought when we first read this essay in the Review, that but bare justice was done to JEAN PAUL RICHTER—an author most deeply imbued with the kindest and holiest affections—withal, an humorist of the first rank; in this certainly not surpassed by any, owing to the wide field from which his illustrations and similes are culled. Had Richter arrived at power and wealth as Göthe did, we should have heard more of him;

as it is, we think he is growing in favor both with his own and the English public.

Two essays on the artists MICHAEL ANGELO and CANOVA, succeed the poetical portion of the book—the one excelling in the great and sublime, the other in the graceful and beautiful. The essay on the first is admirable, but it could hardly be less with so fine a text; that on the other is valuable, as well as entertaining, on account of containing his best sayings on Art and the subjects of Art. It is with no small pleasure that we often see copies, in plaster, of many of Canova's best subjects, hawked about the streets by the Italians, for we are sure that wherever these may go, they will produce a beneficial influence; the love of the beautiful is so inherent in most minds that they seem to meet with a ready sale, which we hope is alike profitable to vendor and purchaser. Of late years these seem quite to have taken the place of the wretched wax and clay idols that once inundated our streets.

‘Time’s glory is
To unmask falsehood, and bring Truth to light’—

ushers in an essay on MACHIAVELLI: a name, at one time synonymous with the greatest villainies. Butler in his *Hudibras* says,

‘Nick Machiavel had ne’er a trick,
Tho he gave his name to our old Nick.’

A ‘Machiavellian policy’ at one time meant nothing more than to compass one’s end by any means; by fair—if that were the easiest; and if not, then by foul. The *Treatise on the Prince* was the work which brought on his name such obloquy. It turns out, however, that all this dispraise is not merited—that he was an able and an enlightened man—an advocate for freedom, and a martyr in its cause. Time has given to light documents which cause impartial and unbiased minds to reverse the decision which had been come to respecting his character, and he no longer stands forth as the embodiment of chicanery.

Mr. Macaulay, in his celebrated Essay, does not absolve Machiavelli of all that is imputed to him, but thinks the errors charged on him belonged more to the *time* than the man. He gives an able sketch of the period, which amply elucidates and illustrates the matter. It was a time of transition, when *intelligence* was first brought to fight against *force*—when intelligence first began to wield its giant power without the guiding hand of *morality*: a time of Jago’s and Jachimo’s, when subtlety and cunning began to strive with physical power. No wonder, then, that the chief actor with this new element should have come down to us blackened with the sins of his time.

Our intention, however, is not to enter into the discussion of the various points mooted, but simply to indicate in what light the subject is treated. We are always glad of such an act of redemption, and hope there is many a name which will yet come back to us in brighter colors than those in which we have been used to see them. Milton and Shakspeare have long since been thus won back, and Cromwell, under the care of Thomas Carlyle, is no longer the vulgar fanatic once represented.

Louis the Ninth, or St. Louis, is the subject of the next essay—a monarch who lived in the 13th century, as much a Priest as King.

He undermined feudalism because he hated injustice; he warred with the middle age, because he could not tolerate its *disregard of human rights*; and he paved the way for Philip le Bel's struggle with the papacy, because he looked upon religion and the church as *instruments of man's salvation*, not as tools for worldly aggrandizement. He is perhaps the only monarch on record who failed in most of what he undertook of active enterprise, who was under the control of the prejudices of his age, who was a true conservative, who never dreamed of effecting great social changes,—and who yet, by his mere virtues, his sense of duty, his power of conscience, made the mightiest and most vital reforms. Vol. ii. p. 237.

One of his great reforms was the abolition of 'Trial by Combat.'

In (the year) 1260, not arbitrarily, but as before, by advice and consent of a parliament or council, he forbade peremptorily all use of the 'battles of justice' within his *own* feudal domains, ordaining in their place, proof by witness. Especially he forbade the battles between a party to the trial and his judge, which in those old feudal times of force, served instead of writs of error and bills of exceptions; and in room thereof he ordered an appeal or reference of the whole proceedings to the king's own tribunal. These two steps—the substitution of witnesses in place of an appeal to God by battle between the parties, and the creation of an appeal to himself, when either party was dissatisfied with his judge, instead of another call to Heaven—these two steps, altho for the time confined to his *own domains*, did more to destroy that form of organized barbarism which we call feudalism, than all the contests and victories of Louis the Fat and Philip Augustus.

Any baron with a bull's or a boar's head could guess who was victor in a listed field, but when he was set down to read papers (leaving out of view the probability that he could not read at all, and must employ a scribe or lawyer to read for him)—when, we say, this *Front-de-Bœuf* was set down to read documents, weigh evidence, split hairs, and logically work out conclusions, his patience could no wise bear the trial, and he was glad enough, like the worthy Mr. Nupkins in *Pickwick*, to refer the whole matter to a Mr. Jinks, a legist, a lawyer, an anti-baron, who strove, week by week and hour by hour, to effect the great work of modern days—the subordination of physical, brute force, to intellectual, human acumen. Will the hour ever come, when both these shall yield to the power of divine goodness? P. 247, 8.

The 'appeal to himself' also threw the balance of power into his hands, and he used it 'less like a king than a father,' and 'every where, in the baron's court, the king's court, and the central parliament, the Roman, legal, organized element began to predominate over the German, feudal, barbaric tendencies,' and the foundation-stones of modern society were laid.'

Another great reform of this monarch was his fixing the value of money.

'Eighty barons struck money as they pleased, and changed their coinage as the fit took them, or as their interest prompted.' 'As early as 1247, he began his changes by shutting out foreign coin, and making the royal coin everywhere receivable, and everywhere *the standard*.' 'By these simple means did the monarch and his long-headed advisers—a sound heart working by a hundred keen wits—cause, for a time at least, uniformity where there had been diversity, make it the interest of the knavish to become honest, and ultimately secure

the general prevalence of the issue from the right mint, as men found that it never changed, while the baronial money-moulders were for ever striving to overreach their neighbor burghers and the thick-headed Flemish merchants. The old gospel had been, as we have said, *Might makes right*; the new commercial glad-tidings were fast growing in favor—justifying the saying, *Honesty is the best policy*. Thrö thick world-vapors the sun of Christianity comes slowly up.'

We give verbatim the conclusion of the essay: again we recognize the guiding hand.

Make ready your spices to embalm his body, poor, threadbare garment that it is! and issue your bulls to embalm his memory as a saint, for as such already his name is aromatic in the mouths of men! Truly a saint; not faultless—neither was Peter; nor intellectually omnipotent—neither was John; not an overturner—he would render to Cæsar dues to Cæsar, God's to God. We have said he was no radical; perhaps we erred; there is no truly radical, root-reaching reform, that does not flow from the infinite in man's heart and conscience; the finite in his mind is much, but always superficial, not radical. Glory to Louis the Ninth! glory to all who have reformed, as their master did, from the centre outward! Let him be Saint Louis, the holy Louis, the divinely enlightened Louis! and let us of Protestantism weep that it is so hard for us to raise our true and noble men, our heroes and earthly Saviours, our Eliots, Hampdens, and Cromwells, Washingtons and Jays, into Saints also, for ever to be revered. Vol. ii. p. 256.

What a noble example is here set for the Americans themselves! and how instructive! King Louis saw that if he would reform, he must begin *at home*. He did so—first himself, and then his *own feudal domains*. The Americans should copy his example, and never think, act, write, or talk of any one thing beyond their *own* country, until they had utterly rooted out slavery; and having conquered themselves, thus they might, with additional self-respect, additional honor, and standing erect with additional confidence, lay claim for their voice to be heard on any subject in which one nation can rightly talk with another. With this one stain on her countenance, she cannot hold up her head among the nations. Let her wash this off, and who shall say in what beauty she will not appear!—springing into life, almost, with freedom in her heart, she is yet guilty of slavery—it is a stone round her neck, a burden on her back, which, however 'profitable' it may be, will yet crush her if she does not cast it away—and while she yet bears it, she is lookt upon by her sister nations as having lost her youth; the elasticity of her step is gone, the tones of her voice are harsh and grating, and her gait is stooping and slow.

An essay on PETER THE GREAT closes the volumes. But his was a genius in which the *bad* preponderated so much over the *good*, that we almost wonder he should have here found a place. Nevertheless we get an insight into human nature by the study of her worst, as well as her best characters: and we learn a great lesson from his life—ambitious, despotic, passionate, and brutal, his intellectual energy (and of this he had a vast share) was seldom under the guidance of the moral powers, and it is only the equipoise of these that makes a truly great man. Their descendants called Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, great; but our times require that we should call things by their proper names, and we

no longer attach the same meaning to the phrase that our ancestors did: they are great, if you will, as they dealt with large numbers and produced huge effects, and that is all. We look at the *quality* of the effect; was it a humanizing one? we ask: and to this question there are none of these so-called 'great men' that can answer by their lives, Yes. It seems that when a man like these arises, he sets about his work, doing what he can by fair means, and what not by foul. He is looked upon as a prodigy, and dubbed 'great.' Our ancestors never seemed to have thought that *that* man was great who compassed his ends by all fair means. Perhaps few of the like sort ever existed, but we have had many approximations thereto, and these deserve the name, altho it has never been awarded. Moreover, we are not bound to give the same *kind* of praise to *our* worthies, that the world in its infancy thought fit to award to *theirs*; this phrase 'great' seems to us a very 'little' one: it speaks more of the attitude of wonder and awe, than of love and reverence. With us a *good* man is better than a *great* man, and a *wise* man is revered more than a *powerful*. Why, indeed, should we bow down before every giant energy, and worship it? It has no home in *our* hearts. The praise we give to our great men shall be the offspring of love; and not of fear or wonder; of gratitude, not of flattery; and we hope this will obtain more and more, and when it has become universal, we shall have one of the best proofs of modern and Christian civilization.

D. J.

'LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.'

How few, alas! the depth and fulness prove
 Of this divine behest! How few surmise
 Of its requirements the extent and size!
 'Tis not to satisfy the claim of love
 That from our upper ease and place above
 Our neighbor his low comfort we should prize,
 Or feed his grosser wants. No sacrifice
 Is here, or aught the high-ton'd heart can move
 To full vibration. Love asks something more.
 Its sceptre if we kiss, our wish must be,
 Not only fatter, warmer than before
 To see our brother; but up from where he
 Now in Darkness sits—a social sore—
 To raise him freely to Equality
 With ourselves—to open to him the door
 Of Knowledge and its twin Morality.

A. K.

THEORY OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

BY JOHN THOMAS, M. D.

I.

THE Earth is a Magnet, whose poles are north and south.

II.

Electrical currents circulate within the earth, especially near its surface, passing from east to west, in planes parallel to the magnetic equator. The Earth's poles are transverse to these currents; because the real tendency of the magnet is to stand at right angles to an electric current.

III.

'Experiment has proved the existence of a subtle matter, which penetrates all bodies without apparently losing its activity.'

IV.

This subtle matter, when luminous, may be seen in the lightning. It is mingled with the aerial expanse, and may be supposed to extend, uncompounded, from its verge to the throne of the universe, as the *pure ETHER*.

V.

The magnetic Ether may be compared to a boundless and unfathomable sea; in which the Sun, Moon, and stars are insulated, with all bodies, animate and inanimate, that pertain to them.

VI.

Because this subtle magnetic ether pervades all space, and permeates all bodies, therefore every thing which exists is magnetic and electrical; that is, *electro-magnetic*.

VII.

All Electro-Magnetic bodies have their north and south poles, their positive and negative hemispheres, and equatorial currents or *vibrations*.

VIII.

The motion of the Magnetic Ether is not corpuscular, but vibratory. Thought, word, and deed are *impulses*, by which magneto-etherial vibrations are excited. These vibrations never fade nor cease, spontaneously; so that *every conceivable act remains written, or registered, upon the etherial page*, which may be read to a *limited extent* by man, when he is himself preternaturally and positively charged with the electricity of the air. *This is Clairvoyance.*

IX.

Man by his will has the faculty of exciting vibration in *the spirit of the air*, and of directing these vibrations to any part of the body, so as to charge it partially, or wholly, with positive electricity.

X.

Magnetism is the name which has been given to this faculty: 'it is an extension of the power, which all living beings possess, of acting upon those who are submitted to their will.'

XI.

We perceive this faculty only by the results, and we make no use of it, except as far as we *will* to use it.

XII.

Man is a material being constituted with three classes of faculties, namely, *intellectual, moral, and animal*. The intellectual and moral are purely cerebral; that is, their phenomena are elaborated only by nervous vibration thro' the poles of the cerebrum; while the *animal faculties* belong to the cerebellum, medulla oblongata, spinal cord, the nervo-ganglionic system, and their nerves, in common with all other sentient bodies.

XIII.

The cerebral organs which develop the intellectual and moral phenomena peculiar to man, constitute his *soul* in a restricted sense; all other organs, common to him and other creatures, compose his *body*, in the sense in which 'body and soul' are opposites. Hence it follows there are three actions in magnetism; first, *animal*, usually styled *physical*; second, *mental* or *spiritual*; third *mixed* action, or that compounded of the two.

XIV.

The action of Magnetism springs from three things; first, the will or desire to act; second, a *sign*, the expression of that desire; third, *confidence* in the means employed [volition].

XV.

The faculty of magnetizing exists in all persons, but all do not possess it in the same degree.

XVI.

The Magnetic virtue *developes itself by exercise*, and a person uses it with more facility and success when he has acquired the habit of exciting it.

XVII.

Altho the magnetic vibration is diffused from all the body, and the will suffices to give it direction, the external organs, by which we act, are the most proper to throw it off with the intention determined by the will. For this reason, the hands and eyes are made use of in magnetizing.

XVIII.

All men are not sensible to the magnetic action; and the same persons are more or less so, according to their temporary disposition.

XIX.

Confidence, which is an essential condition with the magnetizer, is not necessary in the person magnetized.

XX.

Magnetizing having for its object the development of what the physicians call the *vis medicatrix natura*,—the seconding of the efforts which nature makes to relieve itself, and the facilitating of the cures to which it is disposed,—it is essential to act constantly so as *to aid* nature, never *to oppose* it.

INDIVIDUALISM.

'The Elements of Individualism. A Series of Lectures. By WILLIAM MACCALL.'
London; Chapman. 1847.

This book is one that claims the notice of the readers of *The Truth-Seeker*, by virtue of its striking resemblance of tone and spirit. It is high praise to be able to say that it has no sectarian end to serve, no party interest of any kind to further; and that the author seems to have set himself, in all singleness of heart, to declare the truth as it appeared to him.

We learn from the preface, that the series of lectures contained in this volume was delivered originally to a 'small country congregation'; and that much of its elucidatory and illustrative matter is omitted as having been extemporaneous. Now, tho a book published under these circumstances may be less pleasing, it will probably be more profitable, than one in which the reader finds the thinking ready done for him. We are all too apt, at present, to read and not to study; neither can it be clearly seen how the evil is to be remedied so long as authors are careful to multiply detail and illustration.

The work before us appears to have originated in an earnest desire to protest against two modern errors: the false belief that 'man is the creature of circumstances,' and the false morality by which a conventional type of virtue, chiefly consisting of negations, is substituted for the full, free, and harmonious development of individual powers. The principles of Individualism, whereof a vague belief contents the majority, are put together by our author so as to form a complete system: a *system*, be it observed, and not a *sectarian* dogma; for the doctrine is *unsectarian* in its very nature. It may be said: 'If the principles be accepted as *principles*, that is surely enough; why build them up into a system?' To this the author must reply, and not the critic. Still, we would suggest that the system has been chosen as a medium for making the principles more generally known, and that no stress is put on it as of any value in itself.

To give a summary of the thirty five propositions which the writer lays down and illustrates, besides being unfair to him, would occupy too much of our present space. We must therefore refer the reader to the book itself, and be content to offer a few extracts, which will give a fair specimen both of its aim and execution.

The first refers to the successive stages of mental development.

All men, in the development of their Individuality, do not advance equally, for tho a period is approaching when that which has hitherto been the endowment of the rare and the lofty will become the heritage of all, yet all men, if they advance at all, must follow certain successive steps, none of which can be omitted, in their moral and mental progress. These steps I propose to classify, and on a suitable occasion to illustrate.

The first step is that of *Instinctive Faith*. This is the natural impressions we receive in our childhood, and the natural belief resulting from those impressions. This stage all who are born into the world go thro, even if they may never go thro any other. The worst and the best alike receive in childhood impressions from the external universe, and these impressions, of necessity, produce a certain faith.

The second step is that of *Traditional Belief*. This is the name I give to those theological and other dogmas which parents and instructors instil into the minds of their children. Most men arrive at this stage, and very few arrive any further. Those who do not arrive at this stage are the mere outcasts of society, whose instinctive faith may be said to be followed by a sort of instinctive negation.

The third step is that of *Critical Negation*. This is a very painful state of the mind, but still an indispensable one, if there is to be progress at all. It is when the Understanding and the Wit begin to operate upon objects of traditional belief. It is either excited by the naturally unbelieving tone and tendency of mind in certain Individuals, or by the ludicrousness of certain forms which traditional belief holds up to reverence, or by the reading of deistical books. Certain classes of mind, of a prosaic and mechanical kind, remain in this state all their lives.

The fourth step is when the understanding, seeking some positive ground as a refuge from the negation in the midst of which it has for a time been dwelling, reasons itself into the belief of certain doctrines of a rational kind. This stage I call *Logical Acquiescence*; it is the state of all those individuals who have passed from Orthodoxy, and who are satisfied with mere Rationalism. It is not a much more exalted state than Critical Negation, only it brings somewhat more happiness to the Individual.

The fifth step is that which I call *Metaphysical Scepticism*. This is the complete and comprehensive doubt which the whole nature undergoes when we discover that the Understanding is not the whole of Man; that, indeed, it is only a small portion of Man, in that, tho it may be satisfied, the whole yearnings of our nature are not thereby gratified. In this stage we principally brood on the connection between the Finite and the Infinite, in ourselves and in the universe. One main effect of this stage is, to enable us to see clearly a distinction which we had scarcely before seen, between Religion and Theology, and the relations of these to Morality and Philosophy.

The sixth stage is that which I call *Spiritual Conviction*. It is the faith of the whole faculties which follows the previous scepticism of our whole faculties. In Logical Acquiescence we were simply theological; now we are religious. The grand characteristics of this stage is, a longing for universality in thought and feeling, and a sympathy for the Ideal, the Invisible, and the Infinite. A minor effect and accompaniment is the dislike which it brings to theological jangling, sectarian distinctions, and party animosities. It is accompanied by a happiness truly indescribable.

The seventh stage I call *Æsthetical Completeness*. In searching for the good and the true in the two previous stages, we have in some measure lost sight of the Beautiful. This stage enables us to see its relations to these. The two previous stages also had been altogether spiritual and internal. This enables us to see the relation of the external to the internal, the connection between spirit and form, and the nature of forms when expressions of spirit. It finishes, therefore, our Education in taste, taking that word in its sublimest and most comprehensive sense.

The eighth and last stage I call *Divine Harmony*, which co-ordinates and crowns the results of all our past experience, and prepares us for the Beatitudes of Heaven.

The only comment we desire to make on this passage is to ask, whether it is necessary that every mind should go thro every one of the aforesaid stages? That it is the general course there can be no manner of doubt: but we cannot help believing that certain natures, abounding in faith, and rather imaginative than mechanical, pass at once from 'Traditional Belief' to 'Metaphysical Scepticism' and the subsequent states; and know nothing experimentally either of

'Critical Negation' or 'Logical Acquiescence.' The next extract is from a chapter entitled 'the Spirit of Love and the Spirit of Sacrifice.'

It is a common feeling with certain minds, that they could be the best of the good, the greatest of the great, if they had only field and opportunity to be so. They yearn for the regeneration of Society, and with all sincerity and earnestness they yearn. Their philanthropy is no sham, no pretence. But they are continually dreaming of certain ideal circumstances in which they could be good and great after their own fashion. Now if those ideal circumstances existed, their goodness and their greatness would be far less *needed* than they are at present as agencies of salvation in the Community. It is thus that so much of Philanthropic energy lies dormant or is squandered. We may be assured, and we cannot have the assurance too potently or too persuasively present to our hearts, that where everything around us seems adverse to the manifestation of martyr power, there it is precisely that our martyr renouncements are the most needed. Where a community is so depraved, or so indifferent, as to laugh at all our heroic and benevolent deeds, there we may be certain our heroic and benevolent deeds are most required. Suppose that God were to hearken to our aspirings, and to convey us into those communities where the spirit of love and the spirit of sacrifice had a dwelling and a dominion, is it not evident that there our spirit of love and our spirit of sacrifice will be less needed, and that we shall merely be an addition to the band of the good and the great who are working for the elevation of our brethren? It is not so much that the race of martyrs is a rare race that martyrdom accomplishes so little, it is because few martyrs have the strength or disposition to spend their efforts apart from those of other martyrs. We must then regard it as the chief ornament, the most distinctive characteristic of the martyr, that he is able and resigned to work alone. Nor is work all that is required of him. Sometimes he best works when he simply suffers, and hopes; for hope must be, can be, his only reward and consolation. To suffer in silence, but to know that our suffering is advancing the cause of human truth and human happiness, this, in these modern times, is martyrdom. We must never, then, delay the commencement of any martyr undertaking till we can find martyr co-operators. The best proof that our martyr labor is much needed, and that we ought to begin it at once, is that we can find *no* martyr co-operators.

One more quotation may help to throw some light on that much-used much-abused word, *Enthusiasm*.

Earnestness and enthusiasm are not exactly the same thing. To be enthusiastic is to surrender ourselves, with the utmost ardor and gladness, to an idea, to a sentiment, without reference to personal results. Whereas we may be, indeed we often are, exceedingly earnest about matters in which self, and self of a very ugly kind, is alone the inspiration. Earnestness is the great element of enthusiasm, but it does not constitute enthusiasm. Neither are fanaticism and enthusiasm to be regarded as identical. The faith of the fanatic and that of the enthusiast are alike fervent: but the fanatic seeks to realize and disseminate his faith for the faith's sake; the enthusiast seeks to diffuse his faith for the sake of the benig-nities it may scatter abroad. The latter, that he may bless, believes; the other too often curses, because he believes. There is a something noble, generous, loving, in enthusiasm, of which fanaticism is utterly incapable. Among the anomalies that perplex us in human character and conduct is this; that religion and enthusiasm have more of kindness than any other two principles that influence the human heart, yet no two principles are found less allied in human action than these, enthusiasts in general assuming every garb but a religious one; that no two principles have less affinity than religion and fanaticism, yet it is under a religious banner that fanatics are almost always found nearest allied. With the exception of religious ideas, all ideas that are fitted potently to stir the heart of man begin with fa-

naticism and rise into enthusiasm; religious ideas, on the contrary, begin with enthusiasm, and degenerate into fanaticism. The early christians were enthusiasts; the mass of religionists at present, when their warmth, too often pretended, is real, are not enthusiasts but fanatics. Enthusiasm, however, is not merely dowered with a moral excellence which fanaticism never exhibits, but it has also much higher intellectual accomplishments and tendencies. The spirit of sacrifice, wherever found, or in what manner soever shown, is always a spirit of illumination. No one, however lowly his lot, can be ignorant, who is capable of irradiating his earthly path with the divinity of a renouncement. Enthusiasm, therefore, has a mental grasp and breadth of elevation of which fanaticism is destitute, because not possessing the same self-denying heroism of affection.

It is not a blind, headlong, brutal ardor that I advocate, but a heat that enlightens, and a light that warms. Such a harmony of light and heat, such a union of thought with courage and love, triumphs and irresistibly triumphs, however mighty the obstacles that may be arrayed against it; triumphs not because it is thought, not because it is courage, but because it is *love*. Enthusiasm, then, is only another name for philanthropy; a philanthropy, however, of a more exalted order than the indolent good nature which so often steals this title. Paul the apostle, ere his conversion, was a fanatic; after it he was an enthusiast. The difference however, between Paul before and after, was not merely a difference of knowledge. The same supernatural gleam that flashed a transforming idea on Paul's brain, was a still more celestial revelation to his heart, roused yearnings there that bigotry had smothered, and unsealed the fountains of charities which the thorns and briars of theological narrowness and bitterness had choked up.

As already observed, some idea of the spirit and aim of the writer may be gathered from these extracts, slight as they are. The book contains many other interesting chapters, especially one on the 'mission of nations,' from which we should have been glad to copy passages, had space allowed. In lieu of this, we commend the volume to the earnest and thoughtful reader.

'ONWARDS.'

Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum.
 'He deemed nothing done, while aught was left to do.'

Ho of his hero spake the epic bard,
 Asking our plaudits. But the word is true
 Of more than mighty Cæsar; painting you
 Or me, or him, who, fixing his regard
 Upon some high object, makes his reward
 And chiefest blessedness anon to view
 The interval which Fate or Nature threw
 'Twixt him and it, gradually before hard
 Unresting diligence grow less and less.
 With such a one the way o'erpast is naught.
 Despicable he holds and valueless
 What he hath done; sole worthy of a thought
 What he has *still* to do—'Onwards to press'—
 This is the motto on his banner wrought.
 The only happiness whereof he recketh aught. A. K.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

BY JAMES HOLE.

LECTURE I.—‘LAISSEZ-FAIRE.’

MOST of the actions which man performs, affect, more or less intimately, his fellow men. In some respects society resembles a mass of fluid, which we cannot increase or diminish by a single drop, without altering the relations of the whole. Society, in controlling and regulating the action of its members by means of rulers and laws, expresses this necessity of rendering the actions of each conformable to the interests of the whole.

One very important portion of the actions of each man, consists of those which are directed to the Production, Distribution, and Consumption of wealth. In that earliest state of society when the land from which each one supplies his wants is unlimited, and when each man also caters for himself, society can hardly be said to have commenced. In such a state every individual will look simply after his own interests, uncaring of, as uncared for by, his fellows. As soon, however, as population so increases as to necessitate subdivision of employments and consequently exchanges, other principles come into action. Laws are framed to regulate the occupancy of land, etc. The interest of the individual ceases to be the *sole* controlling element, that of society enters into the transaction, and laws are formed for the purpose of ensuring at once the rights of the Individual and the interests of Society.

Such was in fact the procedure of mankind, and such to a great extent it *continues* to be, notwithstanding certain modern theories. Nevertheless, the progress of population, the increased power of multiplying wealth, the clearer perception of the rights and duties of human beings, have introduced new *problems* into the art of governing society. The result of these causes, to the mass of the people, has been, gradually to isolate them from that intimate relationship with their employers which prevailed in former times. The principle of supply and demand has been extended from *commodities* to *men*. These have obtained thereby more liberty, but less bread. They find, that in parting with the thralldom of Feudalism, they have taken on that of Capital; that slavery has ceased in name but survived in fact. They behold enormous wealth arising around them, created by their toil, which they are nevertheless not permitted to share. While warehouses are glutted with corn and cloth, the laborers are pining with hunger and perishing with cold. They see the means of present subsistence precarious, and the future of old age they dare not reflect upon. They see that pestilence, and war, which thin their numbers, are looked upon as blessings. And did they not possess the knowledge that God is good, and has sent enough for all his creatures, they might be tempted to enquire—*WHY* they were called into being?

They turn to man, to the governors and guides of society; they say, ‘Make

H

such arrangements that we may work and eat. Organize society, organize labor, so that these monstrous contrasts and sufferings shall cease.' The legislators meet them with the reply: 'A new science has burst upon the world,—a science called Political Economy,—by which we have discovered that it is not our business to meddle with the relations of Capital and Labor. Every body should take care of his own interest. The true province of government is to *do nothing*, or 'do as little as possible.'

Whatever merit this principle may possess, the credit is entirely due to political economists. Whatever skill was needed to discover that the contending passions and interests of a multitude of individuals are better than a wisely adjusted and well regulated society,—whatever acuteness was required to perceive a distinction between killing a man at once with a bludgeon, and slowly murdering himself or infant with a machine,—or which can recognize higher wisdom in hanging a man for a crime the result of his ignorance, than in building a school to remove it,—belongs to the professors of pure political economy, and to them exclusively. The not yet accepted theory whereon these and many similar conclusions are based, teaches that a most important class of actions,—important not merely to the individual, otherwise no question could arise, but important in their influence on every other human being,—ought notwithstanding to be exempt from all other control than that of their performer! You will readily perceive that we allude to the *laissez faire*, or 'let-alone,' doctrine. Since Adam Smith, and especially of late years, it has been extensively promulgated. It owes its name (if I remember rightly) to the circumstance of Henry IV of France asking some merchants what he could do to encourage their trade. They, knowing perhaps how injurious royal protection mostly had been, replied *Laissez-faire*—'let us alone'—and the term has since been used to designate the principle of non-interference on the part of society, or government as its representative, in any of the economical relations of men.

The truth or falsehood of the *laissez-faire* doctrine involves the most important consequences. Already it is put forward as the plea to oppose all interference on the part of the ruling power, not only with commerce, but also with the limitation of the hours of labor, relief of the poor, national education, and sanitary reform. In short, it is opposed to every regulation which would alter the *actual* relations of capital and labor; and when we consider how multiplied and how influential on happiness those relations are, the question becomes one of the most interesting and important that can be presented to us. The great question of Protection on the one hand and Association on the other,—the first a declining, the last a rising theory,—are both involved in it; and if the *laissez-faire* principle be true, then the foundations of both these doctrines must be false.

It appears to me, that the 'let-alone' doctrine,—the doctrine that society, *as such*, has nothing whatever to do with the economical interests of its members, but should leave each individual to pursue what seems best to him,—arises from that common tendency of the mind, in recoiling from one evil, to plunge into another diametrically opposite. 'Extremes meet,' says the proverb; and the mischiefs resulting from over-governing, or rather *mis-governing*, have made men hail the doctrine of 'no-governing' as a remedy or relief. The temporary success of the principle is but the natural re-action in the minds of the governed against

evils which ignorance or tyranny has too often inflicted on mankind. The legislator has frequently forgot the public interest in his own; he has administered his office not as a trust confided to him by others, but as the instrument of his private ambition or emolument. At the period when modern political economy arose in this country this was especially the case. The remains of feudal institutions were not all banished. The spirit of selfish aggrandizement on the part of the aristocracy remained in all its vigor, and the rights not only of the laborer, but of the now rising middle-class, were recklessly infringed. Backed by the mechanical inventions of the last and present century, which gave them wealth, and by the progress of intelligence, these classes became strong enough to overturn much of the aristocratic legislation which had so long prevailed. It was easy to demonstrate the inexpediency and the injustice of much of the prohibitive system. Some, perhaps many, prohibitions might have been intended originally for the benefit of all, but lapse of time, or the growth of population, had rendered them highly detrimental to the interests of commerce. Of course, any science of wealth which should spring up at such an epoch, would become the exponent of the prevalent views. In this light we regard the political economy of Adam Smith and his followers. It is little more than a protest against the evils of partial legislation. It professes to be the science of wealth, and if it were so, its conclusions would be an important part of a true science of society. Logically, it amounts to this:—‘Selfish and short sighted control is unjust; *therefore* all control, even that of wisdom and benevolence, is inexpedient! Many tyrants are better than few; *therefore* the best protection against the selfishness of one, or of a few, is to give *every body's selfishness* a fair and equal chance. The opposing forces will nullify each other, and create a social calm.’

The advocates of the system have mistaken *destruction* for *construction*. They insist loudly on each man's interest, and consequently are always advocates of man's *rights*, as a social being—never of his *duties*. Having no perception of the grand truth of Association as a uniting principle of man's rights and duties, the political economists have never investigated *possible*, but only *actual* arrangements. Association, even at so late a period as the time of Adam Smith, was almost unknown. It is true that Plato and More had dreamed about it, but Commercial Association, to any thing like the extent it has since been carried, was unknown. Even now the important part it has got to play in the destiny of man, is appreciated but in the slightest degree.

In speaking of political economy, we refer to it in the sense of the Science of Exchanges, or as Dr. Whately has learnedly expressed it, *Catallactics*. It is to this portion of the science we particularly wish to call attention in the present lecture. It is assumed by Whately and the Economists, that the principles which regulate exchanges do not properly come under human jurisdiction. They believe that man's Economical interests are subject to certain ‘Natural laws,’ analogous to those that govern the external universe, and which are proved, by their harmonious working, to proceed from the same divine wisdom. In an introductory lecture to Political Economy Dr. Whately thus speaks:

I wish, for my own part, there were no such thing as Political Economy. I mean not now the mere name of the study, but I wish there had never been any necessity for directing our attention to the study itself. If men had always been secured in person and

property, and left at full liberty to employ both as they saw fit, and had merely been precluded from unjust interference with each other,—had the most perfect freedom of intercourse between all mankind been always allowed,—had there never been any wars nor (which in that case would have been easily avoided) any taxation,—then, tho every exchange that took place would have been one of the phenomena of which Political Economy takes cognizance, all would have proceeded so smoothly, that probably no attention would ever have been called to the subject. The transactions of society would have been like the play of the lungs, the contractions of the muscles, and the circulation of the blood in a healthy person, who scarcely knows that these functions exist.—(Lect. iii. p 85.)

As an illustration of this harmonious operation, he selects an instance. After remarking that few persons possess Patriotism and Philanthropy, and still fewer the necessary Wisdom, to attempt to provide for the wants of a community of men, he takes the case of London, and proposes the problem of supplying London with food. The problem thus stated, is difficult enough, as he proceeds to observe:—

Let any one consider this problem in all its bearings,—reflecting on the enormous and fluctuating number of persons to be fed,—the immense quantity, and the variety of the provisions to be furnished,—the importance of a convenient distribution of them, and the necessity of husbanding them discreetly,—and then let him reflect on the anxious toil which such a task would impose on a board of the most experienced and intelligent commissaries; who, after all, would be able to discharge their offices but very inadequately.

Yet this object is accomplished (FAR BETTER THAN IT COULD BE BY ANY EFFORT OF HUMAN WISDOM) thro' the agency of men who think, each, of nothing beyond his own immediate interest,—who, with that object in view, perform their respective parts, with cheerful zeal,—and, combine, unconsciously, to employ the wisest means for effecting an object, the vastness of which it would bewilder them to contemplate.

The selection of London in proof that the unconscious working of 'the natural laws' of wealth, are vastly superior to any *arrangements* of wisdom and benevolence, shows how much the influence of personal comfort, and a preconceived theory, can impair the perception of the strongest minds. If indeed the population of London is completely and constantly fed, and if this is effected by the wisest means,—then any attempt to amend its state, would equal the superfluous folly of 'gilding refined gold.' That the people of London, or the major part of them, do somehow or other get fed, is true,—but that this is done in the *best* and *wisest* manner would be a pure assumption, were it not a downright falsehood. The real fact is, that in this large 'wen'—this sponge which sucks up so much of the wealth of the nation—there are tens of thousands who scarcely know from whence the next day's subsistence shall come,—multiplied thousands who lie upon beds inferior to those which the farmer gives to his cattle,—and a thousand at least, who, night after night, have no shelter whatever! So 'wisely' are they supplied with the means of subsistence, that vast numbers have no resource save prostitution and plunder. So 'excellently' do the natural laws adjust the material relations of man, that while the productive laborers there,—the very sinews of society,—are perpetually kept at the verge of starvation, those who *produce* no wealth,—whose occupation is subordinate, and who in great part might be advantageously dispensed with in the social machinery,—to say nothing of an immense army of tricksters and stock-and-share-gamblers,—appropriate the lion's share. Perhaps not one fourth of its vast population are *usefully* employed; it produces not a tithe of what it consumes, but, like the

sands in which some rivers are absorbed and lost, it sucks up the wealth of the provinces, rendering a comparatively small service in return. If, as the learned doctor supposes, a band of commissaries had to provide for the material wants of two millions of people, we question whether they *could* make so great a bungle of it as in the actual case. The genuine wants of the deserving man are left unsupplied, while the ~~un~~ 'natural law' ministers to the factitious ones of the undeserving. Even the Instructor of youth,—the builder of the next generation, almost the arbiter of its destinies,—is worse treated than the flunkey who lets down the steps of my lady's carriage. The artist, the poet, the discoverer, and the inventor, who add so much to the mental and material wealth of the world, often live in poverty and neglect, while a beautiful singer or dancer realizes £20,000 to £30,000 per year, and is almost *fêted* to death.

As the mode in which society produces and distributes its material commodities exerts an important influence on its moral state, it is not surprising that in London frauds innumerable should be continually committed,—that no sun should rise which does not witness the commission of crimes which show that the very core of society is corrupted,—that no minute of time should elapse which does not carry with it the breath of some being prematurely cut off by violence, starvation, or disease. Here *might* and *right* are the most opposite states in the world, and society resembles 'one universe of dust' where chaos reigns supreme.

The 'let-alone' policy is best defended by stating the principles upon which it is founded.

Every individual is continually exerting himself to find out the most advantageous employment for whatever capital he can command. It is his own advantage, indeed, and not that of the society, which he has in view. But the study of his own advantage, naturally, or rather necessarily, leads him to prefer that employment which is most advantageous to the society.—(*Adam Smith*)

It is an admitted principle, in the science of morals, as well as of Political Economy, that by far the largest proportion of the human race have a much clearer view of what is conducive to their own interests, than it is possible for any other man, or select number of men, to have; and consequently that it is sound policy to allow each individual to follow the bent of his inclinations, and to engage in any branch of industry he thinks proper.—(*McCulloch.*)

As far as we know, no proof has ever been tendered of the concluding proposition of each of these citations, other than the quotations themselves contain;—the '*necessarily*' of Adam Smith, and the '*consequently*' of McCulloch, in addition to the demerit of being untrue, are purely gratuitous assumptions. Nevertheless, they are accepted as axiomatic truth by all advocates of *laissez faire*. Nor do they permit them to remain latent and inactive principles. Acting in accordance with them, they resist the attempt to regulate the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth, as being beyond the province of society, *as such*. Anything like an attempt to realize wise or equitable arrangements, is something within the regions of Atlantis or Utopia. Actual opposition of individual interests is announced to be favorable to the progress of society, on the ground that each man's desire to transcend his neighbor, stimulates him to increased exertion. In the exchange of commodities, moral considerations are excluded, or at least deemed unnecessary; so likewise is any proportioning of the two elements of production and consumption to each other. The 'higgling of the market,' or

the competition of supply and demand, is acknowledged as the sole regulator,—the *natural* and *divine* law! The economists believe that those departments of industry most needed by man, thro' the temptations of higher wages or profits than the average, 'naturally' and 'best' cause labor and capital to be invested therein (on the principle *ubi mellis, ubi musca*, 'where there is honey, there will be flies'), and thus tend to keep the supply and demand on a par. On the other side, when too much labor and capital are invested in any department, then wages and profits fall, and thus drive people out, which again tends to proportion the supply to the demand, and thus keep things at a level. Under this system society is like water, ever *tending* to find its level, providing that it be 'let alone'. It is not needed to legislate for society in order to promote the welfare of the individual. All that is needed is, to leave each man free to follow his interests in his own way; and hence, as he will both know them best, and have the greatest reason for securing them, the interests of Society, which is made up of the parts, will be secured at the same time.

Now this would be a plausible theory enough, and if it were true; would indeed supersede all other laws whatever. In temporal affairs there are but two interests concerned—that of *myself* and that of my *neighbor*; and if by my regarding my own interests alone, and my neighbor doing the same, both interests were attained, the object for which all human, and most divine, laws are given, would be secured. All other principles are, in that event, unnecessary. With the Caliph Omar, one might say, 'If they agree therewith they are useless, if they disagree therewith they are false.' Instead of reiterating 'Do unto others as you would be done unto,'—'Love thy neighbor as thyself,'—and similar obsolete commands, we might be taught—'Do thyself as much good as possible, and rest assured that what thou doest, will be best for thy neighbor.'

As a philosophical theory it is especially remarkable. Legislation—the art of government—is reduced to the simplest matter possible. All the ponderous tomes written on the subject,—all the lessons of history,—are contained in one simple maxim—*Laissez Faire*, do nothing, or next to nothing! The highest law is to have no law, and the world goes by itself. The saying of Count Oxenstein to his son, *Quam parva sapientia regitur mundus*—'with how little wisdom the world is governed'—contains not only a fact but a principle, and political science becomes the philosophical exponent of the maxim—'Each man for himself, and God for us all.'

On the supposition that men were either machines or angels, the theory might stand: if there were no powerful, and ever varying, disturbing causes, such as the fluctuation of nature, the ignorance, selfishness, and passions of men: or if men possessed intelligence sufficient to know all the wants of the race, power sufficient to supply them, and benevolence sufficient to disclaim any advantage inconsistent with the welfare of their brethren: but on any other conditions the hypothesis is unsound. To our apprehension there is the same fallacy in it which Whately points out in the word *tendency*, which sometimes means the existence of a cause which, if operating unimpeded, *would* produce a certain result, and sometimes the existence of such a state of things that that result *may be expected to take place*. So the theory of the economists *would* be true, if no extensive

counteracting causes prevented, but they overlook these, and assume that what *would* be, necessarily is.

One might have thought that, as the theory just explained was so satisfactory to the writers who announced it, they were at least bound to notice some of the glaring discrepancies between actual facts and so beautiful a system. It is true they affirm that political economy never has had a fair trial of its principles, and we apprehend the entire let-alone portion of it never will; but surely the system of letting every man follow his own interests in his own way has been tried to an extent quite enough to enable us to test its merits. No doubt various unjust or injudicious restrictions have existed on the production and consumption of wealth, and which were made to benefit one portion of the community at the cost of the other, and we readily allow for such disturbances of the economical laws. We shall show, however, that there are other disturbances besides those made by Kings or Lords for their own behoof,—disturbances the effects of which political economy not only does not help us to get rid of, but scarcely notices as yet,—possessing force in themselves sufficient to completely nullify the claims of the 'let-alone' system.

One of the greatest of these disturbing causes is the variations which nature makes in the seasons, and which causes the same amount of capital and labor in different years to return very different amounts of raw produce. One season may be crowned with abundance, while in the next there may be dearth or famine. Charles Lamb records that roast pig was a Chinese discovery, accidentally made by the burning down of a house, and for many years it was deemed essential to burn down houses in order to attain that delicate edible, being in fact not roast pig, but burnt-house-pig. 'Even thus,' says the *Westminster Review*, quoting the above tale, do we in England talk of 'mummy wheat' 3,000 years old, and yet capable of germination. We have not yet asked ourselves the question, whether the 'mummy' be essential, or whether the wheat might not be preserved 3,000 years without the 'mummy.'

The thought which naturally arises is, if wheat will keep 3,000 years, why have we famine? Why all the faces of a nation turn with anxious looks to the aspect of the weather as the corn is ripening? Why should newspapers notice every shower? or why should a thing so proverbially uncertain as the weather become a thread whereon the comfort, almost the existence, of millions must depend? The answer is easy: we have got a theory; some of us have written books; and, like Dr. Sangrado, tho a nation perish for it, we will maintain our doctrine.

It may safely be affirmed that the wants of men, for lengthened periods, are very equable. Variations in consumption are neither extensive nor rapid. In general we eat but one dinner at once, and wear but one suit of clothes at a time, and therefore sudden fluctuations in the consumption of the great staple articles of human commerce, never or rarely occur.

Now, if the let-alone system be a sound one, the production of food, say corn, should proceed at as equable a rate as the consumption. If it proceed faster there is a glut, if slower a famine; and in either case the direst evils result. But the variations in consumption are quite insignificant when compared with the fluctuations in production. The obvious dictate of common sense would be, to store up the surplus in good harvests in order to meet the scarcity of bad ones. That

which the lowest instinct does for the bee, the boasted cultivation of modern times has not yet done for man; in fact, under the competitive system, it is impossible to be done. For to whom should this task be entrusted,—to the government? Under the present system that would be unfair to the private trader; it would disarrange all his calculations, and lead to numberless abuses. To the private individual? But who can be expected to have so much public spirit as to keep a stock on hand to meet the contingencies of a bad harvest, one, two, or three years hence, and not only lose all the profit deriveable from the use of his capital in the interim, but, should the next harvest prove abundant, be compelled to dispose of his store at a loss. His individual interest, therefore, demands a scarcity, and prudence will not allow him to keep a greater stock than is likely to be called for by the *present* demand of the market. Every step in production beyond this, approximates his business to that of a speculator and gambler.

Under the system of Competition any unusual productiveness of nature becomes a curse to the producer. Tho corn fields double their return, human stomachs do not double their capacity; and hence when nature has been very bountiful, the competition in corn lowers prices so much below the costs of production that ruin stares the farmer in the face. In such cases, remarks Mr. McCulloch, “the occupiers of poor land are involved in the greatest difficulties; a number of them are driven in consequence from their employments; and a smaller supply of corn being brought to market, prices are elevated so as to yield the customary rate of profit, and no more to the cultivators of the poorest soils that are still continued under tillage.” Of course the farmer, in order to secure himself from the calamity of plenty, and acting in accordance with the principles of political economy, puts less land under cultivation. But how fare the Public? The following year, perhaps, the harvest is not abundant, but deficient: prices rise: there is not enough of corn to supply every body’s need. The affluent and those in comfortable circumstances can buy even at the advanced prices. The poor go without, or subsist on garbage. But on whom falls the loss? No foresight can prevent a bad harvest, yet see how the let-alone principle works when it occurs! Having prevented any surplus for meeting the evil, it is doubly unjust by causing the loss to fall, not on the farmer or landlord, but principally on the working classes.

It certainly does not fall upon the farmer. Facts prove that a dearth is his greatest gain, a plentiful harvest his greatest loss.

In his work on prices Mr. Tooke * quotes this statement from Arthur Young:—

The price of wheat for the twelve months from May 1795 to April 1796, has been, on an average, in England and Wales, 10s. 7d. per bushel, and that of barley 4s. 9d. Now the price for twelve years, ending, 1794, was for wheat 5s. 10d., and for barley 3s. 3d. For the year above described, therefore, the price has exceeded that average 4s. 9d. per bushel for wheat, and 1s. 6d. for barley. Let us suppose the annual consumption of wheat to be 8,701,875 quarters; and that of barley 10,545,000 quarters; and, further, that the deficiency of the crop on the average of the two years, so far as they affect the period in question, has amounted in wheat to one fifth; and that the barley has, on an average of the two crops, being a medium: in this case there would have been consumed—

* p. 186, vol. 1.

Of wheat 6,961,500 qrs., the extra price on which, at 4s. 9d. the bushel, 38s. the quarter, is	£13,228,849.
Of barley, 10,545,000 qrs. at 1s. 6d. per bushel, or 12s. per quarter	£6,327,000.
	£19,553,849.

If, therefore, these data are just, and they are ventured merely as approximate calculations, the farmers have received, in these two articles alone, nearly £20,000,000 sterling beyond the deficiency of the crop, supposing the deficiency to be one fifth, which is a very great one, and without adding a word on the price of meat, or any other article.^b

To the working man the item of bread is most important. It is his staple consumption; frequently a fourth, a third, and even half of his wages, is spent in this one article. Whatever this commodity costs beyond its due rate, he must deduct in some other item, and this will generally be in clothes. His diminished demand for clothes diminishes the manufacturer's need for his services; and thus he pays the loss twice over,—once in the increased price of bread, and once in diminished employment. The manufacturer also suffers, but not in the same proportion; he pays more for his bread and he loses some profit on his capital, but in the one case it is like taking a bucket full of water from the sea, while in the other it is like taking it from a nearly dried up well.

But the real scarcity is not half the evil. There is an artificial scarcity still more dreadful, resulting, not from the niggardliness of nature, but from the cupidity of man. The threatened scarcity brings the Speculators into the market, who buy up the corn in the hope of selling it at an exorbitant profit. The misfortunes of their fellow men become to them a mine of wealth, and human feeling and common sense are alike outraged in beholding granaries filled with rotting corn, while the people are famishing for bread.

What is the defence set up for such men by the Political Economist? for, on the principle of the identity of public and private interests, he is bound to defend them. The defence is certainly ingenious, if not sound. The plea is, that the advanced prices tend to economize the consumption at the time when it is most desirable that consumption should be diminished. The utility of regrators and forestallers (i. e. Speculators) is, say they, much like the effect of Joseph's foresight when in Egypt, which caused the superabundance of one period to be stored up for the famine of the succeeding period; or to the conduct of a provident sea-captain, who, finding the supply of biscuit or water falling short, curtails the daily allowance, in order that the stock may last to the end of the voyage, rather than, by continuing the full ration, run the risk of the crew perishing before the termination of the voyage.

Unfortunately, however, as the competitive principle *caused* the famine, or at least prevented that accumulation of grain which would have removed it, so now it does little or nothing beyond transferring the scarcity from all classes in order to concentrate it upon the poor. The speculators do not know of the scarcity till it arrives, and then their transactions increase instead of diminishing the evil. As human greed is greatest while winning, the corn is held as long as possible, in the hope that prices may get a *little* higher. Generally a panic sets in, and

^b Vol. xxvi. p. 462.

all rush to sell. The grain has been kept until it is a living mass of filth, and in this state is thrown on the market precisely when it was not needed. It was held back when there was a scarcity, it is offered when there is none. A few men retire with fortunes, secured by two or three 'lucky specs,' while many others are bankrupt. The wealthy have paid dear for their corn, and the poor have been deprived of it altogether. And all because we trust the business of providing food to the self-interest of individual Josephs, instead of allowing a wise prudence and social foresight to provide for the interest of the whole by storing up the superfluity of good seasons against the deficiency of bad ones. It is folly to exclaim against speculators or forestaliers, or, as a certain noble lord proposed, to hang up fifty of them as a warning to the rest. Such people attack the symptoms only, and do not touch the disease. A man who buys up corn, or other commodity, in a time of scarcity, has a perfect right to do so, so long as every man has but to see after his own interest. Not until we have reversed the maxim, and seek the interest of each in the interest of all, will this scandal to common sense and morality be removed.

We have cited but one commodity, the most important one of corn, but the same evils, tho in a less degree, result from variations in other crops. In cotton we had a deficient supply in 1847, and hundreds of mills were consequently kept on short time, or standing, for the manufacturers feared to pay the then prices, lest a plentiful season might reduce the price before they had disposed of the high priced cotton goods. As in corn so in cotton, gambling greater than ever the *rouge et noir* table exhibited, took place. The mercantile pulse became as sensitive as the electrical needles which communicated the quotations, because a single speculation might make or lose a fortune.

This theory of competition, however, is not only subject to the fatal defect of leaving mankind exposed to the fluctuations of the seasons, and all the distressing consequences, but is, besides, constantly liable to other impediments to its successful working, each of them productive of the greatest evils, and each of them inevitable. They may be thus briefly considered:—

1st. The evils which arise from the ignorance of the producer as to the extent of the market for the commodities he intends to produce.

2ndly. Those which arise from the destruction of income, thro the desire of self-aggrandizement.

3rdly. The deterioration of production.

4thly. The multiplication of capital faster than profitable modes of employing it open out.

5thly. Credit.

The *first* of these evils, is one which is felt to be so great, that an eminent economist proposed that statistical tables should be prepared for agriculture, similar to, or better than, those which exist for manufactures. It is obvious that, so long as the market is as extensive as the nation or the world, no individual can pretend to suit his investment to the actual wants of mankind; he *must* be working in the dark. The capitalist builds a cotton mill, the agriculturist rents a farm, the shopkeeper opens a shop, the youth becomes a lawyer, a doctor, a soldier, and in no instance is there any consideration as to whether more cottons, corn, distributors, lawyers or doctors, are really *wanted*,—or whether the capital

and labor about to be invested in one department, would not be better employed in some other. With increase of wealth exchanges have become multiplied, and so many persons are now interposed between the producer and consumer, that the very existence of the one may be unknown to the other. If the extent of the market is unknown to the producer, he may be helping to increase the intensity of a glut.—And he must know the past, the present, and the future,—nay, what his competitors, a thousand miles off, are doing,—if he would not do that which may ruin himself or his neighbor. But even if the producer knew the desirable proportion of commodities, if the most minute statistics were accumulated, we should scarcely be a step nearer reaching it on the competitive basis. For tho a man might feel convinced that the market was quite full, and that no new capital could be invested in a certain department without lowering profit, he would not, by any consideration of this kind, be deterred from attempting to obtain a share of the existing market, tho he might feel certain of displacing some one else. If it were explained to him, he would merely reply—‘My predecessors have no exclusive monopoly of the market; it is each one for himself, and if profits are reduced, so much the better for the public.’ Of course he enters the market, and with others, produces a glut, reduces profits, wastes the capital or labor invested, bankrupts himself or others, and, in the words of the adage, ‘destroys the goose which lays the golden eggs.’

Whatever capital is unwisely employed is so much loss to the community. All *random* production which creates investments of capital in channels wherein it is not wanted, is of this description. Suppose a Railway connects two towns, and it was proposed to make another, would not every one oppose it, on the ground that all the capital invested in one of the lines would thereby be wasted? In this instance it would satisfy none but the shallowest reasoners, to tell them that the competition of the two would reduce the price of transit. The case is the same with two gas, or water, companies. But what is true of two railways, is true of two tradesmen. If more tradesmen have their capital invested in any business than is adequate to the actual need for their service, the loss to the public is the same in kind as that caused by the creation of a supernumerary railway.

This vast waste of capital is especially observable in the too rapid multiplication of the ‘commercial’ class. In accordance with the theory of self-interest, this conclusion is opposed to that of the economists.

Adam Smith, quoted by Mc Culloch, observes:—

“The prejudices of some political writers against shopkeepers and tradesmen are altogether without foundation. So far is it from being necessary, either to tax them, or to restrict their numbers, that they can never be multiplied so as to hurt the public interests. The quantity of grocery goods, for example, which can be sold in a particular town, is limited by the demand of that town and its neighborhood. The capital, therefore, which can be advantageously employed in the grocery trade, cannot exceed the capital required to purchase and retail these goods. If this capital is divided between two grocers, their competition will obviously tend to make both of them sell cheaper than if it were in the hands of one only; and if it were divided among twenty, their competition would be just so much the greater, and the chance of their combining together in order to raise the price just so much the less. Their competition might, perhaps, ruin some of themselves; but to take

care of this is the business of the parties concerned, and it may safely be trusted to their discretion. It can never hurt either the consumer or the producer; on the contrary, it must tend to make the retailers both sell cheaper and buy dearer, than if the whole trade was monopolized by one or two persons. Some of them, perhaps, may occasionally decoy a weak customer to buy what he has no occasion for. This evil is, however, of too little importance to deserve the public attention, nor would it necessarily be prevented by restricting their number."

In the first place we demur to the assertion, that the quantity of capital invested in grocery goods, must be proportioned to the wants of the purchasers. There is nothing to prevent a new investment of capital in the distribution of groceries, altho there is already an adequate investment. In such a case it is not true that an individual investing capital in a business already full, injures no one but himself. For he injures all other persons in the same trade by reducing their rate of profit, thus lessening their means of consumption and power of accumulation. Secondly, he taxes the public; for if, in the case supposed, ten persons distributed the commodities actually demanded, and another enters into competition with them, since the public will not consume any more, the actual cost of distribution must be increased to the extent of the support of the new distributor. In this country the waste of capital in distribution is enormous. Commodities pass thro the hands of three or four traders before reaching the consumer, and the cost of distribution is thus materially enhanced. The distribution too is effected in the costliest manner. Under the present arrangements, the application of large capital and the division of labor, such as exist in the departments of production, cannot take place. If twenty shop-keepers instead of two, or one, have each to keep a stock, ten or twenty times the capital needed must be lying idle, all which might have been employed in production. The capital invested in buildings, fittings up, etc. is also lost. The time wasted in waiting for customers is another loss. If any one inspects the process of distribution as conducted in our large towns, and would add these items together, and if, on the other hand, he reflect how many persons, and how much capital, employed on rational principles instead of the chance competitive system, could produce the same total result, he will come to a very different conclusion from that of Adam Smith. Whatever capital and labor is expended in wholesale and retail commerce beyond the smallest amount requisite to effect the distribution of the commodities, may be considered as so much productive power withdrawn from the community. It is so much deducted from the comforts which every person might enjoy, and therefore it is not true, in this instance, that the contest of individual interests is the most advantageous to society.

The competing supply and demand principle is objectionable, *secondly*, on the ground that it diminishes income, and materially destroys that which creates income. The large and the small capitalists have to sell their productions in the same market. Each is anxious to obtain a larger portion of the market, but the greater one can afford to sell at a lower per centage than the other. To enable the latter to maintain his ground, he again re-acts upon his laborers, and all from whom he purchases commodities, and thus the income of every producer is reduced to its lowest limit. The process and result are thus stated by Sismondi.

"If the farmer can he doubles and redoubles his harvests, and calculates that he shall sell them by disposing of them at rather a lower price than other producers. To lower the price, he begins by endeavoring to diminish the income of those who compete with him in production, by giving less rent to the proprietor, less interest to those who have lent him money, less wages to his laborers, less taxes to government. By taking more corn to market than he could sell he necessarily produces this effect, for the price of corn becomes lower, all farmers make the same complaints to the proprietor, to the capitalist, to the laborer, to the government; rents diminish, interest becomes lower, wages are reduced.

"He re-acts at the same time on all other farmers. If his methods of cultivation are better, he can, with the same labor and the same advances, produce a greater quantity of food, and gain at the price which others lose. Thus he continues to enrich himself whilst others are ruined. Then he wishes to take the farms of others with his own, and he finds capitalists who will facilitate his doing this; the trouble of inspection will not be doubled, tho his undertaking is doubled; it answers better to get 4 per cent. on £20,000, than 5 per cent. on £10,000. Small farmers disappear, and nothing is seen but cultivation on a large scale.

"Thus all incomes arising from land are diminished by this exaggerated production. The proprietor consents to lower his rent, the capitalist is content with 4, instead of 5 per cent interest, the farmer with 4 instead of 5 per cent profit, the laborer with 1s. a day wages instead of 2s. All are, however, consumers of commodities, and joined together they form themselves the great mass of consumers. The diminution of income will to every one of them be followed by a diminution of consumption, in quantity or quality; the poor will give up meat for bread alone, or bread for potatoes. The effect on the rich will be more complicated: in consequence of the diminution of income, more capital will be required to live, more land to obtain the same rent, more money must be lent to get the same interest, larger farms to get as much profit; and as the rich pay great attention to keeping up their families, and not to make improvident marriages, the number of old rich families will decrease, as it does every generation, and consequently inheritances will be more considerable. As a result of this, the consumption of the rich class, taken in a mass will diminish, not only in proportion to the diminution of income, but also by the diminution of the number of persons. This double action is very apparent in England, tho the number of roads open to fortune maintain probably a greater number of opulent families there than elsewhere. The total number of landed proprietors has been sensibly diminished, that of farmers has perhaps diminished still more. The quantity of corn, meat, and beer consumed must have diminished also; as to the day laborers, they are gone back again from meat to bread, from bread to potatoes; their consumption has diminished in quantity and quality."^c

But the economists reply, This makes commodities cheap, which is but another name for plentiful. Granted that it makes them cheap, but it destroys the *purchasing power*, and if corn or calicoes can find no buyers, tho they are all as cheap as air, it avails nothing. It is but to repeat the same fallacy which misleads them on the question of machinery. They tell us that a machine cheapens commodities, but forget that its application often destroys the very income that should

^c Sismondi, on the Income of the Community.

purchase them, and but for which they cannot continue to be created. When competition has reduced profits from 10 per cent to 5 per cent, or wages from 40s. to 20s., the purchasing powers of capitalists and of laborers are reduced by one half; but it is equally clear that the power of others to sell is diminished in the same ratio, and also that the power of saving or accumulating capital for additional production is lessened. In whatever department capital has been largely invested the results speedily manifest themselves. The rate of profit becomes reduced to a living profit, and the smaller capitalists are driven out of the trade, often at a ruinous loss. After our Leviathan manufacturers have destroyed the smaller fry, they then compete with one another. Frequently they keep their mills running merely to pay wages, sometimes from humanity, sometimes from the hope of a revival in trade, sometimes because there is no chance of disposing of their property except at a ruinous loss.

A third consequence of intense competition, is the production of inferior commodities, thro' a desire of each one to monopolize the market. Now it is the interest of the public (i. e. the consumer) that commodities should be as good as possible. Even in reference to cost, the difference of real value is out of all proportion to the expense of production, *i. e.* to make *good* coats, houses, shoes, etc., is ultimately much cheaper than to make bad ones. But the problem we have to solve, as producers, is to give the least possible value for value. What is the consequence of this struggle between the really identical, but now opposed, interest of consumer and producer? A system of secret fraud and deception, surpassing in magnitude the open frauds which employ the judges and fill the newspapers. In a lecture delivered by F. E. Calvert, of Manchester, on adulteration in food, he enumerates the principal articles of food, bread, sugar, tea, arrowroot, tapioca, meal, cocoa, honey, vinegar, beer, all of which were considerably adulterated. The Messrs. Chambers, remarking on the same subject, observe:—

“Some late circumstances transpiring thro' the newspapers, or thro' judicial investigation, are calculated to give rise to very serious reflections. First, we have an ultra cheap system of transit on the river Thames, producing an explosion by which many lives are sacrificed. Then we find the linen-draper meeting to denounce a system long carried on by the makers of thread and tape, whereby it happens that a reel of one of these articles labelled as containing a hundred yards—warranted to do so—yields only ninety or eighty-eight yards, or perhaps deficient as much as 25 per cent. Think of a poor woman who makes a meagre livelihood by dealing in tape and threads, who unwittingly retails these reels in yards to different consumers, on an understanding that they each contain a hundred, while they are short of that amount by more than the value of her supposed profits! Oh, shame of shames! Next a member of a respectable grain firm at Glasgow is sentenced to four months imprisonment and a fine, for selling a large quantity of oatmeal to the Highland Destitution Committee, adulterated with an inferior stuff called thirds, which is not oatmeal at all; this being described in the defence as a practice of the trade! Taking these but as chance liftings of a veil which conceals much more to the like purpose, it must be owned that they create a very painful feeling regarding the state of commercial conscientiousness amongst us; it would appear as if men were driven by competition to adopt dishonest expedients for the purpose of attaining business, and making that business profitable. The days of reality seem to be past, and those of delusion and imposture come in.”

As competition increases, the evil grows worse and worse. Many of us know that a coat or gown of the last generation was a very different thing for durability to those of to-day. Instead of houses which should last for ages, and clothes which endure for years, we deal in lath and plaster, and shoddy. We increase our flour with beans, our loaves with potatoes, and to cheat our neighbor into the belief that an inferior commodity is a superior one, we use almost as much labor as would make it such.

"Consider for example," says Thomas Carlyle, "that great Hat seven-feet high, which now perambulates London streets; which my friend Sauerteig regarded, justly, as one of our English notabilities; 'the topmost point as yet,' said he — 'would it were your culminating and returning point—to which English Puffery has been observed to reach!'—The hatter in the Strand of London, instead of making better felt-hats than another, mounts a huge lath-and-plaster Hat, seven-feet high, upon wheels, sends a man to drive it thro' the streets; hoping to be saved thereby. He has not attempted to *make* better hats, as he was appointed by the Universe to do, and as, with this ingenuity of his, he could very probably have done; but his whole industry is turned to persuade us that he has made such! He too knows that the Quack has become God. Laugh not at him, O reader; or do not laugh only. He has ceased to be comic; he is fast becoming tragic. To me this all-deafening blast of Puffery, of poor Falsehood grown necessities, of poor Heart-Atheism fallen now into Enchanted Workhouses, sounds too surely like a Doom's blast! I have to say to myself in old dialect: 'God's blessing is not written on all this!' Unless perhaps the Universe be a chimera;—some old totally deranged eight-day clock—dead as brass; which the Maker, if there ever was any Maker, has long ceased to meddle with!"

And how, indeed, can it be otherwise? If A sells at the lowest price which will enable him to live, and B comes to divide the profit with him, he cannot do this unless he undersells A. To effect this he must puff, he must put in plate glass and gilding, he must deduct pence, nibble every little advantage, grab every mite of discount; he must take here a little and there a little, he must put up lying advertisements about selling one third cheaper than his neighbor, he must have young men trained to tempt, by every winning way, the cash out of the customers, and at the peril of his bread not to let them depart without purchasing. These, and a thousand things besides, varying of course with the nature of the business, are the extreme developments of the principle of Competition, and in crease or diminish with the greater or less intensity of its action. Such considerations will tend to modify our views of the cheapness of the competitive principle. Could the labor, the capital, the mis-directed intellect, the feelings wastefully expended in various ways in the life-and-death struggle in which each man is engaged,—be rightly directed and applied, it is certain that the advantages of wealth, and an amount of comfort, might be possessed by every human being, as much beyond our present advantages, as those which a section of society now enjoy are beyond those of previous ages. We have the material power, we lack but the constructive wisdom. Under our 'let alone' system, the very causes which should give every one boundless material advantages, are turning into sources of the most intense misery.

The *fourth* evil is that of capital accumulating faster than it can find profitable investment, causing what Economists call 'a glut'. As the power of multiply-

ing wealth has increased, the evil of gluts has also increased. It is not that there is too much capital to be employed on right principles. Like the soil of Ireland, which remains in a state of nature while millions have died for want of that food which it would have returned to their labor, so England, plethoric of wealth, has often wasted in injurious over production that fund which would have sheltered the houseless, clothed the naked, and educated the ignorant. The experience of this country has amply proved that it is quite possible to have a large amount of capital seeking profitable investment, and at the same time an immense number of the people pauperized, and the remainder reduced to a state where subsistence borders on starvation. The fact of a glut of commodities frequently occurring, is too well known to be denied. But the occurrence of gluts is a most inconvenient obstacle to the success of the supply and demand theory. By nothing less than a most complete begging of the question has any semblance of consistency been maintained. One Economist writes thus :—

“The supply of markets is a very speculative business, and is often conducted with more zeal than discretion. When a particular trade is supposed to be more prosperous than others, capitalists rush into it in order to secure high profits; and in this country the abundance of capital, the perfection of our machinery, and the skill of our workmen, enable them to produce with extraordinary facility. Over-production in that particular trade is the consequence, and all engaged in it suffer from the depreciation in the value of their goods; but if, instead of rushing into the favorite trade, they had distributed their enterprizes more widely, their own interests and that of the community would have been promoted. When a ship is wrecked, if all the crew precipitate themselves into one boat they swamp it; but if they wait until all the boats are lowered, and apportion their number to the size of each, they may all reach the shore in safety. And so it is in trade: one trade may easily be glutted, while there is room in other trades for all the capital and industry that need employment.”⁴

The parallel of the ship and boat unfortunately differs from the difficulty it is proposed to meet in these important circumstances, that one never knows when the ship is sinking till it is too late,—that one never knows how many passengers want saving, nor where the boats are by which the people are to be saved. Whatever the political economists of the ‘let-alone’ school have yet said as to the remedies for gluts, seems but to mock the evil. That we may not be thought to misrepresent them, we will quote their own words, and, for a sample, use the language of Mc Culloch. Suppose a manufacturer who has brought too many cottons into the market, suffering the consequences, and that he visits the Professor of the science of wealth, in order to ask ‘What’s to be done?’

Professor. State your complaint.

Manufacturer. I am a manufacturer of cotton goods, and have a large capital, employing many hundred hands, engaged in the business. Owing however to so many persons being engaged in trade, the supply of goods is greater than the demand, and I cannot, therefore, realize the costs of production, let alone the fair profits of capital.

Professor. “The cause of the glut is obvious; it consists not in over-production, but

⁴ Knight’s Political Dictionary. Art. Demand and supply.

in the production of cottons which were not wanted, instead of broad cloths (or some other article) which were wanted. Let this error be rectified, and the glut will disappear."*

Manufacturer. Very true, but then my machinery is constructed to make cotton, not cloth; my workpeople are also trained to the same business, and are neither sufficiently educated to turn their hands to another business, nor have they funds to sustain them while they learn it.

Professor. The laws of Political Economy are inflexible. You must divert your capital, at whatever loss, from a business in which capital is superabundant to one in which it is deficient.

Manufacturer. And my hands? If I do not find work for them I shall have to support them as paupers. Besides they have done nothing amiss. It is not their fault that I chose to invest capital in the cotton manufacture, rather than some other branch.

Professor. Their labor is subject to the same law as your capital—supply and demand. Sound Political Economy forbids you to support them as paupers. They must restrict their numbers to the demand. They must find another outlet for their services, for, as Mr. Malthus justly expresses it, at nature's feast there is no room for them.

Manufacturer. And supposing I can sell my machinery, (which by the way is an absurd supposition, because if it is of no use to me, it is of no use to any one else,) how am I to know in what branch to invest the proceeds?

Professor. That in which profits are highest, since that is a sign that more capital may be invested therein with advantage.

Manufacturer. But others will be tempted likewise to invest in that branch, so that we shall soon have a glut in that likewise.

Professor. "An universal glut of commodities is impossible. Every excess in one class must be balanced by an equal deficiency in some other. It is not the increased, but the *wrong application*, of productive power, the improper adaptation of means to ends, that is in every specific case the cause of gluts."†

Manufacturer. That is, if commodities that are wanted are made, there will be a demand for them; certainly this is like proving that the earth is round, because it is a globe. My dear professor, I called for a remedy; you give me, instead, a description of the disease. Good day, Sir.

Professor. How difficult it is to make people understand the principles of Political Economy! I did not invent the science, I but discover and apply principles already in action.

True, we would say, Oh professor! but then, when you see such results to arise out of your beloved 'let-alone' system, might it not be worth while enquiring, if arrangements guided by intelligence, and founded on benevolence, could not develop better results than this system of antagonism and chance? There is at least a presumption in favor of the thought.

Closely linked to the previous evil, is the *fifth*, resulting from the credit system, for the power to multiply gluts is very materially increased thereby. Under a system of individual competition, a credit system is unavoidable, because it enables those who are not disposed to employ capital themselves, to lend it to those who will. It should be remembered, however, that credit does not create capital, but only facilitates its advantageous employment. No evil could arise from credit, provided it never exceeded the actual amount of capital, or at least

* McCulloch, Part 2, Sec. 4, p. 189.

† McCulloch, p. 19.

none that would not equally arise from the misappropriation of the same amount of capital.

And now for our 'let-alone' theory. Does the system of each man looking after his own interests, prove itself to be, in practice, for the interests of society? Certainly if past experience is to be our guide, the power of credit has been most injurious. We do not of course refer to that minor system of credit which subsists between the small tradesman and his customer (tho many evils have occurred to society thereby), but to that system of credit by which trade has been transformed into speculation, and the desk has fulfilled the office of the gambling table. If, under the competitive arrangement, the loss fell on the transgressor, there would not be such serious ground of complaint; but while the success of the trading gambler, whose transactions are built on fictitious capital, is all his own, his failure brings ruin to multitudes of innocent victims. If fortunate, two or three transactions bring him a competency. But should some rival snatch the chance before him, or the full-blown-bubble collapse before he can withdraw his winnings, he drags down in his fall a crowd of small tradesmen and operatives.

The falsity of the 'let-alone' theory is manifested by the fact, that in the important mercantile engine of credit, we do not and dare not trust it. By currency laws, which confer monopolies on certain people to issue notes, and by bankruptcy laws, we do every thing in our power to restrain the abuse of credit. If we had faith in the principle of private interests looking best after themselves, why not trust them here, in purely private transactions? Simply because, so far as they have been tried, they have proved a dead failure. Look at the American banks. America tried the 'let-alone' system. There was a national bank till 1836, but others enjoyed the privilege of banking, and what was the result? Why, 195 banks, between 1811 and 1830, became bankrupt. But when the charter of the national bank expired, *i. e.* when monopoly ceased entirely, and we had full, free, and fair competition, 200 banks arose to supply its place, and by May 1837 the whole 713 banks in the Union stopt payment! In 1839 another suspension took place. Out of 850 banks, excluding branches, 343 entirely suspended, 62 suspended in part, 56 failed or were discontinued, and 498 did not suspend. Here was *laissez-faire* with a vengeance! Thousands of happy homes blighted, and tens of thousands of innocent persons ruined, while our own operatives were, by the same event, driven to the verge of starvation. Now, if the self-interest principle which lies at the basis of Political Economy be true,—an economist should have thus addressed them. "My friends, these are but the *immediate* consequences of over speculation, had you rightly looked after your interests this would not have happened. Enterprize must not be restrained because you have suffered, there can be no monopoly of money or credit, therefore you must get out of your difficulties as best you can, and learn better next time." But society in this instance, as in every instance where it sees the origin of the evil, threw *laissez-faire* overboard, and the legislature, both of this country and the States, interferes with private enterprize and private credit, and prevents that 'laudable desire of every body doing the best he can for himself' from playing any more such pranks. The bank charter act of 1844 (a direct invasion of the 'let-alone' principle), by restricting the issues of banks to certain limits, clipt the wings of speculation. Had the English banks enjoyed the power of

issuing notes to any extent during the Railway mania of 1846, there is no telling how far 'the laudable desire' of some people to better their condition, might have carried us. As it was, the nation undertook to do in a few years, what it could not do in ten times as many. And thus the greediness of gain, unavoidable under a system of commercial individualism, benefited a few while it brought the nation to the verge of bankruptcy. And always before the ruins of one convulsion are removed, and before we have recruited our energies from the consequences of one disaster, we plunge into some new gambling vortex (whether of cotton, corn, or railways) which sucks in the capital and energies of the people. *Within 24 years five seasons of intense commercial distress have visited this country.* Experience is lost upon the capitalist, because the intensity of the evil does not fall upon him. Under our present system it is nobody's affair to enquire respecting any proposed investment of capital, whether it will be advantageous to the public? As far as the public can, indeed, it preserves itself from the ill consequences of such evils by legal provisions. These legal enactments, monopolies and charters, or whatever form the obstacle to speculation may present, only mitigate, and cannot cure, the evils they are aimed at. Speculation will find out new objects, new remedies will be required, and nothing save an entire reversal of the system can cure the evils. At one moment our people are laboring as if determined to clothe the world, and, three or six months afterwards, ~~working~~ half-time, or no-time. The effects of these gluts are familiar to all who live in manufacturing districts. The wages of the operative, inadequate even when in full employment to purchase him the comforts of life, prevent any accumulations to meet the periods of distress. Heavy rates and extra aids are demanded from the shop-keepers and tradesmen, precisely when their means of paying them are being withdrawn—the custom of the operatives on whom they depend. Paupers traverse the streets in bands, while hunger is written upon the faces of the larger portion of the population. Could some stranger, uncognizant of the circumstances, be placed at once in the centre of this mass of misery, he might naturally think himself in the midst of some beleaguered city, where war and all the malignant passions had been doing their worst. What would be his surprize to learn, that these results were not the fruits of war, but of the so called victories of peace! What if it were explained to him (if indeed it could be made intelligible), that the haggard faces of the artisans,—this living death, and struggle to maintain the life-spark a little longer, within their emaciated frames—were not the consequences of famine, but of plenty,—that it did not arise from a justly punished idleness, but from excessive industry,—that neither the hand of the conqueror, nor the niggardliness of nature, were to blame, but only the natural desire of a few capitalists to mend their condition,—would he not conclude that we were taxing his powers of belief, and that it was impossible such things should be? But what if he were further informed that such crises were of common occurrence,—that the season of trial and suffering, intense and horrible as it had been, passed over without one lesson for future guidance, without inducing a single precaution against a recurrence of the calamity,—would he not naturally regard us as a nation of madmen, unfit to be trusted with the management of our affairs?

The light in which we are taught to view Political Economy is, that it is to a

State what Domestic Economy is to a Family. A state is but a collection of families, wherein every member is as mutually dependent on the welfare of the rest, as in a family. The principles which should govern the one, are in most respects the same as should govern the other. It would, however, be considered both bad and oppressive management in a family, if the members wilfully left themselves without any store of provisions beyond what was required for immediate consumption, or if they used inferior commodities when they might procure better, or if they employed only the labor of a part, and made that part support the whole, or if they pampered some members of the family to the degradation or death of the rest. These things, surely, would be considered but indifferent *domestic* economy. And if a person should endeavor to *demonstrate* to the members of this Family, that this was 'the natural state' of things,—that each person ought to do the best he could for himself, regardless of his brother's interest,—that instead of unity of aim towards their common welfare, mutual rivalry was most favorable to the happiness of each and all,—would they not treat the 'demonstrator' either as an interested enemy, or as a 'learned' madman whose words were not worth minding?

Yet that course which would seal the destruction of the physical and moral comfort of *the Family*, is precisely that which political economists recommend for *the State*! We are reminded of Col. Thompson's admirable illustration of the monkeys in old Exeter Change menagerie, who were placed in a row of cages, separated by thin partitions. Before each cage was a pan for food, which was replenished several times a-day. Now the behavior of the monkeys at their meals, was one of the amusing sights of the place. It was this: no sooner had the food been placed in the pans, than these 'political economists' began to eat, not out of their own pans, but out of those of their neighbors. Each stretched his paw obliquely into his neighbor's pan, in order to filch a little from him, expecting to have his own pan to empty at leisure besides. But as every monkey did the same, it happened that, while one was stealing from his neighbor on the right, his neighbor on the left was stealing from him. Instead of any one monkey being the better for it, quite the reverse happened; for during the splutterings and fights which took place, a great quantity of *the common food* was cast out, and lost in the process. In short, the simple effect of the plan of mutual aggression was to make the whole of the monkeys have uncomfortable instead of comfortable meals, and very much less to eat than they might have had, by regarding their *mutual* rights and welfare.

The conduct of the monkeys is precisely that which the economists, under the name of *laissez-faire*, recommend to society.

We pity that fatalism, under the influence of which the Orientals permit pestilence, flood, or fire to destroy them, without making any effort to arrest the disaster. Yet the present age witnesses an economical fatalism which blinds even the wise and the humane, but still more the selfish, to the perception of the frightful evils which exist around us. Taught from infancy to regard our own interests to the exclusion of all others, we readily adopt a theory which squares with our current habits. We learn by degrees to consider panics, gluts, and the evils of machinery, as *unavoidable* portions in our social condition. The theory of the economists as to supply and demand, is true only on paper. It would be

true in fact, *if* capital could be transferred as easily as the word is spoken,—*if* laborers could on the instant turn to new employments which they never learnt,—and *if* during the period they were on short time, or no time, they could intimate the *laissez-faire* principle to the stomach—that noisy radical member, which endures not parley, but rises in rebellion immediately. With these and sundry other impossible, miserable *ifs*, dearths might be remedied, gluts pass away, and supply and demand again approach each other. But saying this is no credit to political economy, for here, as in everything else, *res nolunt diu male administrari*—‘Things refuse to be long mismanaged.’ If the physician cannot cure the patients, fever and death *will*—still we do not call Fever an artist, or Death a philosopher, but he whose skill prevents, or speedily cures, the evil. When a glut occurs (and in some place or trade they are constantly occurring) it is quite true that the ruin of a number of capitalists, and the starvation of a quantity of operatives, will, like every storm, clear the atmosphere. What Political Economy does is this—it dresses up this conclusion in abstract language, and calls it Science,—but alas! it needed no ghost, not even of an economist, to tell us that all error and wickedness necessarily produce their painful consequences.

It is here, indeed, that we get a glimpse into the fundamental error of the competing-principle. It is true that all things balance against each other, not only in the material, but also in the moral world. Both he who stumbles, and he who stands erect, obey the law of gravity, but the latter counteracts its ill effect by his vital and muscular force. Nevertheless we do not praise the man who stumbles because he acts in accordance with the natural law of gravity, but rather him who uses the artificial effort. So too in political economy, it is quite true that the selling price always *tends* to equal the cost of production, but how much and fearful evil may be occasioned by its being *actually* above or below that price! In the common argument for machinery, it is quite true that a large portion of the benefits *decentralize*,—*i. e.* become in process of time diffused among mankind,—but how much immediate evil might have been obviated had wise arrangements existed for adopting and diffusing those benefits at first. It is true that these conditions *tend*, in years, generations, or ages, to approach each other, but is life so long, or human misery so small a matter, that the living can afford to wait till time adjusts these proportions? Besides, new disturbances are continually arising: and unless we are prepared to control the causes or to modify their effects (either of which is to attack the *laissez-faire* principle), we still perpetuate evil, tho we change its character or its direction.

OF PRAYER AND OTHER THINGS.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

PRAYER is a holy exercise good for all men, and, when real, it brings God very close to the heart. I cannot imagine a prayerless man, nor do I believe that history can furnish us with one example of this kind, for it is as unnatural for a man to live without prayer as without hope. I know that atheism, like an obscure chimera, professes to exist alone in the Saharras of the world, and to mock at faith and aspiration, but notwithstanding this, and the weight of darkness and defilement which vice piles upon the nature of man, the Soul will, at times, assert its divine right, and, escaping from its bondage, hold communion with the infinite.

I am deeply interested to observe how antique and universal is prayer. It is the voice of that indestructible enthusiasm which makes the stars to shout for joy in the songs of the ancient Bards, and fills the earth with the beauty and glory of the Divine presence thro' the pious illuminations of the Patriarchs and the far-seeing vision of the Prophets. It is, indeed, as old and omnipresent as man himself, and recommends itself to us by the sanctions and practices of the highest persons of history, as well as by the dictates of the common-heart.

Prayer is an effort of the Soul to realize its lost likeness and estate. It is the wings of a fiery extasy which cleaves the vault of heaven, and carries us up to the immortal cities amongst old seraphic relations and dim remembrances of eternity. We cannot shut out, in our meditations on Prayer, those silent, shining eyes which looked upon us with such love and mystic meaning in our vision. I, at least, can speak for myself, and shall know my sisters again. I have faith in these revelations that Prayer opens up to my nature, because they speak of those high and eternal beatitudes which I know to be written in the old charter of my lost heritage, and which I hope yet to regain. This confession may sound strange to the general ear, which we all know to be fastidious, if not quite deaf, as to the reception of such intangible stuff; but I believe the Ideal to be quite as solid as the world of Facts, and will trust my dreams and extasies—as John and Plato did—against all the gospels of Science.

In my profaner moods I have sometimes tried to analyze the Sentiment (as it is called) in which Prayer originates, but have always failed in the attempt. Not that I could not give some plausible solutions of it, but because these solutions always leave a sediment behind them, which baffles my ingenuity and refuses to answer me. It seems to lie *too deep* for any plumb line of the Reason to fathom. We know it best by feeling it, and solve it best by trusting it. For whatever in man relates to the Divine, is supersensuous, and cannot be arraigned for trial in any court of the intellect, without violence and illegality. Let us give the Holy Organ of the Soul free play for its manifestations. We may know too much by unveiling the Sacred Image. I believe in the wonder and mystery of Man's nature,

and am never more deeply penetrated with the attributes and power of the Un-speakable, than when I meditate on man's heart and life. I am filled with a far deeper joy in pondering the unfathomable abysses of man, than in attempting to resolve the fathomable. If I could read myself, and trace all my impulses, desires, passions, thoughts, and aspirations to their source, I should think I had lived too long, and, by an act of *felo de se*, try what fortunes might next befall me. Our smallest actions, however, have such remote fathers that we cannot unravel their genealogy; for men are linked together over wide seas, continents, and gulfs of time, by other magnetisms and relationships than those of generation, and each man is a mystery to himself and to others.

It must not surprize us, therefore, that we cannot render a satisfactory account of the faculty and function of Prayer. We say much when we affirm it to be mystical and holy, for it has its roots in our deepest nature; but it is an expression both of the weakness and greatness of the soul. It is an auroral ladder which leads up to heaven and then down again. No one can remain long in this attitude, for the Age of Absorption is past, and it is only in our highest moments that we can experience the divine enthusiasm which Prayer kindles in the soul. At all other times prayer is a vain and unsatisfactory effusion; for it is selfish to ask favors and earthly blessings, and implies a distrust of the Providence of God; but the prayer of adoration, thankfulness, gratitude, and love, is so ravishing and extatic a thing, that God cannot but be pleased with it.

Nevertheless I would not attempt to restrict the free movements of the soul, nor, whilst declaring my own ideal of Prayer, be understood to prescribe laws to other men. Every one, in this respect, should trust himself, and obey his impulse. Let him, however, carefully eschew all formality when he approaches the Unnameable Spirit, and put selfishness under his knees, for God does not dispense chattels nor care for property, but, leaving these to the laws and necessities which regulate mundane affairs, he gives grace and beauty to the humble lover of his ways, and breathes immortal fire into the heart of his true worshiper. Formality is selfishness on stilts, and kills the soul with its dead and mocking pride. A direct and pious word reaches the Ear of God quicker than all the adulations wherewith our set divines preface their long prayers. It is a subject whereon I would not speak highly, and yet I am strongly tempted to laugh sometimes, when I hear our congregational-mocking-birds ape the inspiration and extasy of Prayer at their seventh day meetings. All my sympathies and associations incline me to the worship of the assembly, and I occasionally join in it when my disposition is sufficiently holy, yet I could never bring myself to believe that these meetings were not more profane than sacred—altho I have the profoundest reverence for the Ideal which brings them together. Set days for Prayer and Worship remind me too much of the mart and charter of custom. I like the irregular seasons of the descending Spirit much better, and love not to be seen when I am overshadowed by the wings of fire.

Privacy and Silence are more favorable to contemplation and worship than publicity; or if there must be publicity and talk in so solemn a business, let us have silence at least until the Pentecost come. The followers of George Fox might teach our noisy sects a wise and salutary lesson in this matter. Let them learn to make less steam, and to condense their heat according to the true Econo-

mics. Religion does not bawl; it is a meek dweller with the Everlasting, and has too much love, and awe, and wonder, and reverence in its heart, to vent itself in loud words. It is as still as the moonlight, and is felt by its radiations alone. Creeds and opinions have nothing to do with its sacred nature. "I am He," says Thomas á Kempis, "that teacheth without the noise of words, and without the confusion of opinions." Every great and true thing is eloquent only by its silence. Who can look into Heaven,

And see the splendor of the starry race

Whose awful eyes keep watch in that lone place,

without feeling the foolishness of words? When a man's spirit is overpowered by the immensities of creation, or the extasies of reverence, let him burn. It is the privilege of the Seraph.

I make no account of external worship, altho I love the pure man and the saint. 'Aids to Devotion' are contemptible in my eyes, and abuse the dignity of the soul. They are mechanical contrivances to scale the Divine heights, which can never be accessible by such means; and in general what the good people call 'Aids' are but obstructions and hindrances. When I see such pious books advertized, I cannot help thinking that the authors are quack Pillmen, who desire to sell their own nostrums for the drugs of God. If the soul trust itself, it will be devout enough. The intervention between us and God, of any man with his 'Aids', is like the shadow of the Devil floating between two worlds, and eclipses the soul with moral darkness. God is light enough, if we will but let him shine upon us. I, at least, stand absolved of all human help in this high matter, and believe that whoso trusts the Master, shall be sustained in the Lodge.

I would not mislead any one, however, by these confessions, and would have the weak man follow the stream. Neither do I despise the Church or the Conventicle, when I look at them thro' the eyes of civilization. For most men are mad and require keepers, and not a few of them need Hell as a straitwaistcoat. But it is more beautiful to have Heaven within the soul, and to walk with God in the garden, than to live in the old traditions. It is an ancient prophecy, in the fulfilment of which I place the devoutest trust, that the time will come when neither on the mountain, nor at Jerusalem, shall men worship as at a holy place, but when all shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. In the meanwhile the Temple is as needful as the Cloth-hall or the Exchange, and may serve the purpose of schooling men into justice and equity in their commercial transactions, and into kindness in their social relations, which, when high religious principle is wanting as the moving power of life, is no mean achievement.

I would have every Life a prayer and worship, and every dealing of man with man, a joyous and holy sacrament. For what is the good of our sacred Ideal, if we do not *embody* it in the practices of society? I deny that the Ideal *is* sacred to him who does not follow it out. He has stuck up some poetical Image in his heart, and has cheated himself into the belief that it is the Living Flame Image. But this is sorrowful delusion. The Flame Image stamps itself in beautiful fiery enamels upon all the works and words of those in whom it dwells. It will not hide. The other Image is but the semblance of it.

There is, I think, too much of the Theory of Religion, too much worship of the poetical image, amongst us at present, and indeed for a long time past. We

do not seem to understand how a man can pray without uttering his Paternoster, and live in the faith without at the same time living in the creed. I am sure creeds have had fair trial enough in the serious business of life, and we must all confess that they have failed to make good men. I am even inclined to believe that they have turned us all sour, and dried up the milk in the bosom of the Holy Virgin. It is certain at all events, that creeds have made sects, and sects divisions, and divisions strife—and we all know that where there is strife there is hate. Now Christianity seems to me a very beautiful and loveable thing, as I look at it thro' the divine glory of Jesus,—but a miserable effigy of pride, and a teacher of ignoble and profane gospels, which are not God's-spells, but devil-spells, when I contemplate it thro' the distorted medium of sectarianism. We are none of us so over-pious that we can afford to hate even the most abandoned of our fellow creatures, nor so wise and infallible that we can, with any decency, persecute our brother who differs from us in opinion. If it were not a sad sight—this of sectarianism—it would certainly be a very laughable one. To see the little narrow islands of Wesley, and Calvin, and Brown, and Priestley, send forth from their barren cliffs and obscure dens such ravenous flocks of Kites, Vultures, Choughs, and other obscene birds, to battle against one another for dominion in the face of heaven, or what is worse, for the mere sake of battle, is a thing to make the very gods uproarious. But leaving this figurative way of speech, I often wonder whether my religious friends (of whom I have, of the better sort, a large number) ever ask themselves, How the Father looks upon their doings?—and in what light He regards their uncharity? I have heard, for instance, some otherwise worthy, but limited Islanders of the group above named, declare that they could not meet a Unitarian upon the platform, or sit down to 'the Lord's Table' with one holding that creed. Whereupon I have recalled the answer of old Rowland Hill, on a similar occasion: 'I beg your pardon, good friends, I thought the Table was the Lord's, and not yours.' But the fact remained in both cases, to the dishonor of both parties, and how the good people could reconcile their papal protests with the spirit of Christianity is not for me to solve. But, I rather think that *that* Christianity which professes to reconcile men to God is something of a blunder if it cannot reconcile men to each other.

Suppose now, since creeds have failed to make good men, we try what *love* can do. I know that whilst it is quite easy to say 'I believe', it is hard to love the new neighbor, the outcast and the orphan, altho, according to Christ himself, this is to be the practical proof of our sincerity. I think it is better to love our fellow creatures, than to *say* we love God, for God can very well spare any thing we can give him, but man is not so independent. Life is a long consciousness, and it is better to fill it with fragrant remembrances than with unquiet and bleeding ghosts.

Personally, however, I am but little interested in the foolish war and strife of the sects, nor should I have gone out of my way to speak of them. For poor mortals like our present Protestants, I think the fittest and most reverent, as well as the wisest prayer, is that of the Publican in the Gospels: 'God be merciful to me a Sinner'; for there are very few men now divine enough to hold *communion* with the Maker, and he is but a rude unmannerly Pharisee who pushes his brother aside, and says: 'I am holier than thou.'

MOONLIGHT.

AIDEN, loved-one, let us wander,—
 See! the solemn Queen of Night
 Radiates the landscape yonder
 With a soft and holy light;
 On the river broadly beaming,
 Lighting-up the rocky steep;
 Faintly o'er the forest gleaming,
 Where the mighty shadows sleep.

Dreamy, dim, serenely cold,
 Nature, in a tranced mood,
 Deep communion seems to hold
 With the soul of solitude.
 Earth is silent; stars on high
 Silently the earth survey;
 Each with calm, enraptured eye,
 Marching in sublime array.

Deep the silence, yet a sound—
 List intensely!—you will hear,
 Far within the vast profound,
 Mingled music, sweet and clear—
 Spirit voices soft and low,
 Chaunting in that realm above
 Where the founts of being flow
 In perennial streams of love.

Maiden! thus with thee for ever
 Fain would I be doomed to dwell;
 Gazing on the moonlit river,
 Up the dim mysterious dell.
 This mystic mood, from nature caught,
 With our blended spirits blending—
 Wrapt in love and lofty thought,
 Pure, sublime, and never ending.

J. W.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

Having just arisen from the perusal of the article, p. 59, on *the Early Church and the Lord's Second Advent*, my inclination has been strong to suggest to you 'another alternative' in the explanation of that difficult chapter in Matthew (the 24th.) By omitting verses 15 to 28 (inclusive), or by simply enclosing them in parentheses, the difficulty appears to vanish. The chapter may then be read from the 3rd to the 35th verse, with but one interruption, as 'the signs of Christ's coming and the end of the world.' The 34th verse being the only obstacle—'This generation.'—What other strict rendering the greek for this word may have (not being skilled in ancient lore) I do not correctly know. The parenthesis may be read after the 2nd verse.

G.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

There is another interpretation proposed for getting rid of the difficulty discuss in Mr. Belsham's letters, which has gained currency of late years. Whether it must rank amongst the 'far fetched and unnatural interpretations,' the reader must judge; it is certainly a *mode of understanding the phrases which never occurred to the Primitive Christians*. It is thus stated by his grace, the Duke of Manchester, one of the most able interpreters of prophecy.

"Our Lord gave this prophecy to the apostles, not for their sakes alone, but doubtless for the benefit of the whole church, *each generation* acting upon the cautions and predictions, as the circumstances should arise. The generation *which was alive* when the destruction of Jerusalem drew nigh, observed the sign, 'when *ye* shall see Jerusalem encompass with armies', and applied the *ye* to themselves. In the same way, *the generation* of the Church which shall see the darkening of the sun and the other signs, *they* must take up this comfort, 'Lift up *your* heads,' and apply it personally to themselves." (*The Finished Mystery*. 1847. p. 385.)

"The rapidity with which these events follow each other, is the principle idea intended to be conveyed. 'When her branch is yet tender * * * ye know that summer is near,' so the first symptom denotes the near approach of the kingdom of God. * * * So rapid will be their fulfilment, that 'this generation,' *which sees the commencement*, 'shall not pass away until all be accomplished.' * * * We are to observe the signs of the times, rather than the series of years." (*Ibid*, p. 386-7.)

Alexander Dallas, A. M., Rector of Wonston, supports the same view. Referring to the uncritical reference of *generation* to 'the race of the Jews,' adopted by Dr. Priestley, Mr. Towers, A. Clarke, and others, he says:—

"All such persons seem to have been wasting their strength in trying to force the bars of the great gates of a city, while an unlocked wicket was ready at their feet, unheeded from its apparent insignificance. The word in greek (*obros*) translated *this*, is a pronoun, used emphatically to describe *the thing last spoken of*: and may be rendered into English as often by the word *that*, as by the word *this*; the choice between the two will depend entirely upon the context; as abundantly appears from our own English version. But *the most proper rendering* it receives, is by the words 'the same,' [as] 'The same was in the beginning with God; i. e. *this* divine word just mentioned (John i. 2): 'In *that* night,' etc. (Luke xvii. 34.)

"With critical accuracy he *emphatically* refers to the generation last spoken of in the parable—the generation who shall be living to see the budding of the April branches, shall behold the summer fruits of these glorious events." (*Look to Jerusalem*, p. 114.)

A HEBREW READING.

Hosea, ii. 16. The peculiar point and beauty of this passage is entirely lost, by the translators having dealt with the two words in antithesis as proper names, and not having given their meaning, as in some other cases. יְיָיָא ('*eyah*') signifies 'my husband'; and is placed, by the metrical arrangement of the sentence, in contradistinction to רַעְלִי (*v'hî*) 'my master'. So that the verse, when properly translated, reads thus;—'And it shall come to pass in that day, saith the Lord, that thou shalt call me *Husband*, and shalt call me no more *Master*.'

A. W. B.

SUNSET.



HE evening sky is fair.—Around the sun

Hangs, alone, a seraph-winged cloud.

Afar, a snowy ridge of vapors crowd

Forward to catch his gaze. Already one

Gleams with his roseate hues. Faint colors run

Like telegraphs from peak to peak. The west

Breaks into bars, like sands that have been prest

By ocean's heaving tides, as softly thrō

A nun's thin veil of white gleams the celestial blue.

Rich streams of gold upon the waters play,—

They glimmer faint and fainter. He is down!

The last gleams of departing glory crown

The distant mountain summits. Twilight grey

Veils the field flowers. The lark hath ceased his lay.

The low-winds stir the leaves.—It is the hour

Of silent adoration: bird and flower,

Meadow and stream, unite to worship Thee,

The ancient Geber's God; and wherefore should not we?

K.B.

GOD ALL AND IN ALL.

The following attempt to give Unity and Intelligence to the perplexing forms of being around us, arose out of a conversation which the writer had with EMERSON, on the subject of 'Poetry,' when, among other subtle things, he remarked, that 'the *Inspirer* is ever near, but *we* are not always in the listening attitude.'

GENTLY the infant is sleeping,
 Apart the maiden is weeping,
 Alone the Thinker thinketh,
 The trembling coward shrinketh,
 In his cell the prisoner moaneth,
 At his task the bondsman groaneth,—
*God knoweth all the heart of each,
 That each to the other doth somewhat teach.*

Softly the south wind bloweth,
 The tender sapling groweth,—
 Gently the spring shower falleth,
 The new fledged warbler calleth,—
 Brightly the noon sun shineth,
 The shoots of the young vine twineth,—
*God doeth all, his sun and rain
 Perfect each link of the beautiful chain.*

When the tender blossom springeth,
 When the bird in the green bough singeth,
 When the early and latter rain falleth,
 When the chain of the bondsman galleth,
 When the heart of the desolate breaketh,
 When the Seer his deep Truth speaketh,—
*God speaks to all, thro' these forms of the SOUL,
 The Spirit and Law underlying the whole.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

Journal of Sacred Literature. Edited by JOHN KITTO, D.D. No. 1, January, 1848. London; C. Cox: Edinburgh; Oliver and Boyd.

THE spirit of progressive improvement by which the present age is signalized has been remarkably developed in this department of Literature. It is not our intention to give a detailed account of those circumstances which have contributed to direct attention to this province of literature, and to guide our studies in it; but we may observe that the onward spirit of the age necessarily affected this as well as other departments of study. The importation of foreign works, American and Continental, and the increasing demand for them, are unmistakeable signs of progress. While we do not undervalue the labors of Horne, Campbell, McKnight, Lee, Bloomfield, Davidson, and other British writers, still, it must be admitted, a far greater impulse was given to the study of the literature of the Scriptures by such continental scholars as Ernesti, Jahn, Rosenmüller, De Wette, Gesenius, Hengstenberg, Winer, Neander, and by the American Professors, Stuart, Nordheimer, and Robinson.

Amongst our own writers, few have so rapidly attained an extensive popularity as Dr. Kitto. It is only a few years since his *Pictorial Bible* was first published, but it was every where so well received as at once to create the fame of its laborious and judicious editor; and now there are not many clergymen's libraries without some of the works of this useful writer. The 'Pictorial Bible' was followed by the *History of Palestine*^a—(a work, however, containing not a few unfounded references to scripture)—*Sunday Book*—*Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*—*Descriptive Notes in Fisher's Gallery of Scripture Engravings*—and, lastly, the *Journal of Sacred Literature*—all within the period of ten years. A *Life of our Saviour*, published separately, formed part of the 'Sunday Book,' while the *Illustrated Commentary* is a republication of the notes of the 'Pictorial Bible.' Several smaller works have also issued from the same prolific pen, as the *Lost Senses*—'Deafness and Blindness'—forming two of Knight's Shilling Volumes; *Ancient and Modern Jerusalem*, forming two of the monthly volumes of the Tract Society; a revised edition of *Draper's Bible Illustrations*; an *Introduction to the 'Olive, Vine, and Palm'*; and a host of articles in *Reviews* and periodicals. With such a vast accumulation of labor it might be supposed that much of it would be gone thro' in a very perfunctory manner; but no one who has carefully examined his writings will admit the justness of such surmise. If anywhere the marks of haste might be expected, it would be in his 'Cyclopædia,' issued in Parts, of which a considerable proportion of the articles were written by himself. Yet these articles are among the most carefully written in the work, and some of them—Palestine, for instance—display immense research. He has done more than any previous writer to illustrate the Scriptures from the manners and customs of Western Asia, and his 'Pictorial Bible,' especially in the greatly enlarged edition now in course of publication, is highly prized by every student of the sacred volume who has added it to his library. It is one of the few books which Dr. Chalmers kept before him, and constantly consulted, when preparing his 'Daily Scripture Readings.' Dr. Kitto's *Physical History of Palestine*, forming a long introductory treatise to his 'Pictorial History,' is now the

^a The school edition of this *History* is abridged, but carefully re-written.

standard work on the Natural History of the Bible. The Author's knowledge of oriental customs is accurate and minute, and has been obtained from personal observation during his own travels in the East, and from the account of other travelers. After his return from the East, portions of his well-filled note-book found their way into a series of articles in the Penny Magazine, and these formed his introduction to the reading public. We refer to the series headed *The Deaf Traveler*, in which we recognize the hand of Dr. Kitto, and to other articles under distinct heads, evidently from the same pen. It has been often made matter of complaint that travelers in the Holy Land pay so little attention to points of natural history; and Dr. Kitto has himself remarked as follows in his introduction to the 'Olive, Vine, and Palm.'

"Very many interesting points of Scripture natural history are still left in much obscurity and doubt. What we want is, that some person well versed in Biblical Literature, learned in Hebrew and Arabic, and eminent in the sciences of nature, should spend at least one entire year in Palestine, making a complete list of all its animal and vegetable products, noticing their aspects at different seasons of the year, and carefully acquainting himself with their native names. He would then feel assured that all, or nearly all, the subjects named in Scripture are to be sought in the lists before him, and his acquaintance with the actual circumstances of all these products, and with the aspect under which they must have appeared to the sacred writers, would, with the help derivable from his knowledge of the native names, enable him to identify the subjects mentioned in Scripture with a degree of facility marvelous even to himself; and a service would thus be rendered to the Natural History of the Bible, scarcely less eminent than that which its topography has received from the 'Researches' of Dr. Robinson."

We know of few so well-qualified as Dr. Kitto for undertaking this task, and we earnestly hope that, in the course of divine providence, he may yet be enabled to undertake it; in the meantime, his services are required at home.

The religious public, it will now appear, owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Kitto for his past services on their behalf, and those who most highly appreciate these services will be delighted to learn that he has begun to issue a Quarterly Volume, in which they will be willing to come under yet deeper obligations to him. It is now several years since a Prospectus of this periodical was put into circulation by the editor. When this project was started in the beginning of 1844, the circulation of the Prospectus brought out the fact that Francis Watts, of Spring-Hill College, Birmingham, had three years previously been requested by the students of the Metropolitan Colleges to become the editor of a Theological Journal, and they obtained subscribers names for it to the number of 620. But Mr. Watts saw difficulties in the way of establishing such a work, which appeared to him insurmountable; nevertheless he printed and circulated a general announcement of the design, and proceeded to mature the plan, resolving to commence the work whenever he saw a fair prospect of permanent success. When he heard of Dr. Kitto's proposal, however, he expressed his cordial approval of it, and handsomely relinquished his own in its favor, observing that Dr. Kitto had already laid theological readers under considerable obligation by his various writings, and opened a very extensive correspondence with theologians of a high literary character, and that his peculiar position, as a layman devoted exclusively to Biblical and Theological science, furnished a guarantee that his principal time and energies would be employed upon his journal, and justify the hope of a wider circulation for it than any other person officially identified with a particular religious body could obtain for a similar work.—The Journal was expected to appear in the beginning of 1845, but the final arrangements were not completed until 1848. In the course of the last year, Mr. Clark, of Edinburgh, who has done so much for the advancement of sacred literature in Britain, by the publication of the *Biblical Cabinet* and *Foreign Theological Library*, made arrangements for commencing a Biblical Review. An editor, we believe, was engaged, and the

plans commended by several eminent ministers of various denominations. The arrangements were nevertheless published; we observe them noticed in the American *Bibliotheca Sacra* for August last. When Mr. Clark heard of Dr. Kitto's proposal, however, he seems to have abandoned his own. We had hoped the correspondence between these parties would have resulted in Mr. Clark becoming the publisher, and Dr. Kitto the editor, of the new quarterly. Such an arrangement had much to recommend it, and the work would have been published in Edinburgh, whence recently issued the *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, the most important work of its class which has appeared even in this prolific age, and which has been received with as much favor in America as in our own country. Failing this, we think Mr. Clark acted wisely in relinquishing his design; for, while one such periodical was universally admitted to be an important desideratum, there was not room for two so exactly alike. Besides having the prior claim of being first on the ground, Dr. Kitto had, for other reasons, a much better chance of success. Thus Dr. Kitto has the field entirely to himself, and, we doubt not, will cultivate it well. It was a shame to us that America should have two such works as the *Biblical Repository*, and the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, with others less known in this country, and that we should not have one; for none of our monthlies or quarterlies is strictly Biblical. The work is now in good hands, however, and most cordially do we wish the able editor and enterprising publisher all success. We have confidence that this journal will contribute much to the advancement of sacred literature in this land.

The editor shall state in his own words the object of his publication.

"There are among us numerous Religious Periodicals, which, in various degrees of ability and usefulness, pursue the special objects and interests to which they are respectively devoted, and adequately represent the tenets and literature of the parties to which they belong. But there is an extensively recognized want of one which should become the organ and the exponent of that impulse which has of late years been imparted to all the studies connected with Sacred Literature. Much valuable matter, on subjects in which all Christians are equally interested, is lost to the general body of Biblical students and theological readers, by being locked up in the publications of the different religious bodies, which are little read but by the persons whose opinion they represent: and much, very much, is more than equally lost in languages which few general readers, and not many scholars, understand. There is hence an undoubted want of a publication which, being established on a wider basis, should not be regarded as the organ of any one religious denomination, or of any one country, but should be the means of enabling different denominations, and different countries, to impart to one another whatever they know which is likely to advance the general interests of Biblical literature.

It will also appear that the current theological literature of this country, and especially its religious periodical literature, is too exclusively formed out of materials arising among ourselves, and in our own language. We have the Apostolical assurance that 'they who measure themselves by themselves, and compare themselves among themselves, are not wise.' And yet for more than a hundred years we have done little else. Before, there were 'giants' of Biblical literature in our land, who in their lifetime kept up a profitable intercourse with the scholars of the continent, and whose names are even now cited with respect by eminent foreign writers who have but little acquaintance with our more modern labors in sacred literature. We therefore want a publication which shall keep us acquainted with all that is sound and valuable in the labors of the Biblical scholars of the European continent and of North America, and in whose pages such of them as now live may interchange the results of their researches with our own writers.

All these wants, and more than these, it is the object of the present publication to satisfy, and those who are apt to discern 'the signs of the times,' are strongly sensible that the time is come in which the demand for such a work is most urgent, and in which it may with the greatest advantage be produced.

The conductors of this undertaking entertain the strong and positive opinions of men earnest in their respective views of religious truth; but in this work they will be content

to merge their special differences for the sake of objects common and precious to them all. The different writers will here produce the results of their investigations, and offer the ripened fruits of their research and judgment. They will bring forth the products of their thought and toil out of the diverging valleys which they inhabit, into the bright day and bracing air of the pleasant uplands which are their common ground. It is on these general merits, and with these generally interesting and useful objects, that extensive support is expected for a publication which proposes to combine with the fulness of matter which characterizes continental investigations, that good sense, and that reverence for sacred things, by which the researches of British scholars are honorably distinguished."

The following are among the subjects to be discussed in the work.

1, *Original Essays on Biblical History, Geography, Natural History, Antiquities, etc.* This is a department to which the editor is eminently qualified to contribute, having devoted great attention to the subjects specified. 2, *Biography*. This department will comprehend 'Memoirs of men of all ages, countries, and opinions, who have rendered services in any branch of Biblical Literature, with complete lists of their works, the history of their production, and with critical estimates of such as are of real importance.' It will require a long course of years to carry out, even to a moderate extent, this part of the plan. 3, *Biblical Bibliography*,—comprehending Reviews of new books—Reviews and synoptical notices of books published abroad, which, tho not new, are little known in this country—accounts of manuscripts bearing on Biblical Literature, which the authors left unfinished, or were discouraged from publishing—Critical Notices of works on particular branches of Biblical Enquiry—Quarterly Lists of British and Foreign works in Sacred Literature. 4, *Expositions of select Passages of Scripture*. 5, *Philological Essays*. As the work, however, is intended to be interesting to the religious public at large—having a place among existing periodicals similar to that held by Josiah Conder's *Literary History of the New Testament* among works of general literature—philological discussions will be sparingly introduced. 6, *Ecclesiastical History*,—embracing the elucidation of obscure or disputed points in Church History. 7, *Translations and Reprints* of the best tracts, and articles of periodicals, in the Latin, German, and French languages, on various biblical subjects. 8, *Oriental Literature* in its Biblical relations. 9, *Correspondence*—embracing letters of enquiry, and questions from readers, to be answered in ensuing numbers by other correspondents, or, failing them, by the regular contributors to the work. 10, *Biblical Intelligence, etc.*

Such is an abstract of the objects contemplated in this really important and seasonable undertaking. In the plan of a journal so comprehensive, the first volume only—rather than the first number—should be taken as a fair specimen. Nevertheless, the first number is by no means a failure. It contains ten articles, besides *Notices and Intelligence*.

In his short *Introductory Article* the Editor gives a clear and definite statement of his plan. The names of the authors are prefixed to their respective contributions, and he states fully the reason which appeared to him to render necessary this practice, so common in Germany and America, and so rare in Britain.

The giving occasional articles translated from the German theological Journals, or biblical works,—is an admirable feature of the American quarterlies. Many will quarrel with Dr. Kitto in regard to this department, on the ground that the infidelity of the German mind often obtains vent in articles which are highly interesting in a literary aspect. The obnoxious sentences, it will be said, are often charged with poisonous error, that might easily be omitted without damage to the general argument. Dr. Kitto will appear to them much too lenient on this point. 'Modes of faith' will seem to him no more important than matters of taste; and the errors of neology, tho a little disagreeable to the evangelical class, no more dangerous than aliment for the body which is only too salt or too fresh for the taste. Perhaps the editor would find it best, in such cases, to append a note giving the opposite view. Failing this, his work will be regarded with suspicion by the *unfree* thinkers of this land, and thus have its utility needlessly limited.

The Philosophy of Anthropomorphism, by J. F. Denham, is a highly interesting and

useful article. It displays a complete mastery of the subject, and contains an admirable summary of all that has been written on 'the Scriptural representations of Deity which partake of human characteristics.'

Hävernicks's *Introduction to the Book of Ezekiel* (translated from the German by F. W. Gotch) is distinguished by the characteristics of that able scholar, whose premature death, in 1845, is greatly to be lamented.

In an elaborate article by Baden Powell, on *Free Enquiry in Theology*, the Professor avails himself of the Baconian classification of 'Idola', in an attempt to indicate the various sources of fallacy to which theological writers are exposed.

The learned professor's remarks under these heads are deserving of careful and candid consideration, for the evil of which he complains prevails extensively. The principles of Locke he fearlessly asserts and earnestly advocates. The article contains a most searching, and on the whole, satisfactory discussion of the great principles of free enquiry, but there are several passages in it which will appear to most readers objectionable. These are interwoven with principles which command ready assent, and are apt to insinuate themselves into the mind unsuspected. If the writer *must* introduce his own views of doctrine, he had better have come out with them more broadly. We find him denying the efficacy of prayer, and even the inspiration of the Scriptures, *without making any important reservation*, as in Coleridge's case. So wide is he of what is usually called *orthodoxy*, that many of his statements will be viewed as a sort of special pleading for a favorable consideration of his *heterodoxy*.

The article on *Hebrew Poetry*, by Professor Ewald (translated by Dr. Nicholson), will be read with interest. It has a freshness, vigor, and originality of thought and diction, which make it peculiarly attractive. Many readers may differ from the writer on some points affecting the theology and literature of the Scriptures, but they can hardly fail to appreciate the masterly and comprehensive investigation of the nature of Hebrew poetry, and the discrimination of its various kinds, as contained in the poetical books of Scripture.

Calmet's Dissertation on the *Resurrection of the Saints who arose with Jesus Christ* (translated from the French by A. J. D'Orsey), contains some curious speculations of no great value.

Dr. Dobbin contributes a clever discursive article on *German Rationalism in its early Indications*. His strictures on Hengstenberg appear to us just, on the whole. We confess to having had a leaning to the view that the Azazel of Leviticus xvi. is a demon to whom one of the goats was sent, implying that sin will ultimately roll back on the Devil, who at first introduced it among men; but Dr. Dobbin's objections to this view are strong, if not insurmountable.

The editor has a short, but judicious paper, on *Moslem Traditionary Customs*. The work here laid under contribution is scarce and dear, and none knows better than the editor how to turn to good account, in the way of illustration, the facts it furnishes.

Dr. Nicholson's critical estimate of Barrett's *Synopsis of Criticisms*, is remarkably just. This voluminous work, now in course of publication, is of little use; those who read Dr. Nicholson's strictures, however, will not be likely to meet the disappointment which its purchasers must ultimately experience.

An able and original letter, by Dr. Pye Smith, on *Death as connected with the fall*, concludes the first number.

The Pictorial Bible: edited by JOHN KITTO, D.D. Second and enlarged edition. Parts 7 to 18. C. Knight and Co., London.

This great and valuable work now rapidly approaches its completion. The opinion we

expressed of it in the first series of our Magazine, however, we still hold. Much important matter, and numerous illustrations, have certainly been added to this 'standard edition', but the introduction of sectarian opinions, and crude, hastily written criticism, has, in our judgment, sadly marred a noble book, and quite destroyed the *uniqueness* of its original character. We shall probably notice some of these flaws on a future occasion, but at present must content ourself with referring to a specimen or two of minor defects. The Note on Isaiah xxv. 6, says—'see further under Jer. xlviii. 11'—on which passage we find *no note* whatever! We have observed other instances.—The Note on 1 Cor. xv. 32, is an example of *bad style* too common in the work. It says—'BUT in considering the question, the objections (against a *figurative* interpretation) do not appear unanswerable, AND it seems safest to assign a *literal* interpretation'!—The note to verse 34, appears to us to be an *evasion*, not an answer to an objection founded on the fact that the *identical matter* of the bodies of the dead becomes after death, as before life, *the matter* of a thousand organized and animated forms. 'It (*a body*) may be sown in dishonor, and it (*a body*) may be raised in glory'—as we believe will be the case with the Faithful—but that is very different from the proposition of 'a change' 'on the *relics* of mortality.' The fact is, in the multitude of cases, there *are* no 'relics,' the body having been *dissolved* into its primitive gaseous and inorganic elements.

The Olive, Vine, and Palm: embracing an illustration of the numerous allusions in Scripture to these Trees and their Produce. With an Introduction, by JOHN KITTO, D.D. Edinburgh, Grant and Taylor. London, Houlston and Stoneman. 1848. pp. 160.

This little volume is written with great clearness and excellent judgment, and the highest praise we can bestow upon it is to say, that it *fulfils* the promise of its title page. It embraces a discussion of what is called 'the wine question',—the Olive, Vine, and Palm, being each considered under the trifold division of Tree, Solid produce, and Liquid-produce. The enquiry displays great care and learning, and leaves little to desire on the subject. The introduction is quite worthy of its author.

Repentance: or the change of Mind necessary to Salvation considered. By J. OSWALD JACKSON. London, Houlston and Stoneman. p. 108.

This tractate is the production of an amiable mind, whose opinions are considerably in advance of the common ones on the subject treated of. On the whole, we are pleased with the essay, and quite accord with the critical view which represents *Metanoia* as 'change of mind.' How any body could ever conceive of repentance having any other *efficacy* than as it consists of a *change of the motive power*, thus leading from vice to virtue, from evil to good, is only to be accounted for from the fact that Theology has started from the principle of the *renunciation of reason*, and thus wrought out its mysterious and absurd dogmas, against which, in every age, reason has entered its protests in the shape of philosophy, heresy, and schism. On other matters, however, and especially on the Idolatrous Tritheism, and the elevation of the Messenger of God above *God's message*, thus making the *means* more important than the *END*, we by no means concur. The language employed has no *counterpart* in Revelation, and no confirmation in Reason.

The People's Dictionary of the Bible. Vol ii. Parts 21 to 32. London, Simpkin & Co.

The parts before us, of this cheap and long-needed work, now rapidly approaching to completion, range from letters H to P inclusive. *As a whole*, there is no work

which can bear comparison with it, considered as a Popular Dictionary. It is well, often eloquently written, and its articles are in substance learned and full, without being overloaded with the mere forms of learning. Altogether, it has done something to redeem the character of England as respects this class of productions, which have so long been behind the learning and thought of the age—and especially behind those of Germany. Its Theology also, is of the *right kind* for such a work, and seldom *oversteps* the declarations and authority of the Book which it has to illustrate—hitherto the chief distinction of Bible Dictionaries. The articles on the nature, scope, authority, and genuineness of the various books of scripture, are particularly impartial and well-judged, as ‘Job,’ ‘John,’ and ‘Peter.’ The biographical articles are discriminating and eloquent, especially that of ‘Paul.’ Amongst the miscellaneous articles which have most pleased us, we may enumerate ‘Handwriting’—‘Hell’—‘Interpretation’—‘Language’—‘Law’—‘Man’—‘Messiah’—‘Miracles’—‘Mystery’—‘Parable’—‘Pharisees’—‘Philosophy’—‘Prayer.’ We regret to observe in the article ‘Nazarite,’ an erroneous comparison of ‘the monkism of the middle ages’ with ‘the total abstinence of the present day’. If the writer wished to have a ‘fling’ at total-abstinence, he ought *first* to have learnt what it was. Now TEETOTALISM is in fact a *contrast* to Monkism, both in its motives, doctrines, and principles. Monkism was ‘mortification’—avowedly the self-denial of ‘good things’. Teetotalism, on the contrary, is avowedly the rational rejection of a *bad* thing, because it is bad, or so esteemed at least; its prime motive an enlightened *self-interest*. Teetotalers, as evidenced by their frequent *Festivals*, and the plentiful supply thereof of really ‘good things’, has no connection whatever with the *mortification* of reasonable and natural appetites. It is simply a question of Physiology.

PHILOSOPHY.

Ideas; or Outlines of a New System of Philosophy. By A. C. G. JOBERT, author of the ‘Philosophy of Geology’, etc. London, Simpkin and Co. Leeds, Dr. F. R. Lees. *Post-free* 4s.

This able work we must reserve for further review. It treats of ‘Causation and Fundamental Ideas’; and, with a bold hand, attempts to dissect and ‘dissolve’ into the ‘thin air’ of ‘empty words’, the Kantian, Berkleyan, Scottish, and Whewellian, doctrines of causation.

We scarcely think, however, that the author *bottoms* Kant.

The Words of a Water Doctor: or Truths for the Times and the People. By JOHN BALBIRNIE, M. A., M. D. etc. London, Whitaker and Co. 1848. pp. 72.

It would be useless to give a long review of these cheap ‘words’, since we intend every one of our readers to purchase and peruse for themselves. We have no hesitation in pronouncing this essay to be at once the most philosophical and original work which has been published on ‘the Water Cure’. The leading theorem of the book is this:—All Diseases consist either of *Excessive* or *Defective* action of some part (arising from disturbed or deficient vital-power): and the most certain Medicines *are such* in-as-far only as they decrease excessive, or increase diminished action. But whatever *drugs* can do in a poisonous or unnatural way, *Water*, variously applied, can also effect in a *natural* manner, not by lessening or disturbing, but simply by *restoring*, natural action. Water may be made to produce, in various degrees of power, either a SEDATIVE or a STIMULANT effect; therefore, water is a

natural, scientific, and therapeutic agent.—This theorem is wrought out with much skill and elaborate ingenuity, and in a style of great distinctness and power.

Address on the Homœopathic System of Medicine. By THOMAS HAYLE, M.D.
The Homœopathic treatment of Cholera.

How can such small doses have any effect? By H. V. MALAN, M. D.

London, H. Bailliere. 1847.

The first of these *pamphlets* is a very sensible and philosophical exposition of the grounds of Homœopathy, and may be recommended to those who wish, at a small cost of time and money, to understand something of the system advocated.

The second contains some extraordinary statistics concerning the cure of Cholera by minute doses of the Homœopathic remedies: and shows that, while the current system of medicine has avowedly failed, the new and scouted one has achieved surprizing triumphs. Certainly, claims thus sustained, demand something more rational than *ridicule* from the Allopathists.

The third assigns a number of plausible reasons for believing in the potency of small doses of well-prepared medicines.

Letters from Gräfenberg. By JOHN GIBBS, Conductor of 'the grand Chartreuse.'
 London, C. Gilpin.

These letters are written in a clear and forcible style, and embody the results of three years observation and study of the Water Cure under its great founder, Priessnitz. Without concurring with Mr. Gibbs in every point, we may safely affirm that this volume contains a large amount of valuable theoretical discussion and practical detail, which cannot fail to be interesting to the disciples of Hydro-therapeutics; besides a number of documents which will be of importance to the future historian of the system, and to the biographer of its most *successful* practitioner.

POETRY.

The Frogs of Aristophanes: translated by EDMUND R. LARKEN, M. A. London, Chapman. 1848. pp. 90.

This may be called a *Classic Translation for the People*, of a celebrated production of Ancient Greece. It is executed with great tact and appreciation. It literally renders the Grecian cant and slang (social, political, and religious) into English *ditto*, and gives the reader a clear insight into the manners, modes of thought, superstitions, and social life, of the old Greeks. It is publisht for a mere trifle.

The Sea King. A Metrical Romance in six Cantos, with Notes, etc. By J. S. BIGG.
 London, Whitaker and Co. 1848.

The author of this poem is a young man who, according to the preface, has scarcely yet reached nineteen years of age. The groundwork of his poem, are the legends and popular superstitions of Scandinavia, and the exploits of the Sea King, Ragnar Lodbrog. On the whole, the design is well executed, and, in many passages, gives evidence of high talent—which may, or may not, be developed hereafter. The most powerful section of the poem is the description of the *Ragnarok*, at the commencement of Canto 5. As a paraphrase,

and something more, of the account given in the *Voluspa* and the *Prose Edda*, of the conflagration and destruction of the world, it is stained with all the fiery coloring of the original, and will look fresh enough to an unscholarly eye. If we might venture to advise our young friend, the Poet, however, we would say: 'Do not waste your faculties in any more immature efforts, but learn to wait. You will grow stronger as you grow older: and with many hopes, and hearty recognitions, we now wish you farewell.'

The Year of the World; a Philosophical Poem on 'Redemption from the Fall'. By WILLIAM B. SCOTT. London, Simpkin and Co.

A poem this, which claims further notice. It is of the true *transcendental* stamp—but not, therefore, as some blockheads would have it, *meaningless mystical*. So far from it, that we, on taking it up—long as it is—could not lay it down until we had reached the very last line, and *how* can 'nothing' thus fascinate the soul? This work proclaims the author to have the genuine spirit of Poetry within him. The poem is full of thought and matter, rich in beautiful tints and word-painting, and deficient only in rhythm and melody.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Autobiography of an Artizan. By CHRISTOPHER THOMPSON. Chapman, London. 1847.

This book, notwithstanding some faults of style, is an interesting and meritorious production; well calculated to stimulate and encourage all earnest aimers at self-culture and social progression. The author has had an eventful and varied career—has been a brick-maker's fag, a sailor, a strolling player,—and is now quietly settled in the pleasant town of Edwinstowe, in the heart of Sherwood Forest, following the professions of artist and general painter. His zealous heart and active spirit, however, have found other work to do—ignorance and vice to battle with—and for this end he has assisted at the formation of 150 libraries and societies for mental improvement; the inhabitants of the Forest appear to have profited greatly by his exertions.—The book contains much that is important to the Working Classes, and much that is interesting to general readers,—whaling incidents, press-gangs, Rotten-borough Elections, scenery, village life and characters; and concludes with a most graphic and artist-like description of the remains of the grand old Forest of Sherwood.

Recipes of Vegetarian Diet; with suggestions for the formation of a Dietary from which the flesh of animals is excluded. London, Whitaker and Co.

A collection of statistical and scientific facts is appended to the *Recipes*, from which it is calculated that the nutriment of flesh is 23 times dearer than that of vegetable—or, in other words, that while it would cost us £11. 13s. 4d., to *build up* 100 lbs. of our bone and flesh with beef or mutton, the same work could be done, by means of barley, peas, beans, and wheat, at a cost of less than the odd shillings—thus effecting a saving of £11 in the above sum! Certainly, this presents a most important topic for thought to the students of national economy.

The Christian Reformer. January to June, 1848. London, Sherwood, Gilbert, & Piper.

We have been much pleased with several articles in this liberal monthly. We may par-

ticularly name those on 'Grote's History of Greece', 'Vital Religion', and 'Michael Servetus'. The memoir of the late Robert Aspland is also very interesting.

The (Osbornian) Journal of Progress, and Social Reformer. No. 1 to 3. 1848.

An eight page, *post-free* octavo journal, conducted with spirit and purpose, and published every other month by W. Osborne, Wotton-under-Edge, from whom it can be sent.

The Midland Progressionist: Conducted by Working Men. Nos. 1 to 4. London, W. Brittain.

One of the signs of the Times. An admirable monthly penny periodical devoted to popular enfranchisement and progress, started by a few disciples of *The Truth-Seeker*. We hope many of our friends will encourage this labor of love.

The Miller of Angibault. By GEORGE SAND. Translated by EDMUND R. LARKEN, M. A. Rector of Burton, etc. Edited by MATILDA M. HAYS, Author of 'Helen Stanley.' London: E. Churton, 26, Holles St. 1847.

This seems to be an easy and idiomatic translation of a very interesting work by one of the *female* celebrities of France, writing under the cognomen of 'George Sand'. It is full of thought, equally pure and masculine, and thro' the fabric of a fiction of very considerable interest, in which both plot and persons are developed with skill and consistency, exhibits much of the rottenness of modern society, and of social and commercial antagonism, while it foreshadows a state of *Communism*, to be realized in the future, not by revolutionary force, but by the gradual development, and higher spiritual culture, of society itself.

THE HEBREW HELL.

One of the most formidable associations of ideas,—an association which has become stereotyped into our modern creeds, and forms part and parcel of the common views of the Divine Government,—is in connection with the word *Hell*. It is a question whether the vulgar and physical meaning usually attached to it, is not derived more from Milton's 'Paradise Lost' than from the Scriptures themselves. Unfortunately, in reading the Sacred Writings, men are apt to transfer the modern pains and penalties therewith associated to the ancient use of the word, wherever we find it in our translation. But a very slight collation of different passages will convince even the English reader, that it will warrant no such construction. The Hebrew word שְׁאוֹל (*sh'eöl*), means something dug or hollowed out, and, connected with the idea of craving to be filled, *a pit, the grave*,—as it is indeed most usually translated.—It never once stands for a place of torment. When personified and localized, it is always placed within the present earth; and, in point of time, during, 'or at the boundary, of mortal life. In two or three passages *sh'eöl* is used in contrast to שָׁמַיִם (*shamém*) 'heavens',—i. e. the upper parts of the air, or heights above, in contradistinction to the lower parts of the earth, or depths beneath,—but it is never put as a place of *misery* in opposition to a place of *happiness*. The old Hebrews were utter strangers to any such notion.

A. W. B.

THE PATHFINDER.

[Answers to Queries.]

BELIEF IN MYSTERIES.—If by 'Mystery' is signified, not only something formerly unknown, and now revealed—which was Paul's use of the word—but something *incomprehensible*, then belief in a 'mystery' is impossible. No one can *believe* what he does not *understand*—for that which brings *no idea or conception* to the mind, is to the mind as *nothing*, and to say we 'believe' (i. e. *perceive* the truth) of *nothing*, is simply to utter words without meaning—to talk nonsense. Let the querist try if he can find an instance of *belief* destitute of *all understanding*, and he will then perceive that 'belief' always stops with 'the comprehensible.' In other words, it is a *law* of the Human Understanding, that it shall *understand* what it believes.

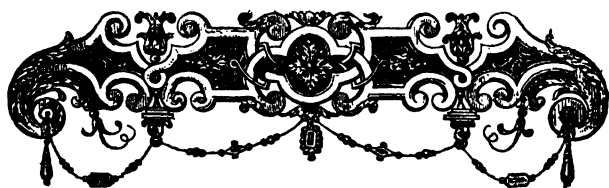
THE BOOK OF JOB.—The 'People's Dictionary of the Bible' will give our querist every requisite information about this Book, its character, composition, and style, and the opinions of the Ancient Jewish and Christian Churches concerning it. It appears to us a dramatic and poetical composition, written long after the patriarchal times whereof it treats, to express its author's views of the Providence of God and the permission of evil. As to regarding its dialogues as *historical Reports of actual conversations*—the dialogists all speaking in the highest strain and style of Hebrew Poetry—we have only to say, that we should just as soon and as wisely regard Göthe's *Faust* or Bailey's *Festus* as literal record, or veritable histories. The question of antiquity does not at all alter the matter.

LONG HOURS OF BUSINESS.—The prevalent practice of enforcing long hours of business, with close attention to particular occupations, is no doubt a great source of physical disease and deterioration. It is, in truth, the form in which we offer up wholesale *human sacrifices* on the altar of Mammon, and constitutes a system of iniquity, which, if judged of purely by its fruits, is far more destructive of human health, hope and elevation, than the worship of Jaggernaut.

POWERS AND POSITION OF WOMAN.—Our opinions on this subject are well exprest in the Article on Tennyson's Poems, p. 56-7. The Mission and therefore the Nature of of Woman, is different from that of Man. Equality can neither be affirmed nor denied where the things compared are not *alike* in kind, and 'woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse.'

INSPIRATION.—DOUGLAS 'dogmatically' expresses his 'doubts' as the tendency of the article on 'Inspiration'. *Truth* can have no evil tendency. 'Douglas' should have given us strong *evidence*, not weak *threats*—or else have kept a modest silence. We pity his weakness, and recommend to his attention the following, from the orthodox Dr. Neander's *Life of Christ*.

"Of this I am certain, that the fall of the old form of the doctrine of Inspiration, and, indeed, of many other doctrinal prejudices, will not only *not* involve the fall of the essence of the Gospel, but will cause it no detriment whatever. Nay, I believe that it will be more clearly and accurately understood; that men will be better prepared to fight with, and to conquer, that rushing infidelity against which the weapons of the old dogmatism must be powerless in *any* land; and that from such a struggle a new theology, purified and renovated in the spirit of the Gospel, must arise. Everywhere we see the signs of a new creation; the Lord will build himself, in science as well as in life, a new tabernacle in which to dwell; and neither a stubborn adherence to antiquity, nor a profane appetite for novelty, can hinder this work of the Lord which is now preparing. May we never forget the words of the great apostle, '*Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty.*' Whatever in this book rests upon that *one foundation* than which none other can be laid, will bear all the fires of the time; let the wood, hay, and stubble which find no place in all works of men, be burned up."



THE
TRUTH-SEEKER.

ON FICTION.

For the many striking characteristics of the present age, the disposition to review our opinions and beliefs is one of the most noticeable: and not only to review, but to go more deeply into all questions, divesting them of the *prestige* of association and custom, and seeking to penetrate to their inmost core. That our whole life needs careful revision in this spirit, is a truth of which, happily, we are beginning to be conscious; and great at this moment are the efforts going on to diffuse sounder views in Religion, Politics, and Philosophy. There is, however, a certain class of minds to whom these subjects, vast as they are, are not all important; a class composed of individuals who, without turning their back on active duties, find time to indulge their taste for Poetry and Fiction. That these should have their share of the benefits in question is but simple justice: in other words, whilst seeking to diffuse the new principles among Philosophers and Politicians, we must remember that Literature is also to be imbued with the same spirit. That Literature is in fact sadly behind hand, would soon be made evident if its followers were put to a close examination. The subject of Fiction, for instance, is one whereon we have most widely erred, tho indeed, there are few speculative questions the right understanding of which so materially affects our moral and spiritual progress.

What, we ask, *is* the end of Fiction, according to the majority? 'To amuse,' 'to give pleasure,' 'to relax the mind,' 'or rather,' say those who fancy they are taking high ground, 'to offer a faithful transcript of life.' None of these opinions is entirely erroneous, each end proposed *being* an end, tho a subordinate one. We content ourself, therefore, with calling attention to the fact that they all *are* subordinate, and consequently suggesting that *the* end remains to be sought.

That the end of Fiction, as of all beside, is to minister in some form or other to Man, every opinion, true or erroneous, takes for granted. We differ only when, descending from generalities to particulars, we seek to ascertain the nature of the ministrations in question. This difference of opinion will, of course, be inevitable so long as we regard the subject, as it were, from opposite directions; and therefore, the first step towards harmony must be the fixing on some central

truth which we are willing to accept as the basis of our speculations. Now, it appears to us,—on the principle of the greater including the less,—that, given the end of Man, we have the end of all that ministers unto Man,—so that, if the end of Man be to know and glorify God, the end of Fiction must be to assist in the acquirement of this knowledge. Hence, like Nature, like Art, like every other surrounding influence, the *primary* object of Fiction is to teach, not to amuse; and it is because subordinate ends have been suffered to usurp the place of this primary one, that so many have failed to see both its power and its beauty.

It being, we trust, established, that Fiction is not the playmate of man but his teacher, it remains to show the nature and mode of its operation; in other words, to point out the particular influence it seems destined by God to exercise.*

There is a certain class of minds whose whole interest is merged in things cognizable by the senses,—who wonder at the infatuation with which people quarrel over Ideas,—and who regard literary men, in the words of Napoleon, as mere ‘manufacturers of phrases.’ With all such persons we have no concern, for the simple reason that to them Fiction *is not*; just as to the blind and deaf the whole world of sight and sound, to all practical purpose, has ceased to exist. But, leaving this, happily, small minority, let us turn our attention to the great mass of mankind, and enquire what natural wants and desires appear to find their appointed answer in Fiction.

It has been quaintly but significantly asked by Carlyle: ‘Will the whole Finance Ministers, and Upholsterers, and Confectioners of modern Europe, undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one shoeblack *happy*? They cannot accomplish it above an hour or two.’ And this because there is in man a craving that no material food can satisfy, a void that not all the realities which the world has to offer can fill. The shoeblack *is* to be made happy, tho not by upholsterer or confectioner; he is to be made happy by him who can best cater for the imagination, and who, reading all the secrets of his individual nature, translates them into the one language common to humanity. Hence, the true Monarchs of the world are ever the great Masters of Fiction, for theirs is a moral rather than a material domain; and the man who declared that, ‘when George the fourth was King of England Walter Scott was King of *the English*,’ uttered a spiritual truth of the highest significance. The end of Fiction, then,—as we shall all feel if we analyze its influence on our minds,—is to satisfy that restless craving which rejects outward and visible objects, and, continually reaching forward towards the Invisible and Unseen, must be met by fresh supplies from the great store-

* Fiction is not the Playmate, but the *Preceptor of Man*, in the most emphatic sense, because *Truth* exercises an additional power by being connected with the *Imagination* and *Affections* in the mode of its exhibition. The bare or naked Truth is not the *living* Truth, but simply its *skeleton*, and Truth so bare, is always barren—it cannot reform, because it cannot influence the *feelings* of Man. Hence, in this view, ‘Fiction’ includes a great variety of composition, both in Literature and Art, Poetry and Prose. Paintings and Statuary, Allegories, Myths, Fables, Parables, Poems, Novels, Tales, Romances, are but various *forms of Fiction*. But they are not, therefore, necessarily vehicles of Falsehood. In the case of ‘the Paradise Lost’ or Power’s Eve, the Fables of Æsop and the Parables of Christ, this would be generally acknowledged—why not in the modern forms of *fiction*? Sadly wanting in the *spirit* of Truth, our modern religionists are too superstitious and particular about the *form* thereof.—Ed.

house of Ideas. Hopeless is the state of that man who can conceive of nothing better than the world by which he is surrounded; who could neither improve the characters of his friends, redress the wrongs of society, nor become himself a holier and nobler being, if the power of realizing and actualizing his own Idea bore any proportion to the vividness of the Idea itself. 'Discontent,' the poet says, 'is Immortality,' but we cannot too carefully observe that this refers to discontent with *ourselves*. To walk about God's world fretting and fuming at our trials, and to think ourselves hardly dealt with when calamity overtakes us,—this is far from being the feeling by which Immortality is evidenced. On the contrary, it is the Spirit which, accepting all God sends us as wise and good for us, quarrels only with its own weakness, wickedness, and shortcomings, that proclaims our belief in the existence of a holier world than the present, and a higher dominion than that of sense. Now, all careful watchers of their internal life are aware that in the continual conflict between soul and sense, the former is most commonly defeated, and that it needs all their faith and energy, with divine grace superadded, to maintain the supremacy of Spirit over Matter. And why so? Because it is the tendency of all surrounding influences to make us more and more the slaves of our senses, and to lead us to forget the fundamental principle of Spiritualism—that '*a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth.*' More especially in the present age is there danger of our going into bondage to Materialism, not, as our forefathers accepted it, as a system of speculative philosophy, but as a practical rule of life. We would not be understood to mean that this belief in our senses is necessarily and essentially evil; what we desire to show is, that it is an incomplete and impartial thing, and must be complemented and supplemented by the opposite or antagonist truth. Hence, the vocation of the Poet, the Artist, and the Musician; hence the dignity which, to the true spiritualist, ever surrounds their office; alone, they oppose the mighty current of Material and Visible Ascendancy, so continually threatening to bear down all before it.

By the word Poet, however, we mean far more than is commonly included in the term, and we also mean less. The true Poet is the Creator, the originator, the Life-giver, the man who has power to clothe the Abstract in the Vestments of flesh and blood: but he who, like Pope, merely puts common-sense truisms into rhyme, or, like Moore, strings fanciful conceits on the sweet thread of rhyme, may be an excellent Versifier, or an accomplished Lyrist, but has no pretensions to any title higher than these. Hence the common interpretation of the word Poet, is too narrow,—in that it excludes all who do not arrange their thoughts according to rhythmical and metrical laws; and it is also too broad,—in that it includes all who do, without requiring that the thoughts themselves be of any particular order or stamp. Thus, according to our definition, the Poet may be a Novelist as easily as a Lyrist,—and write Sonnets or Romances as his taste may lead him; he is as free to refuse rhyme and rhythm as to choose them. If we want to find the essential characteristics of the Poet, we must look more to the nature of his thoughts, and less to their mere external form; we must not measure him by the length of his robes, but by the proportions of his figure; nor judge him by the dialect he uses, so much as the story he tells.

That this principle excludes from the list of poets as many novelists as versi-

fiers, we are of course prepared to admit. It is not for Fiction as it *is* that we contend; but for Fiction as it may be, ought to be, and *shall* be. The principle we started from was, that the end of Fiction is not understood, and this is as true of the majority of writers as it is of the majority of readers: indeed, the mistake in both cases is of precisely the same nature,—the writer seeking merely *to* amuse, and the reader merely *to be* amused. Until Fiction be regarded in its true light as a lever for lifting man towards Heaven, it can never take that place in the world which it was destined to occupy; and when it is so regarded it cannot fail to be found a principal agent in the mighty work of moral and spiritual culture. How and why this is the case it is scarcely necessary to explain; since all must know that we apprehend most readily that which comes to us thro' the medium of the affections.^b How few are there, even among educated persons, capable of receiving deep impressions from abstract principles; and, of course, what to these is difficult and hard is to all beside them utterly impossible. The child will learn as much of virtue as your daily conduct exhibits,—that which you merely inculcate in words falls idly on his ear: and how many of us, in this respect, continue children to the end of our days. The lofty, abstract ideas of the Philosopher, must be put into bodily form by the creative power of the Poet: they come to us cold, and chilly, and statue-like, until he have breathed into them the true Promethean fire of Genius; then, thro' the heart-hold they have gained, they speedily master the intellect, and become the governing principles of life. Hence, the Poet, after all, is more essential than the Sage; for he is High Priest to the many, whilst the latter ministers but to the few; and he is also greater, inasmuch as it is far easier to express truths in the spiritual Sanskrit in which they were learned than to translate them into the language of ordinary life. Perhaps the whole difference between Genius and Talent turns on this very point; the latter teaching the man of Science to enunciate his truths in scholastic technicalisms, the former enabling the Poet to interweave them with all that is beautiful and goodly, and thereby give them a hold on our affections, and a permanence in our memories, which they might not otherwise have attained. It would be easy to refer to books in which principles of all kinds are embodied, the story being a mere shell for the kernel of truth it contains. Whether we look at the political romances of D'Israeli, the theological tales of Miss Kennedy, an exquisite German story entitled 'the White Lady,' or those beautiful novels 'Deerbrook' and 'Grantley Manor,' we shall find this to be common to them all. Hence, there is one test by which every writer of fiction should be tried,—the greatness of the aim set before him. No ingenuity in constructing a story, no skill in developing it, must be suffered to stand in place of the presence of an Idea. To be popular and successful many other requirements are necessary, but this should always be held of paramount importance; inasmuch as to deserve success is of higher moment than to achieve it, and better a book were never read than read without teaching some high and holy lesson.

And now, having discussed the subject generally, let us give a few moments' consideration to some of its leading particulars, and see how far the details with

^b See article on 'The True Preacher,' further on.

which the majority of fictions abound, correspond to the idea which is, or ought to be, behind them.

One of the first objections we are disposed to make against the greater number of novels is, that they dwell too much on superficial and external considerations, seeking to rest their interest on that which is accidental, rather than on that what is essential to the subject. For instance, who can have grown conversant with the 'light literature' of the day (for alas! it is but too 'light'), without believing that Youth, Beauty, and Fame, are the highest objects of human desire, and to be old, ugly, or unknown, the greatest misfortune that can possibly fall to our lot? That none of the coveted conditions can be really essential to our happiness, is sufficiently evident from the fact that they are so rarely to be met with; the former remaining with us but a very short period, and the two latter never visiting the greater number of us at all. How much more healthful would be the general tone of our writings, if we accustomed ourselves to look at men less for what they *have* than for what they *are*: we should then see that even Beauty, the most personal of the three conditions, is a possession and not a quality, since the beautiful may at any moment become plain. Of course we are now referring to beauty of form and complexion, since it is this with which romance writers so liberally endow their heroines: Spiritual beauty, or that which shines *thro'* form, is as much a quality as virtue itself, for the very sickness which destroys and defaces the one, only renders the other more perfect and divine.

The mistake is repeated with reference to external position. We cannot believe it is the man that dignifies the station; but endeavor, by conferring upon our hero the adventitious advantages of rank and title, to invest him with an interest unborrowed from the mind. How eminently this fails with all but the very shallowest readers, it is quite unnecessary to affirm, and towards them it is cruel and unjust in the highest degree, since it tends to rivet the chains by which they are bound to externalism, and to perpetuate the slavery they are held in.

The class of errors next to be excepted to, we can call by no other name than 'the Vulgarities of Fiction'; including all the extraordinary and preternatural events, the unexpected hair-breadth escapes, and the *perfect* innocence and *unmitigated* villainy, in which inferior writers delight. To this class belong the popular expedients of bringing home old uncles from India, just as the hero's fate is hanging in the balance, and of making him save the life of his mistress's father when the latter has refused to surrender on easier terms. It includes also the partiality for unnecessary and unmeaning mysteries; and delights to make the catastrophe turn on the concealment of some circumstance which the reader has been all along in an agony to whisper to the hero. That all this is utterly wrong and false it would be an insult to the understanding of our readers to prove: and it does seem strange that people in general are not more resentful of such outrages on their common sense and knowledge of life.

Here, however, it would be unjust not to admit, that many things which seem unnatural in fiction, have, nevertheless, actually taken place; and that the development of some particular idea may *sometimes* oblige us to have recourse to representations of an uncommon character. The higher class of fictions, to the attentive and thoughtful reader, will furnish abundant instances of the truth of this latter remark: but it must be unnecessary to point out how far this is

removed from the wanton and unmeaning defiance of probabilities. The beautiful tale of 'Grantley Manor' before referred to, may serve to illustrate the difference between the two cases. The evident aim of the writer of this story was to set before us the highest perfection of which the female character is capable; and her deep acquaintance with spiritualism taught her, that in order to attain it, she must surround her heroine with difficulties and trials. Hence we have a character which, to many persons, seems unnatural, but which, in fact, is simply *uncommon*; and uncommon only because we do not accustom ourselves to regard the whole of our life as a sacrifice to be offered up on the altar of Duty. In this book, the meaning and purpose of every trial are *as evident in their development* as if they had been set down in so many words; and the author is fully justified in having had recourse to unusual circumstances, since her end could not possibly have been attained without them.

One other mistake remains to be noticed before the subject can be dismissed with a clear conscience; viz. the imperfect conceptions concerning Love and Marriage which the greater number of fictions are calculated to inspire. With regard to Love, the most common errors consist in making it a matter of passion rather than affection, and in looking upon it, not as a *means* of moral and spiritual advancement, but as forming in itself *the great end and aim of life*. That, for a certain time, it should appear so to the parties interested, is doubtless natural enough; but, by degrees, their eyes will be opened to the selfishness of the mere feeling, and they will understand that true Love is no dainty holiday guest; but a companion to guide and support our steps in the rough and thorny pathways of life. They will see that one principal reason why they have been taught to sympathize with *one*, is that they may *extend* this sympathy to *others*; and that the highest point of love has never been attained until we have kindly words, and sweet and gentle looks, for all whom God's providence has placed around us.

The peculiar idea of Love entertained by a writer of fictions, must materially influence his opinion of Marriage. In all cases where Love is regarded as the *end* of life, Marriage becomes a dull and common-place affair; the halo which had hitherto surrounded the lovers forsakes them at the church-porch, or, at the utmost, just survives the honey-moon and tour. How few writers ever venture to meddle at all with Married-life! It is too 'tedious' for a 'tale'!

Of the many benefits for which Fiction is indebted to Miss Bremer, not the least is her fondness for interesting us in stories of married life. She is never afraid to make hero and heroine out of husband and wife; and tho we lose by this means the mere excitement of the ultra-romance school, we gain a quiet and gentle interest which is far more conducive to our spiritual health.

May we be suffered, by way of peroration to these discursive remarks, to suggest what just now appears to be the great requisite of Fiction:—That it shall descend from the solitary grandeur in which it has so long been content to sit, and take possession of the broad realm of every-day life: That it shall teach the equal nobleness of all orders and conditions, and the sinful folly of the sense in which we use the word 'common-place.'

Our concluding thought we will translate into the eloquent words of one who has seen deeply into the true nature of Fiction. °

Perhaps, gentle reader, thou art one of those who think the days of romance gone for ever. Believe it not! Oh, believe it not! Thou hast at this moment in thy heart as sweet a romance as ever was written. Thou art not less a woman because thou dost not sit aloft in a tower, with a tassel gentle on thy wrist! Thou art not less a man because thou wearest no hauberk, nor mail-sark, and goest not on horse back after foolish adventures! Nay, nay! Every one has a romance in his own heart. All that has blessed or awed the world lies *there*; and

'The oracle within him, that which *lives*,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotten papers.'

E. J.

° Professor Longfellow, in his *Hyperion*.

DEPRESSION.

 thou art miserable and dost find
Thy heart's flow and its fair outcomings cease,
Nor song nor earth nor sky nor summer breeze
Delighting as of old thy sense and mind,
Filling them with true gladness unconfin'd;
Know that the cause and blame of this decease
Of inner joy, lies (tho the speech displease
Thee) with no one but thyself. For all-kind
Nature brooks not her children pay the smart
For other faults than those themselves commit.
In harmony, friend, with thyself thou art
Not. Some broken law has issued its writ
Against thee. With thy hand or mouth or heart
Thou hast left undone or misdome. No wit
Of man can therefore save thee from the dart
Of injured Conscience, which doth ever hit
Some sore, and to the bosom pangs impart—
Sin's world-old tax and retribution fit.

A. K.

NOTES IN THE FIELDS.

N an evening early in June, I was reading in the fields that noble passage upon skies, pages 204, 205 of 'Modern Painters'. Its force and truth penetrated to the depths of my being, and I turned to the sky determined to watch it as I had never done before.

With the skies of night I had long been familiar: I had seen them under all aspects, from the leaden grey of the biting east wind, to the firmament without a cloud, with all its 'troops of stars'. But at such seasons we cannot describe on the spot, and our impressions are either less vivid, or mingled with grosser hues ere we are in circumstances to do so. 'Let it be things of earth, and the more they are idealized by taking their place in the memory, the better.' But thought cannot add holiness to the stars. Their rays teach a higher purity to minds of the purest cast—their light shines ever bright and undimmed, tho hidden from us by the vapors of earth—they are above us and beyond us for ever! Serene, unobtrusive, beautiful and inaccessible, they shed their pure rays nightly, on the sons and daughters of time.

But hitherto daylight had brought such manifold beauty, the fresh green of the woods, with its infinitely varied hues—the young flowers springing by the water courses, among the lush grass—the mingling music of the song of birds, and the river's low sweet chimes—that the sky, however fine, had been beheld only as a part, a thing to dispense the gladness of sunshine, or the pensive sadness of shade. But now I resolved to make the sky the main object of observation—to see all others only as they were influenced by it, or were summoned into my mind by its changes. It was indeed a pure and holy contemplation! Never shall I forget that sweet evening! Not three miles from a great commercial city, around me a landscape not strikingly picturesque, I spent two hours in the most exquisite enjoyment. My mind, calm, serene as the sky on which I gazed, went not back to the past, looked not forward to the future; I seemed to partake of that rest which is promised to the good—I could apprehend the *nowness* of Eternity.

I sat on elevated ground, by the side of a field of young wheat. Among the trees and underwood were many warblers, but over them all was heard the lark, who kept singing his ever pleasing song, which sounds joyous when we are joyous, and sad when we are sad; the clouds were all behind the sun, save one or two faint streaks that crossed his centre, somewhat like Jupiter's belts; overhead was the distant blue, with a thin veil of white broken at intervals; and nearer still, streaks and masses of neutral tints, getting more crowded and dense towards the north. As the sun slowly sank, the southern sky fell into lines of pale brown and dusky white, like the ripple mark on the sands when the tide has receded; and along the lower and warmer side of this curtain, rose the vapors of the distant town. I turned, and how the sun had changed! Gone all bands, all shadows. A sphere of molten gold was surrounded by burnished masses, ever changing, yet ever glorious. Now he is down, down, down, but he has left his burning kiss on the clouds, and I can follow him in thought to other regions:—

'Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.' The east sent up streaks of fantastic form to gaze on him and to be warmed by his beams; higher and higher they rose, deepening in hue as they approached him. His halo became paler and paler, and now all is grey. The lark sank into his nest, and his note gave place to the birds of twilight that began to pipe across the fields. That hush was abroad over Nature which follows the setting of the sun, and the sleeping flowers gathered up their rays for the night. How peaceful, in the grey twilight, seemed the distant town! I dared not, in such holy mood, dwell on the sin and sorrow that might be lurking there. The mind, harmonized by the calm and holy aspect of nature, rose above the circumstances of sorrow and degradation—for such there was found no place. A low wind passed over the young grain, and gently stirred the leaves of the trees. I caught the soft whisper; it was to me, very literally, the voices of Angels. I rose to depart. The twilight had deepened—the western sky had become colder and more distant—the clouds were all gone, and in the focus of the pale light of the Zodiac, gleamed the planet Venus. I gazed yet awhile longer, watching the approach of 'Great, still night.' Already the Mars-like Arcturus was high in the East, and the larger stars of the circumpolar constellations gleamed thro'.
 And every night is thus beautiful, thought I—but, alas! not on every night is the ladder placed between us and heaven, for the angels of God to ascend and descend. Yet let us treasure such hours; they are to us isles of Peace on the troubled waters of Life, enabling us to say, with renewed faith, 'Thou hast granted me life and favor, and thy visitation hath preserved my spirit.'

K. B.

TRUE HUMILITY.

Genuine humility consists in a just estimation of our individual powers—in thinking *the truth* concerning our actual relationships to God and Man. It is the joint result of a Wise Benevolence and a subordinated Self-Love. The just Self-Thinker, is the truly Humble, Tolerant, and Truthful Man; because in him Self-Love exerts no undue influence over his judgments and actions. The humble man is therefore the truly *independent* man,—a self-respecter of the laws and liberties of his own Being—a sacred respecter also of the rights and faculties of his Neighbor. A wilful blindness to our own capacity, character, and claims, is an ungrateful denial of *the best gifts* of God. To be thoroly sound, humility must be thoroly truthful. Hence real humility *demand*s a just and truthful estimate of ourselves, both as the ground for a grateful acknowledgement of the Divine mercies, and as the stimulus to an useful exercise of the highest talents entrusted to our care. Wisely said an Ancient Transcendentalist—the inspired Son of Sirach—'Glorify thy soul in meekness, and give it honor according to the dignity thereof. In every good work TRUST THY OWN SOUL, for this is the keeping of the commandments.' Tho (for obvious reasons) hated, denounced, and belied by Priests and Priest-made Weaklings, the doctrine of *Self-reliance* is one with *Divine Humility*.

F. R. L.

✱

THE TRUE CATHOLIC RELIGION.

A LECTURE: BY WILLIAM MACCALL.

 HE most important religious controversy of the day relates to the claims which the Puseyite party in the Church of England have for some years so pertinaciously asserted and so ostentatiously paraded. Except where childishly, and with most anile and antiquated ignorance, this controversy has stirred up a few strong popular prejudices, it has excited little interest in the bosom of the people. Nor is it ever likely to leaven and rouse them much, unless some unexpected contingency call forth an explosion of antagonism, the last outpouring of vitality from exhausted Protestantism. Puseyism, whatever its merits and demerits, and I have not been slow to admit and to honor the former, is the subtle speculation, the mystic dream of the studious, not the divine response to a deep human yearning. It is more imaginative than passionate, and therefore can never of itself constitute a revolution. Its significance lies not so much in what it is or does, or is destined to become or to cause, as in what it indicates. And he who is not willing to ponder its indications can neither understand the actual movements, nor work for the future progress, of the world. Its unconscious mission is great, just in the degree that its conscious mission is small. Its conscious mission is theological, its unconscious mission is æsthetical, and its æsthetical influences will go forth the more invincibly the more strenuously its theological pretensions are denied. Viewed simply as an attempt to revive a defunct infallibility it will go the way of all other infallibilities; but viewed in relation to the æsthetical culture which it is certain largely to bestow on our country, we are justified in classing it among the most potent and blissful agencies of civilization.

The grand assumption of Puseyism is, that the Church of England is the only true Catholic Church. The boundless authority of the priesthood, auricular confession, exorcism, and other doctrines, forms, and institutions, we may readily admit, provided we yield our assent to that primal assumption. The Popish Church has hitherto assumed to be The Only True Catholic Church, and treated all other Churches as audacious rebels. Now, with most amusing impudence and with an astounding forgetfulness of the fact that we are not living in Ancient Egypt but in Modern England, not in an age of pyramids but of printing machines, Puseyism attempts to grasp the monopoly of truth and catholicity, and with arrogance sublime from its very absurdity, designates the Popish Church—the Romish Schism! But the Popish Church is not disposed quietly to surrender its title of the only True and Catholic, merely to oblige a handful of Oxford bookworms, who, perched on heaps of huge folios in musty libraries, craze themselves into the belief that they are sitting on the exalted throne of an unlimited spiritual monarchy. Thus we have a brace of True Catholic Churches instead of one, each denouncing the other, and everything else, as schismatic and heretical. It would

be vain to prophesy the exact shape that this warfare will take, or the exact results to which it will lead. On one thing the most cautious may confidently pronounce—one thing the most superficial may discern—that whenever the Church of England falls, the fatal blow will come from the most loving of its own children and the most zealous of its own champions. It will perish from internal conflict and confusion. Its avowed enemies are violent and formidable enough, and daily increasing in numbers and compactness. So long, however, as it was contented to be nothing more than the Church of England, it would very slowly have died away from the affections of a considerable section of the people of England. But having drank of the mad cup of Puseyism, and aspiring in its intoxicated ambition to rise from the Anglican into the Catholic Church, at the moment that it should be lowering the tone of its sacerdotal authority and adapting its organization and its modes of teaching to the mighty march of improvement in all other matters, it is hastening recklessly and inevitably to destruction.

I save myself the trouble of investigating which is the true Catholic Church, by taking it for granted on the grounds of common sense, and without any bother about theories, that there *never has been* a Catholic Church, either true or false, and that there *never can be*. A church might be true without being catholic, and catholic without being true. Its catholicity would not prove its truth, and its truth would not necessitate its catholicity. The word Catholic, as most of you may know, means Universal. It was appropriated at an early period of the Christian Church by such as held (what were then considered) orthodox opinions, either to declare that those holding them were more numerous than their heretical adversaries, or that they deserved to be so, or that a time would come when the opinions they held would become universal. How presumptuous this title of Catholic or Universal is, as applied to a church or to a community of religionists, however extensive and powerful, is sufficiently shown by the facts that Christians have always been a great minority as compared with the other inhabitants of the globe,—that the Romish Church at its most flourishing period embraced only a portion of the Christian world, sects and churches disavowing its sway having existed long before the appearance of Protestantism,—and that since the Reformation it has been immensely shorn of its lustre and strength. That the Church of England should assume this title of Catholic or Universal, is still more presumptuous and preposterous. Those in the Church itself who arrogate for it such exclusive despotism, are a very small minority compared to the other members of the Church. In the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the Anglican Church has not as adherents above the third of the population, if so much; even if every individual in the three kingdoms belonged to that Church, how diminutive a part of the globe is England, with its sister realms, and how monstrous therefore to attribute universality to that which was only national! But the very constitution of Human Nature forbids the possibility of a Catholic Church. A Church Catholic includes not only universality but unity and uniformity. Now if those Churches pretendedly Catholic, such as the Anglican and the Romish, have been able to maintain only a semblance of oneness, and have been rent by a thousand internal dissensions, how little would a church really Catholic or Universal, if such a thing could exist, be able to possess either outward or inward oneness! From the diversities of national and individual character,

from the varieties of manners, customs, climates, traditions, social and political institutions, and other circumstances, we may safely declare that the unity and the uniformity of a church would be rendered difficult in the precise degree of its extent. When we further consider, that the Individuality of the Individual is certain to be a much more energetic manifestation in the Future than it has ever been in the past,—that a time is approaching when each man will work out the rich resources of his manhood as vigorously as he has heretofore flagrantly suppressed them, and when humanity will present all the genial and graceful uniformity which creation as a whole presents,—do we not more clearly and convincingly see than at first sight we had discovered, how utterly unrealizable is a church combining universality, unity, and uniformity? Suppose that after the lapse of a thousand years all the world were to be converted to Christianity, in the mean time how many revolutions would those nations which have already been Christian ten, twelve, or fifteen centuries, have undergone! Between the rude faith of the new believers, and the divine Spiritualism which the transformation of countless ages had given the dwellers in countries where the gospel had early shed its light the means of arriving at, how little of similarity would exist in religious doctrine or form, tho both might be called by the common name of Christian! A catholic church would require not only the same theological dogmas to be recognized, the same ecclesiastical constitution to be obeyed, the same devotional ceremonies to be practised, the same devotional formularies to be uttered, by all mankind in the same manner and with the same feelings, which is obviously impossible, but it would also require the same civilization in all respects to be established, wherever the church existed. A miracle such as this seems to transcend the powers even of Deity to accomplish, and if it could be accomplished, I question whether Man would bear the crushing load of such a terrible monotony.

From these brief hints I think you will conclude with me, that a catholic or universal church has never existed, does not exist, cannot exist, is never destined to exist, and that even if its existence were within the contingencies of providence, it would be such an overwhelming misery, such a dread despair, as to render Death in its worst shapes welcome.

But tho a Catholic Church, whether true or false, is neither possible nor desirable, there has always been, and there will always be, a true Catholic Religion. And I shall regard it as no unimportant point in your Education as Individuals, when you are able to distinguish between the catholic or universal Church, which is a fiction, and the catholic or universal Religion, which is a fact.

The True Catholic Religion consists simply in that recognition of celestial and Invisible Powers which is found in the heart of all mankind, in all climes, and in all ages of the world. There is a God, the Almighty Ruler of Infinitude. In all rational creatures, thro the very circumstance that he has made them rational, he has infused a portion of himself. For Reason is only another name for God. Now this divine element, placed in every human bosom, even the blindest and most brutal, flows back instinctively to that fountain of glory from which it hath originally gushed. It does not follow that it should embody itself in acts of worship. It is enough that it is felt, enough that it stirs the soul with strange and mysterious sympathies which neither move the lip, nor bend the knee, nor dash the forehead in the dust. I have read in books otherwise ingenious,

indeed perhaps rather spoiled by too much ingenuity, that certain savage tribes had no religious rites, had no definite or intelligible conception of a Deity, and the inference was—that they had no Religion! Now this was a very rash and unphilosophical conclusion. We might as well decide that as they were not so comfortably or abundantly dressed as ourselves, they had no perception of the difference between heat and cold. We, accustomed to regular and artificial modes of life, are very imperfect judges of those who live in a ruder state. We associate with Religion, gorgeous temples, systematic machinery, sacerdotal splendor, devotional gatherings and utterances, recurring in invariable sequence. Because therefore the Religion of the savage is often an unbreathed and unembodied intuition, a mystic spell pervading his whole being, and not a notable thing apart, with a Sunday to give it sadness and solemnity, we promptly determine that he is entirely the thrall of his bestial appetites, and has no religion at all. This is not wise, nor is it merciful. It is not kind to our fellow creatures, nor is it just to the Creator. If we recognize God as Supreme Reason, we should reverence every rational act of the meanest of his rational creatures as a religious act. Not the special religious act which we can more magnificently, and with more profuse adornment accomplish than our untutored brother, should we regard as the religious test, but all in his career by which he proves his difference from, and his superiority to, the beasts that perish. Not that in which we artificially surpass him has ought in common with the true catholic religion, but that in which he naturally surpasses all things in which no spark of Deity has been kindled. In whatever form this Religion expresses itself, or whether it express itself in any form at all, it is not the less the true and the catholic, the true inasmuch as God the maker of us all is true, and the catholic inasmuch as the falsest of our race cannot cease to be a participant of God's truth.

It is almost an unnecessary enlargement and illustration of the previous remarks, to give the main characteristics of the true catholic religion, which are the following.

First of all, then, the true catholic religion is *a divine fact, not a human institution*. It is not therefore identified with the success or with the failure of human institutions established for religious purposes. The success of such institutions may give it vigor and food, but cannot create it; the failure of such institutions may chill and check, but cannot destroy it. It has been planted by the hand of God himself in every human soul, and no craft or caprice of Man can root it out. How foolish then are the fears of those who dread the inroads of what they call Infidelity! In reference to the true catholic religion, considered as a divine fact, there cannot be infidelity. Even if an individual fell into what is considered the worst form of infidelity,—speculative Atheism,—he could not eradicate thereby from his bosom the image, the recognition, the reverence of God. The more he proved to himself by elaborate arguments that no God existed, the more would the presence of God haunt and possess his innermost being. We are entitled to speak of infidelity only in relation to the human institutions which assume to *embody* the religious convictions of mankind. Such institutions may be doubted, may be disbelieved, may be rejected. And the doubt, the disbelief, the rejection, of these, we may call Infidelity, if we choose. But the essence of Religion is not involved in such infidelity. For what has been created by human skill is justly

liable to be analysed by human thought. And but for infidelity of such a kind as this, religious progression would be impossible, and without religious progression human progression as a whole would also be impossible. So it is precisely those who, in different ages, have been called infidels, to whom we are indebted for giving to Religion as a divine fact, its grandest vitality amid the crash of human institutions.

In the second place, the true catholic religion is a *conviction of the individual conscience, not a theological system or a priestly power*. If then theological systems perish, or if priestly power perishes in the same manner as the human institutions of which I have just been speaking, the conviction of the individual conscience still survives. This conviction is of course tinged and moulded by the native Individuality of the Individual, but still, stronger or feebler, each Individual *has* his conviction. What is repentance, what is remorse, what is the dread of retribution, but the recognition of a Supreme Deity who has the power to punish and to reward? Now what breast, the darkest or the rudest, has not been stung and stirred by this dread of retribution? What is the feeling of guilt but an homage to God? We should be utterly unable to distinguish between right and wrong, unless our soul were pervaded by the footsteps of a God from which, try as we may, we cannot turn away our eye. It is a favorite speculation with a certain class, that priests invented religion for their own selfish purposes. This is absurd in the extreme. That priests have made a trade of religion, that they make a trade of it now, we all know. But if they have invented religion they must also have invented the distinction between right and wrong, which is one of the great foundations of religion, and this is a manifest impossibility. Besides, the distinction between right and wrong has existed in all its force in countries where no priestly power and no theological system had sway, plainly proving, to the unprejudiced, that like religion itself, of which it is so indispensable a part, it has a natural root and growth in the very substance of the human heart.

In the third and last place, the true catholic religion is *not an idea, but a sentiment*. It is not something which mankind think, but something that they feel. Religious Ideas would vary infinitely, even if there were no human institutions, no priestly power, no theological systems, to interfere with them; but all over the earth the religious Sentiment is one. And the sentiment is often deepest and most ardent when the idea is least active, and the idea the most active when the sentiment is weak and cold. The most religious sects, and the most religious men, are those that have had few religious ideas, or who perhaps, in some cases, could scarcely be said to have a religious idea at all. All great religious reformers have commenced and consummated their reforms by appeals to the heart. They have known that *there* only the Deity dwells, that *there* only could they find him, that *there* only could they plant transforming and elevating principles.

It follows from what I have now been stating, that however much we may be attached to Christianity, or however true we may consider christianity, we are not entitled to regard it as *the* only true Catholic Religion, but only as a *form* of this religion. For as a divine fact, as a conviction of the individual conscience, and as a sentiment, this religion has existed in every human being who has ever been born into the world. Christianity came not to create this religion, but to give it a sublimer culture and nurture, and to prove to mankind that religion was not

what they had so long identified it with—human institutions, priestly power, theological systems, or the speculative ideas of mankind,—but that it was what I have now represented it.

The advantage of this view of the true catholic religion is, that it enables us to regard all mankind as participants thereof, and to rise above the narrow notion that its possession renders a particular faith an indispensable condition.

And especially it enables us to regard Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, and all the great philosophical reformers of antiquity, as participants of the true catholic religion.

But while teaching us tolerance, let not this view of The True Catholic Religion dispose us to indifference, but urge us rather to labor that others may possess the same elevated conceptions regarding it, as ourselves. Let us *prove* that we are catholics of the right kind, by making this Catholic or universal Religion a catholic or Universal Blessing.

A HEBREW READING.

Isaiah, i. 18. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

The extreme beauty and general fidelity of our Authorized Version of the Old Testament Scriptures, should not make us insensible to any incongruity or misconception of a passage, which to an earnest student, may appear to have occurred; such indeed is to be expected as a natural consequence of the redundant imagery of the original, and of the obscurity necessarily arising in the forms of the language, from the great distance of time. It is extremely difficult to extract any intelligible meaning,—at all events, none but what would be inaccessible to the Hebrew mind, if not utterly abhorrent,—from the above rendering; which is also in direct contradiction to the letter and spirit of the context, particularly of the 19th and 20th verses. By throwing the antithetical portions of the verse into the interrogative form,—a form by no means always expressed in the Hebrew,—it will at least as well bear the following construction; which is likewise fully supported by the metrical arrangement; and the whole will then be found to read in perfect and beautiful harmony:

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Surely your sins are as scarlet; can they become white like snow? Surely they are red as crimson; can they become like wool?"

The particle **ON** is something more than merely conditional, being usually a form of *asseveration*, often accompanied by an implied negative, and is frequently interrogative. (See Fürst, Lee, etc.)

A. W. B.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

‘Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.’

DE mourn life's numerous ills,
 But the ill is disguised good :
 The storm-cloud supplies the mountain rills,
 Sear leaves the forest with food ;
 And the stars look down on the Desert sands,
 With a beauty of hue they wear not in lands
 Enrich't by mountain and flood.

The darkest earthly woe
 A cup of blessing may prove :
 ‘Thou shalt earn thy bread in the sweat of thy brow’
 Was a mandate spoken in love.
 Ever the tares must grow with the grain,
 Promethean fires bring Promethean pain,
 ‘Till the spirit be born from above.

The soul by ease is enslaved ;
 But faith groweth in hearts forlorn :
 From the thousand dangers he wooed and braved
 Springs the hero's stately scorn :
 And the bard knows well, that mid sorrow and gloom,
 When he sat alone in his silent room,
 His noblest thoughts were born.

‘Man lives not by bread alone !’
 He has forfeited rights to regain :
 The kingdom of Beauty lies all unknown,
 ‘Till won by combat and pain.
 To those who pass thro' affliction's night,
 The day star arises with mild clear light—
 They are Sons of God again.

K. B.

THE TRUE PREACHER.

‘The Divine Law of the Ten Commandments Explained. In a Series of Sermons. By the Rev. SAMUEL NOBLE.’ Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1848.

 the peculiar theological opinions contained in this volume it is not our intention to speak, further than to state that they are enounced in a beautifully catholic spirit, and with the amplest charity toward all men. Indeed the best characteristic of the book is its aboundingness in that christian love which is remote alike from cant and sentimentalism. The author has been, for nearly half a century we believe, the minister of a Dissenting chapel in London, alike admired for his talents and respected for his virtues. He has published numerous works, well known and much appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic; and tho the singular constitution of sects in this country generally limits the fame of any man who has arrived at eminence in connexion with one of them, to that party there are probably not a few of our readers to whom Mr. Noble’s name is familiar. The Ten Commandments afford great scope for moral illustration, and, like the Lord’s Prayer, offer a sort of common ground whereon christians of the most divergent doctrines may all harmoniously meet. We are acquainted with *no* work indeed, where the moral purport and power of the Commandments are more lucidly, learnedly, and persuasively set forth than in the book before us. Without any parade of logic there is great logical accuracy, clearness, and consecutiveness, while the mode of treatment is successfully exhaustive without ever degenerating into tedious minuteness or fastidious distinctions. Eloquent, in the common sense of that word, Mr. Noble can scarcely be called,—in truth no one can have a heartier contempt for the tricks of a tawdry rhetoric; but he has that unction and warmth, which in him who would pierce with transforming energy the souls of his brethren, is far more grand and effectual than *eloquence*; he has, moreover, that direct, modest, manly simplicity so rare in the pulpit, but which is yet the most victorious weapon the preacher can employ.

Much has been written on the declining influence of the pulpit, and on the causes thereof. It is an interesting subject, but not much suited to *our* pages. We will hint, however, at one of the causes. May it not be said, that the pulpit has ceased to be the conquering Fact it once was, from the magniloquence, the extravagant declamation, the exaggeration of phrase, of imagery, and of appeal, in which preachers so habitually indulge? A great truth, and especially the greatest of all truths, should be like the mountain’s peak, calm and immoveable amid rolling clouds and rattling thunders. All true inspiration is too earnest to be noisy. It is ‘the still small voice,’ felt to be the breath of some divine reality, that soonest and most surely reaches the torpid conscience and the hardened heart. We grant that if nothing higher or nobler is sought than to produce a transient excitement, the present method of preaching is as likely as any other to accomplish that result. But what is the worth of preaching, what is its design,

unless to make men wiser, holier, and better? And how can this be attained but by rousing men's deeper faculties—those which theatrical commonplaces can never touch, nor hollow sounding clap-trap ever educate? When we consider what men's spiritual wants are in these modern times, and how little of spiritual food they receive at all beyond the crumbs which fall from the pulpit, we are forced to lament that preachers should indulge so excessively, and so incessantly, in the habit of vague and vapid talking. Your poor wretched sinful brother comes to drink of the waters of life, and you offer him a froth which first intoxicates his brain, and then, after the fume of momentary fanaticism has past away, leaves him more than ever parched with thirst. Truly we know no sadder spectacle than this. Of course it is the object of the pulpit to teach thro' emotion,—to convert and raise the whole being thro' the heart. Were the pulpit to limit itself to the frigid and unimpassioned exhibition of ideas in their nakedness, as ideas, the church would degenerate into a school of ethics, and ethics too of a very vulgar, prosaic, unimpressive kind. But *emotion* is not *frenzy*, and the *heart* is not synonymous with *morbid sensibility*. If you want your fellowman to march on with brave and trusting steps toward a perfection which you delineate, you must not commence by upsetting his equilibrium. You must not, in order to hasten his progress, trip up his heels. Whatever theory of human nature we form, we all alike admit that man consists of various powers. And this diversity of powers in Man, the preacher cannot set at defiance without defeating the very purpose of preaching. If he speak to the mere Understanding, the other powers are starved, and the discourse is not a sermon at all, but a dissertation. If he speak to the Imagination alone, ideality may receive much pleasant poetic suggestion, but the Soul yearns in vain for religious impulse and nourishment. If we speak chiefly to the Conscience,—so necessary and difficult to awaken, but so easy to lash and lacerate when awakened,—he becomes a cruel executioner instead of an apostolic instructor. If he speak to the wild, floating, miscellaneous fervors within us, which if not exactly a portion of the senses are so nearly allied to whatever is sensuous, he is but a charlatan (consciously or not)—and whether there should be much hesitation in telling him so, will depend on the taste or the temper of his hearers. While *he* deserves little mercy, however, it is doubtful whether the other classes of preachers aforesaid, deserve much more. The first would make tolerable professors in some sleepy college or other; the second excellent writers of Album verses and of sparkling magazine articles; the third admirable inquisitors. But they are all out of place in the pulpit. Those most wanted there are men *to whom words are facts*, and in whom biblical ardor glows too intensely to permit any flash of rhetorical sophistry to play round it, dazzling while amusing the unwary eye. Not he who conveys his meaning in the most attractive terms, is the true Sacred Orator; but he who is possessed with a meaning too mighty for speech, and who, by his very inability for perfect utterance, overwhelmingly reveals to others the glory of the unutterable. When we so often see with what pertinacious and *pestering facility*, the emptiest and most frivolous of our fellow creatures chatter and prate, while genius and prophetic zeal are frequently scant in speech in exact proportion as they are rich in thought, we cannot suppose that it is from the blaze and the fanfarronade of a silly and self-conceited fluency that the world is destined to receive any large and abiding re-

generation. We might as well dream that the army which has the best musical bands, and marches to the onslaught to the sweetest tunes, is the likeliest to conquer in the battle. If the pulpit is to put forth once more the triumphant strength which it had in England two hundred years ago, when the puritan tongue was as keen and mighty as the puritan sword, it must again be occupied by men whose Convictions of every kind, and whose love of truth, of man, of God, trample down and annihilate the small hesitations, and the greedy lusts, of professional ambition.

That Mr. Noble belongs to this exalted order we are thoroly persuaded, tho, if measured by the social requirements, the moral aspirings, and the spiritual yearnings of the age, he perhaps wants somewhat more of *that rapid and incisive energy* which accomplishes more by one prompt and vigorous stroke than by a succession of well directed but feebler blows. We do not complain that he has too much in him of John the Evangelist, but regret he has too little of John the Baptist. Humanity, at present, needs the 'holy light' of the first, and the 'impetuous flame' of the last. Blessed he, who standing forth amongst us as a Teacher of Men, combines them both in an equal degree: elsewhere are jabberers, but here at length is a Prophet.

EMERSONIA.

FRAGMENTS: ON DOMESTIC LIFE.

WE are eager to make ourselves acquainted with the ancient fossils; foreign manners and customs; the distant parts of the earth; the depths of the sea; and the stars;—but the things which are nearest to us, of which we cannot get out of sight, are the strangest to us of all.

Domestic events immediately concern us;—public events may or may not. That which is done and suffered at home,—not what is carried on, or left undone, in the State House,—must be the History of the Times, and the Spirit of the Age to us.

The question we should each put to ourselves is,—does our Household obey an Idea?

A man's money should not follow merely the direction of his neighbor's money. I am not one thing, and my expenditure another. I and my expenditure are one.

Never subscribe at another's incitement; or buy what you do not want. We must not make-believe with our money.

Our houses are not found to have any unity; or to express an idea of the man. A man's house should show what his real opinions are.

Take off all the roofs from one street to another, and we shall scarcely see any higher God than Prudence worshipt anywhere.

The houses of the rich are confectioners' shops; and the poor imitate them as far as they have the means.

Household life is not the beautiful thing we all have in idea, and which it is capable of becoming. This simply proves that we are false to ourselves. A house for prudence, for

festivity, for show, is a labor and a slavery to woman. The very multitude of our conveniences and requirements, embarrass and oppress us.

The false position in which we are with respect to our houses is evinced by the fact, that wealth is now considered requisite to execute our idea of what the household ought to be. 'Give me the means,' says the Wife. And forthwith goes the Husband to toil and slave;—and in getting the wealth *the man is sacrificed*;—and *is often sacrificed without getting the wealth*.

The greatest men of History are invariably the poorest. Let us ask what sort of houses did *they* keep?

The man, not the materials, is what our friend or neighbor who comes to see us, wants. Giving money or anything else instead, is but a shift, a bribe, a promissory note to pay another time. We owe to man, man;—to our neighbor, ourselves;—and cannot pay our just debts in any other coin.

If a man is sick, it is because so much of his nature has been withholden from him.

It is not desirable that labor should be avoided. It is the birthright and privilege of all. But another age may divide the manual labor of the world more equally.

The true acceptance by each man of his vocation, not that chosen for him by others, is that which alone will reform the age. We may then expect to see the truth acknowledged, that *human culture* is the end for which the House is built and garnished, and not for festivity,—not for sleep.

Animals know what they want. The human being without his mission found, does not.

Measured in a true scale, many of the rich, and very rich too, are indigent and ragged indeed.

Only low habits crave superfluities, ease, and indulgencies. What to me that I am sumptuously entertained and finely lodged, if I am defrauded of the means of Divine life?

Let the Husband say, 'Oh excellent Wife,—an eating-house and a sleeping house, shall ours be for the traveler; but let it be something more. Delicacies and a soft bed he can get at any Inn, in any Village, for a few shillings;—we will give him something that money cannot buy.'

Honor to the house where these things are practised, even unto hardship; so that truth and love are respected, and dwell therein.

There is as much scope for the exercise of the greatest abilities, as much breadth of aim and enlargement of heart and character, requisite to be a master of living well, as the hero or statesman require to become masters of their respective arts;—nay indeed, much more.

It is the vice of our housekeeping, the vice of our conversation, the vice of our religion, that we take so little account of what really is of the most consequence, and do not hold the highest things sufficiently sacred. We account circumstance every thing, the man himself nothing.

Every man is furnished with a model which he instinctively applies to others, and does not find it to fit any one; but we still hold fast our belief in a better life; a happier state of things and circumstances. This affords a certain test that we are not what we are capable of.

To every one occurs some event, which becomes the chief fact in his history. In the life of woman, this event is love and marriage. In man it is the place of his education, the choice of a calling, or some other circumstance apparently accidental.

The men we see every day, are whipt thro' the world, as if they were the hacks of some invisible power. We know not the majestic manner, the calm repose, the invincible order. All is hurry and confusion instead. Therefore there is no Divinity amongst us.

Every individual nature has its own interior beauty. There is no human expression but what has its intense interest, its links down into the very depths of Being. In each we

may see the foundation of a Divine building. Every face, and every figure, is suggestive. The secret power of form, transcending any thing we can account for or explain, is a proof that matter is assuredly a vehicle of a higher power than its own. This is the answer to the sceptic who denies the unseen Divinity.

A new friend entering our house is an era in our true history. Our friends illustrate the course of our conduct. It is the progress of our character that draws them about us.

Let us cherish around us whatever has a tendency to bring the character into a finer life. Beauty has a power transcending all philosophy, which if sacredly regarded, would assimilate all natures to itself.

Every statue and picture was public in ancient Greece. They considered it absurd and profane to pretend to property in a Work of Art; it being the property of him who could see it. Altho their theory is not the true one, we are yet indebted to the Socialists for many useful hints.

Our towns do not fulfil the only object for which men should congregate in masses,—namely, the finding for the individual the means of highest convenience and art, which he could not otherwise do for himself. An object or instrument of value becomes more so, the more it is accessible. Every man,—every child,—wishes to see the satellites of Jupiter, or Saturn's rings; but he cannot afford to buy, and he does not want the incumbrance of, a good telescope. It is the same with chemical and electrical apparatus; with books, casts, pictures, statues. This is the *rationale* of a Museum in every town; because every citizen could contribute something, which would be rendered more valuable than by each man possessing it himself, its influence is to bring us more together; making us more of neighbors; elevating our views; and giving us united interests. The law prevails for ever and ever, and is capable of exact demonstration, that a part can never equal the whole.

Why should not the same spirit prevail always, as in our best and happiest moments? The consecration of the Sunday, is the desecration of the rest of the week. That of the Chapel, is the desecration of the House. True Religion will be found in the bosom of the family, every day in the week, and at any time, if at all; and of all places, Home will constantly be the most sacred.

There is nothing more profane than the invasion of trade, and the encroachments of our modern mechanical improvements and ultra utilitarian doctrines, upon the privacy, the duties, and harmony of domestic life. Can the labor of many for one, bring any thing half so good, as the labor of every man for himself?

In these hints and sketches, only the edges of the subject have been touched upon. It is one not for description, but for action. If we set about reforming the evils of our social condition one by one, it is but lopping the branches, while others spring up from the root; and we get disheartened at the extent and uselessness of our labor. We must go to the source of the matter. The Gorgon of convention and fashion must be slain by some master mind giving birth to a New Era, when we can live truly without shame.

TWILIGHT.

 HE sun withdraws his gaze from field and tree;
 He sinks, surrounded by the clasping wings
 Of Seraphim adoring!—Now he flings
 Munificent, along the west, a sea
 Of glory, far, far stretching. Thus to be
 A dweller with the Beautiful—to hear
 The Inspirer's voice, and feel that he is near,
 Fills me with awe and love: I see around
 But one vast fane, and tread on haunted, holy ground.

A dweller with the Beautiful!—The sight
 That, ravisht, gazed on glory, turning down
 Sees, 'mid the corn, the wild flowers of the crown
 Of poor, mad, tortured Lear!—The shades of night
 How close they press on day—the lingering Light
 In the far west, and Darkness o'er the east.
 Yes, they are beauteous twins of one sweet breast—
 The breast of Heaven—are two, yet one with me,
 One with that flood of life that flows thro' rock, stream, tree.

The birds of twilight pipe across the field,
 The great old stars are shining in the stream:—
 So shone they when the Future, like a dream
 Of Beauty, lay before me. Did it yield
 What youth's flushed hopes had promised? With the shield
 Returning, we are hailed as Victors: Life
 Is fitly emblemed by the battle's strife;
 And many wear the wreaths of victory
 With inward rankling wounds that make them long to die.

So must it be! Our sorrows, as our joy,
 Serve to enrich our Being—wear away
 These barriers that have gathered with the clay
 Round the pure pearl of Spirit. They destroy
 The Earthly garments—separate the alloy.
 The soul subdued by anguish we might fear,
 But, sounding down the depths of time, we hear
 That piercing cry—'Let this cup pass away!'
 And girding up our loins, anew we trust and pray.

K. B.

THE TEMPERANCE TOPIC.

I. THE MEDICAL QUESTION.

Temperance and Teetotalism. An Inquiry into the effects of Alcoholic drinks on the Human System in health and disease. Reprinted from No. XLVIII of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, edited by JOHN FORBES, M. D., F. R. S., Physician to her Majesty's Household. Churchill, London. 1847.

It is with Medical, as with all other Corporations and Monopolies of 'Mystery Men': give them privileges, and their pretensions will far exceed their performances: you will have removed the natural stimulus to individual scientific culture and advancement, and, as Lord Bacon has shown in his *Novum Organon*, you will have raised up an interest hostile to the progress of Truth, and in favor of *notions as they are*. Hence almost every great Reform in Medicine, and every important discovery in Therapeutics and Physiology, have had to be forced upon 'the Faculty,' by the Intelligence from without; indeed the Faculty has ceased to be such in its proper sense of 'power,' and its science become little else than a mill-horse round of recipes, and a parade of incompatible prescriptions—an obstruction in the path of progress, or a pioneer in the pernicious rotations of effete prejudices.

The world knows the history and reception of Harvey's great discovery,—of Jenner's world-blessing antidote to that once fearful scourge, the small pox,—of many minor discoveries in medicine,—and, in our time, the treatment which the grand revelations in organic and physiologic Chemistry have met with from the ideal 'Faculty' and the real 'Profession.' Similarly was Teetotalism received sixteen, ten, nay five years ago, by 'the Faculty'—and such the treatment which Hydropathy and Homœopathy, with results so vastly superior to the accredited system of Allopathy, are now receiving. We recollect some twelve years ago, being required, in public argument, to furnish an extemporaneous refutation of as subtle an apology for the use of alcoholic drink as we ever yet heard,—a plea advanced, with all professional pomp and authority, by a late leading physician of Leeds; and we remember, in a discussion in the same year, predicting that in ten years more, 'the Profession,' or at least the wiser part of it, would have *its education more nearly completed* on that topic, when like Paul, it would advocate the Faith which it once sought to destroy. The issue has verified our anticipations, and shown, that a profession which ought to be the first to illustrate, is, in fact, the last to learn, the great medical and dietetic discoveries of the age.*

The writers in the *Medical Review*, the chief organ of 'the Faculty' in Britain, have formed no exception from the ways and wisdom of their professional ancestors. For several years they were profoundly silent on the Temperance Doctrine as advocated by the *Teetotalers*, until the earnest and youthful spirits of the age in Britain, and the heavenly hearted Apostle of Temperance in Ireland, had made the movement a national one, fraught with momentous and unmistakable results. Then both the major and minor of the Medical periodicals condescended to give passing notices of the question, tho rather in the way of ridicule than reasoning. Still the temperance cause went forth 'conquering and to conquer':

* Of course there were a few honorable *individual* exceptions: but 'not many great.'

still its physiological principle found recipients in every rank and profession of life, while pamphlets and periodicals, tracts and treatises, were regularly issued from the press, declaring and demonstrating its truth. In vain did the Profession attempt to stem the rising tide of opinion, by the publication of alleged *facts* (facts not genuine but *forged*, not real but *fancied*, representing water-drinking as productive of ague and heart-disease, etc.); the temperance press demolished the frail fallacies and foolish inferences as fast as they were fabricated, until they sank abashed into oblivion: in vain, also, did 'the Faculty' substitute bad authority for good argument,—the living, daily experience of millions of men confuted the verbal theories of the Collegians, and at last Teetotalism became acknowledged as A GREAT FACT.

In 1842 the grand discoveries of the Philosopher of Giessen were systematically announced; and, while the purely medical press received them with a degree of suspicion and scepticism naturally arising from its *incompetency* to perceive and appreciate their true value, we at once hailed them with a hearty welcome, as filling up a felt deficiency in the proofs of a doctrine previously affirmed on *a priori* ground, and as completing the scientific perfection of our principles. While the *Medical Review* was teaching the Medical Profession, that Liebig's Physiology evinced the 'folly' of absolute Teetotalism, the Advocate of Temperance, both thro' the platform and the press, was demonstrating to the people THE HARMONY OF THE NEW DISCOVERIES WITH THE OLD DOCTRINE OF TEETOTALISM.^b

Six years have elapsed since we assumed that position; and while time has served to augment our proofs and confirm our principles, it has also allowed both 'Young Physic' and 'Old Physic' (to borrow Dr. Forbes's distinction, and another well known phrase) to be 'ground up' somewhat nearer to the science of the day. We do not, however, think that the *education* of the profession on this point, is either complete or universal; but it is, we are happy to perceive, very much improved. Dark places indeed there yet are, where the old prejudices—the Idols of the Den, as Bacon terms them—are worshiped; where either the light of modern intelligence has not penetrated at all, or its rays have fallen on filmy or sightless orbs. An instance of this even occurs in the Newcastle-on-Tyne *Medical School*, where one of the *teachers*—a Mr. Glover, it is said, writing under the signature of 'Juste Milieu'—gravely contends (1) that Alcohol *composes* fat!—(2) that *it* is yet innocently *de-composed* in, and thereby cheaply warms, the human body!!—and (3) that corn given to a horse, owes its *refreshing* power to being *brewed* (and of course first *malted*) in the stomach of the poor brute!!!^c

Viewing the Temperance Cause in relation to the Professors of Medicine, it is evident that they cannot, in their scientific character, claim to have conferred any benefits on that important movement *in the day of its necessity*; while, on the other hand, both in Great Britain and Ireland, the unwise, incautious, and in most cases utterly needless, recommendation of alcoholic drinks *as medicine*, has induced the relapse, and effected the ruin, of thousands of our Reclaimed Drunkards. Clearly, therefore, the Medical Profession has no right to expect that any extraordinary deference will be paid to its opinions and productions by the sound, genuine, and thinking members of the Temperance body. Simple justice is all which it rightfully deserves or can reasonably demand.

Such were the views with which we opened the tractate before us; willing nevertheless, as we perused paragraph after paragraph, to find it all that we could desire, and to pay to

^b See Dr. Lees's *Discussion with Mr. Jeaffrason, Surgeon, and Illustrated History of Alcohol*, No. 1, (1843); also Dr. Edward Johnson's *Lecture on the Water Cure*, published shortly afterwards.

^c See *Teetotal Topic*, 1847. p. 49.

its author the warmest tribute of our praise. It is with proportionate regret, that, as honest critics, we have to pronounce an unfavorable judgment upon its character and its tendency.

As an article in the pages of the *Medical Review*, it might, and probably in some respects *would*, do good among the class to whom it was primarily address, inasmuch as its leading doctrines are in advance of the mass of medical Professors, and hence, if it do not serve to draw many of them onwards in the right path, it may induce them (by the 'virtue' of its 'authority') to regard the temperance principles with less disrespect or indifference.

As a Reprint for the Public, however, we view this essay with less cordiality, since, while it falls short in the full development of temperance truth, and certainly does not come up to the complete philosophy and facts of the question, is yet, in that *ex cathedra* style which so frequently characterizes the productions of privileged 'professions,' presumes to lecture the very men that have so long been in advance of its author, and who at last have brought him up to low water-mark. The strictures of the Reviewer upon teetotalers are not remarkable for great modesty or great merit, and are equally unsound and unnecessary.

Undoubtedly the article enunciates many important physiologic principles and facts, evincing the utter uselessness of intoxicating beverages in every condition, climate, and occupation in which Man has been found; but these principles and facts are neither more philosophically nor more forcibly expressed than in temperance works published long before. On the other hand, the writer betrays a timidity, an over-cautionsness, and a hesitancy in announcing certain conclusions, that indicate an absence of that mental power in the conception of principles and their consequences, which ever distinguishes the genuine philosopher.

As examples of what we mean, take the doubtfulness with which the writer refers to the possibility (or rather, impossibility) of alcohol, a *volatile fluid*, becoming congealed or converted into solid *nervous matter*! (p. 14)—the admission of facts demonstrating the superior health of water-drinkers, conjoined to the doubt of alcohol being 'nothing else than a *poison*!' (p. 11)—and the hypothesis of the medical use of alcohol as *promotive* of digestion, where alcohol as a *dynamic*, is confounded with alcohol as a *digestive*, agent! (p. 31).

The most objectionable parts of this essay, however, are of a more positive character, and occur in connection with the discussion of the alleged 'Medical uses of Alcohol.' The condemnation pronounced upon a few honest but probably illiterate Reformed Drunkards for having rejected alcohol as a medicine *altogether*, rather than endanger their safety by the temptation which it presents to a relapse to their former habits (thus erring, if at all, on the better side), are, in our judgment, quite uncalled for, and would be unreasonably severe, were they not absolutely absurd. Were a 'rebuke' in this case really needed, the Professional men are not the most seemly parties to administer it. 'Old Physic,' as Dr. Forbes has himself shown, has never reached the certainty of *Science*, but simply of *verbal system*, and needs 'Young Physic' to reform it. 'Old Physic' has been a system of pretence and prophecy, of imposture and quackery, for ages; and 'Young Physic' is only yet groping its way to truer light. As an instance in point, take this admission of the Reviewer.

"Medical men have assured staunch teetotalers, *that they would die* unless they admitted *alcohol* into their system—but the patients did neither; thus falsifying the prediction, and proving that the *experience* of doctors is *not more infallible* than that of the public."—P. 35.

Now what wonder, that some temperance people, after witnessing examples of such sheer Quackery, should experience a *re-action*, and lose *all faith* in the false prophets? Who has the doctor to blame but himself? Our tractarian, however, pitilessly condemns the poor, abused patient, for this quite natural result! He even goes the whole way into absurdity in order to reprove him, and tells him, in no round-about manner, that to *refuse alcohol* is to com-

MIT SUICIDE *as truly as blowing out his brains with a loaded pistol!* If this be anything but rant, it of course means, that *the doctor's knowledge of the vital necessity* of this single and wonderful potion, is as *infallible as the evidence of our senses* as to the effect of a pistol bullet!—which he had just proved was *not* the case.

We do not believe, and the experience of teetotal, hydropathic, and homœopathic practitioners shows that we need not believe, the *ultra doctrine that alcohol is the only stimulant which can save a life!* The wise Creator of Nature, we think with the author of the book of Genesis, made Creation 'very good,' and in providing such an ample variety of substances both for Food and for Physic, *could not* forget an *ESSENTIAL!* For our part, therefore, we prefer to ascribe folly to the physician, rather than defect to the Deity. 'God is true, tho every Man be proved a liar.'

Viewing alcohol strictly as a *medicinal* agent, it is an undoubted fact that little unanimity or certainty has hitherto existed concerning its action. This is strikingly exemplified in the records of a discussion which took place amongst a number of intelligent Physicians in the Metropolis, so lately as Nov. 4th, 1847, after the reading of a paper by H. R. MADDEN, M. D., 'On Stimulating Drinks.'^d The chief results at which Dr. Madden (a favorite pupil of Professor Christison) had arrived, concerning the *beverage-use* of alcohol, were these:—

1. "Alcohol is not the *natural stimulus* to any of our organs, and hence functions performed in consequence of its application, *tend to debilitate* the organ acted upon.

2. Alcohol is *incapable of being assimilated*, or converted into any organic proximate principle, and hence cannot be considered nutritious.

3. The strength experienced after the use of alcohol, is *not new strength added* to the system, but is manifested by calling into exercise the nervous energy pre-existing.

4. Alcohol is capable of affording a supply of animal heat, but *in so doing acts injuriously in three distinct ways*, viz. :—(1) By its presence in the blood preventing the oxidation of its carbonaceous compounds: (2) By combining with the absorbed oxygen, preventing the normal decomposition of tissue: (3) By affording animal heat *without* at the same time increasing the amount of available vital force.

5. The daily use of alcohol proves injurious by enabling the stomach to digest more food than is required: whence plethora.

6. The *ultimate exhausting effects* of alcohol, owing to its stimulant properties, produce an *unnatural susceptibility to morbid action in all the organs*, and this, with the plethora superinduced, becomes a fertile source of disease.

7. A person who habitually exerts himself to such an extent as to require the daily use of stimulants to ward off exhaustion, may be compared to a *machine working under high pressure*. He will become *much more obnoxious to the causes of disease*, and will certainly *break down sooner* than he would have done under more favorable circumstances.

8. The more frequently alcohol is had recourse to for the purpose of overcoming feelings of debility, *the more it will be required*, and by constant repetition a *period is at length reached when it cannot be foregone*, unless re-action is simultaneously brought about by a temporary total change of the habits of life.

Owing to the above facts, I conclude that the DAILY USE OF STIMULANTS IS INDEFENSIBLE UNDER ANY KNOWN CIRCUMSTANCES."

The *Medicinal-use* of Alcohol, Dr. Madden allows only under the following circumstances and conditions:—

1. "When the nervous energy has been *depressed without being exhausted*.

2. When digestion is weak in debilitated subjects, especially when the debility arises from *loss of humors*.

3. When animal heat is *necessary* to the continuance of life (as in low fevers) and *no natural material of respiration* can be introduced."

^d See *The British Journal of Homœopathy*, vol. vi. p. 29, p. 125 f.

The use of alcohol as medicine, is *prohibited* by Dr. Madden in the following instances :—

1. "Alcohol should *never* be employed, even for temporary relief, in cases where the nervous system is morbidly susceptible, while the bodily strength continues unimpaired. This frequently occurs in what are called, *par excellence*, 'nervous diseases,' wherein the patient *feels* unfitted for any exertion, while, in truth, he is *capable* of considerable effort.

2. Alcohol, as a *palliative*, should only be used when the circumstances for which it is required are *not likely to continue* for any length of time, since the continued-use-of-stimulants has been shown to be, in *all* cases, injurious."

In one of the three cases in which alcoholic medicine is allowed by Dr. Madden to be *useful* (not therefore 'necessary')—viz. as a stimulus to the coats of the stomach in great weakness,—he himself admits that cayenne pepper, or similar condiments, will answer the same purpose; and, we may add, without *decomposing* the gastric juice itself, as alcohol does in part. He also admits, that in the first case (of nervous *depression*, without exhaustion), other and more natural stimulants (as new scenes, traveling, the water-cure, mental excitement, etc.) will also answer the same purpose. It follows, then, that, so far as our present knowledge goes, *there is only one extreme*, and as far as temperance people are concerned, *very rare case, in which alcohol, as a therapeutic agent, can be at all justified*—viz. the case of its use as a material for keeping up the heat of the body in recovery from low fever, and only *while no nourishment can be taken*.

Our readers will now be prepared to judge how far the *Medical Review* is justified in its attack upon those temperance men who have thought proper to repudiate medical infallibility. The reviewer enumerates *five* distinct cases for the medical-use of alcohol: we, on the other hand, challenge him to establish its *necessity* in any case, while we limit its *justifiable use* to the *one* last named.

A reviewer who is so severe upon the solitary 'suicide' of *teetotalism*, a stranger to this very strange world would expect to speak out in thunder tones against the wholesale, legalized murders, *by means of alcoholic-medicine*. Greatly would he be disappointed, however. The gentlest whisper only is uttered against the educated and privileged poisoners: the stern rebuke is reserved for the poor, deceived, reformed one! Out on such 'uneven balances'! *we* at least, will not fawn upon the profession; we shall stand up for Nature and Common Sense. The *Medical Review* says:—

"It is of the *utmost importance* not to carry the stimulus *too far*—or the *subsequent* re-action [as if there could be a *prior* re-action!] may give us a *fearful retribution* for our *incaution*."—P. 33.

But do not medical men *constantly* carry the stimulus *too far*? Do they display a wise caution once in twenty times, especially with the poor in the hospitals? Unfortunately, however, it is not the US who suffer 'the fearful retribution,' but the *innocent victim* of their mal-practice—softly styled 'INCAUTION'! If the results of an *alleged* 'error' of the man who simply *refuses* alcohol is rightly denounced as 'Suicide,' what shall we denominate 'the fearful' work of *giving* alcohol so as to induce a deadly aggravation of the disorder? Not 'self murder' certainly—but something worse.

We object, also, to the *title* of this pamphlet—'Temperance and Teetotalism'. If Teetotalism *be* the right thing, *dietetically* at least—(as the author says it is)—then it is a *branch* of Temperance, and we do not see the fitness of the phrase—'A Tree and its Branch'! If the title designs to distinguish between the two—making the *use* of alcoholic beverage equal to *Temperance*, and the non-use something *beyond*—we impeach the distinction as alike pernicious and false.

II. THE BIBLICAL QUESTION.

'*Scriptural View of the Wine Question*, in a Letter to the Rev. Dr. Nott, President of Union College. By MOSES STUART, Professor in the Theological Seminary at Andover Mass.' New-York: Leavitt, Trow, and Co. 1848. pp. 64.

 HIS elaborate Letter exhibits its learned writer in a most amiable light: no one can read it without feeling the highest respect for the qualities of charity, candor, and truthfulness which it displays. Our only regret is, that a scholar so admirably adapted to enter into the investigation of the question before him, should not have been enabled to do so with the advantages of sufficient leisure and an adequate acquaintance with the chief works which this enquiry had already occasioned.*

As regards the Temperance Question, the *leading* principles of the Letter are nearly all we could desire. Professor Stuart rightly contends for the Concordance of the Divine Teachings in the Scriptures with the results of human Experience and Science. The two words of the Hebrew chiefly concerned in this controversy, *Yayin* and *Shechar* (translated Wine and Strong-Drink), are shown to be *generic*,—i. e. terms applicable to *various species* of Wine and Drink, good or bad, new and old, pure or fermented, neat or mixed, watered or drugged mixtures, etc. BUT IN NO SINGLE INSTANCE WHERE THESE TERMS ARE APPLIED TO A BAD OR FERMENTED LIQUOR, DOES HE FIND THAT GOD HAS SANCTIONED THEIR USE AS A BEVERAGE. He thus states the issue of his enquiry:—

"My final conclusion is this; viz, that wherever the Scriptures speak of Wine as a comfort, a blessing, or a libation to God, they mean—they can mean—*only such wine as contained no alcohol* that could have a mischievous tendency": that wherever they denounce it, prohibit it, and connect it with drunkenness and revelling, they can mean *only alcoholic or intoxicating wine*." P. 49.

In perusing this Letter, however, we have seen occasion to question several of the criticisms on minor points, and we beg the learned Professor's renewed attention to them, in the order we have marked them down.

The adoption of the opinion already settled among our own Temperance Writers, as to the generic nature not only of *Yayin* but of *Shechar*, indicates an advance of opinion among our American brethren: but the description of *shechar* is defective, inasmuch as it fails to include an article it would be primarily, and perhaps for long, exclusively applied to—and which it could never exclude—viz. the juice obtained from the *tapping* of the Palma tree—a meaning not even barely referred to until page 41.

It is unfortunate that when *Shechar* is declared to be inappropriately rendered by 'strong-drink' (p. 14), Professor Stuart should yet frequently afterwards use the phrase 'strong-drink of Scripture.' In vain will the most superior talent attempt to dissolve the popular association: better forsake the name altogether as having no counterpart in the original.

In p. 16, two errors are committed in the interpretation of Numbers vi. 3: more meaning is discovered in the text than, as we conceive, Moses himself intended; while the correctness of the authorized version seems unjustly impugned. The statement

* We refer particularly to *Tirosh to Yayin and Supplement* (1841); articles *Drink, Fruit, Wine*, etc., in Dr. Kitto's *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature* (1844-5); Burne's *Concordance of Science and Scripture* (1846); and Mearn's *Olive, Vine, and Palm* (1847).

^b The error involved in the last *six* words is exploded in the Tract reprinted from the first series of the *Truth-Seeker*, entitled *The Alcohol-in-Grape Question Solved*, being a criticism on some of the views of the venerable President to whom the Professor's Letter is address.

that a kind of *vinegar* (from grapes or palm juice) was as little used as a beverage by the ancient Hebrews as by ourselves, is of no more value than would be the statement that olive-oil is not a common everyday article of diet with the Anglo-saxon race, and *therefore* was not with the ancient Hebrews.

We adhere to the rendering 'vinegar of wine,' 'vinegar of shechar,' for it seems to us a false refinement to seek for a *fermented* liquor distinguished *simply* by its *acidulation*; and is neither in harmony with the known results of fermentation in hot climates, nor with the definition of *yayin* as comprizing *all* sorts of wine—thus rendering the mention of *one* particular kind of wine out of several, both superfluous and absurd.

The real difficulty of the passage is not touched, nor shall we open it up here: but the prohibition to the Nazarite, as it appears to us, embraced the following items:—

- 1st. { *Yayin*, 'grape wine,'
and
Shechar, 'palm wine,' } whether freshly expressed, or fermented, pure or drugged,
but only *while it remained* wine.
- 2nd. { *Hhomets yayin*, 'vinegar of wine,'
and
Hhomets shechar, 'vinegar of shechar,' } Either liquors which had *passed from*
wine into vinegar, or had been directly
made *into vinegar*.
- 3rd. *Misrath 'anabhim*, 'the liquor of grapes'—i. e. any drink made by the *steeping*
of dried grapes in water, etc.
- 4th. The grapes themselves, whether moist or dried.

5th. Anything that cometh (or is made) from the vine—thus comprizing *everything* else which might keep alive, or excite, any desire for the other forms of the forbidden fruit and liquors; as infusions of the leaves and tendrils, which, in many vines, are richly impregnated with the vinous flavor.

Prov. xx. 1, is noticed (p. 18), but no light is reflected upon it; while a current interpretation of Prov. xxxi. 6 is questioned on very insufficient grounds. The article referred to, the Professor thinks, was *not* given to criminals about to be executed, *because* the cup given to such was 'full of mixture,' and was called *wine*. *Shechar*, however, as he shows, was also drugged, and is a species of *wine*—viz. Palm-wine. Compare Numb. xxviii. 7, 14; on which texts Mr. Stuart remarks:—"This shows that the two substances were regarded as being substantially of the same nature or rank." The reason—"Kings would not need a command to abstain from *medicated* wine"—is better; and inclines us to think that the writer referred to *no particular* liquor, but to *wine in general*, as in good states an agent of 'luxury,' and in others of 'intoxication.'

In the comment (p. 27) on Numb. xviii. 12, lit. 'the *fat of the new wine*,' Mr. Stuart concludes from its connection with '*first fruits*,' that there is 'a recognition of its being *new wine*.' Certainly no such recognition occurs in the Hebrew, nor indeed in the Translation, unless *wine* is a convertible term with *fruit*! That *Tirosh* ranked amongst the class of *frutal* produce, however, we have not the slightest doubt: hence one out of many grounds for our position—*Tirosh not Yayin*.

At p. 29, l. 3 f., the Professor comes to a contrary conclusion concerning this *new wine*, 'falsely so called.' He says:—"I see nothing to favor the idea that *time* or *age* is the main ground of distinction, instead of *quality* or *state*"—and at p. 28, he speaks of *tirosh* as 'well-preserved,' like our '*syrups*'—tho, strangely enough, he finishes with the inference (p. 29), that *tirosh* "unites in itself the compound idea of being *recent*, and of being in an *unfermented* condition."

No proofs are furnished of the statements in p. 28, that "*teeroash*, when *well-preserved* became a very delicious sweet liquor," and further on, that "it is equally clear that *teeroash* designates a wine distinct from the older and fermented wine." They are 'equally clear'; and we will add, equally proofless. The Professor is writing, unconsciously, under the in-

fluence of erroneous preconception, which we respectfully challenge him to bring to the test of a *careful*, as we are sure it will be a candid examination. The fact is, *tirosk* is *not* distinguished by any marks of *individuality*, but by the *absence* of all such marks.

Referring to the Classification of minor Terms (p. 30), it is observed: "Such is the *nature* of some of them, that one is easily led to *suppose*, that a part of them may have been" included in "the category of *strong drink*." This erroneous preconception concerning their nature subsequently occasions the erroneous classification.

What reason is there for supposing (p. 30) that *Sobhe* is 'a poetic name' rather than plain prose? The cases where this word occurs only require more steady consideration to show that they do *not* suppose any connection with intoxication; while the resemblance (both in name and nature) to the Roman *Sapa*, goes far to establish their identity.

The comment (p. 31) on Isaiah i. 22, is sadly confused. The English *mixed* does *not* to us 'give the substance of the idea' of *circumcision*—'cut round' (*mahool*)—nor is 'circumcision' an "*erescinding* operation which deprives a man of his *virility*." *Ex*, in composition, should be used as equivalent to *out of*—not simply as *off*—but was the operation *supposed* to be referred to by Mr. Stuart, the common amongst some ancient nations, really practised amongst the Jews? Lev. xxi. 20, and Deut. xxiii. 1. (Heb. 2), show that the object of such process was effected amongst them in a different way from '*erescinding*'; besides, such and every real mutilation of the person was unlawful amongst the Hebrews; and therefore we think it unlikely that the Jewish Prophet should make any such indelicate and needless allusion as is supposed. The rite of 'circumcision' is a very different affair: and to this, we think, the Prophet metaphorically refers—not to Pliny's *vinum castrare*.—Mr. Stuart says that 'the Arabians employ the *same* [method of] *expression* in the *same way*' [he means, in reference to diluted wine]. *Which* expression? The indecent, or the Jewish one?

He concludes—"There is nothing here that will lead us to decide whether *yayin* or *shaycawor*, or BOTH, is meant"—a little more carelessness might have added—or NEITHER!

Prof. Stuart affirms (p. 31), that the *sobhe* texts "leave us unable to decide whether it includes any liquors that intoxicate;" yet on Isa. i. 22, he says, very positively, "the liquor here in question, in its original state, was *lively* and *sparkling*." If so, then we affirm, on chemical grounds, that it *must* have been alcoholic, like champagne: but we ask the Professor, what text he can cite as authority for ascribing *bubbles* and *effervescence* to the *sobhe*? The notion is itself a 'bubble,' and will burst when it is touched. The idea of *dilution* applies much better to a *sapa*, or 'boiled wine,' which (as represented in Hos. iv. 18) was also liable to 'turn' sour. Because it turns acid, however, Mr. Stuart seems to fancy it must *first* and *purposely* have undergone the *vinous* fermentation: but this is a mistake of chemical and common facts. *Syrups* often 'turn sour,' if badly prepared or preserved—still *syrup* does not signify an '*intoxicating liquor*.'

Both texts, observes Mr. Stuart, "merely present the idea of *deterioration*, and are not employed to designate the common usages of men as to drinking." Here too we differ: for to us both texts seem to allude to common and ordinary (not '*usages*,' but) events and circumstances.

Themer is oddly said (p. 31) to be used 'with somewhat more frequency' than *sobhe*, when in fact the word occurs but *twice* in any Bible! and should occur but *once*—for in Isa. xxvii. 22, some transcriber has clearly substituted 7 (r) for 7 (d), thus making it read *hhemer* instead of *hhemed*. The Professor adds—"it is *not confined* to poetry!"—a still more curious notion than that of *sobhe* being 'a poetical term'; for, of the two texts in question, the first (Deut. xxxii. 14) certainly *is* poetry, and printed as such in our Hebrew Bible, while the second (Isaiah xxvii. 22) forms part of a Song—a composition which, now-a-days at least, one never meets with in prose.

In p. 52, l. 4, a translation is given of the first of these texts—"the blood of the grape—*fermentable liquor*—thou didst drink." Further on we learn that tho '*unfermented*' it is '*fermentable*'—that "the original word means simply, a *grape juice that will ferment*, i. e. a juice which has *palpable* and highly *marked* qualities." We claim some explanation of the value of qualities merely latent. Fancy a man lifting up a goblet of *hmemer* to his lips, and ere he drinks it, apostrophizing it thus:—"O excellent wine, all praise to thy delightful property of exciting a pleasing delirium. Thou hast it not I know, but thou *mightest* have had, if thou hadst been properly treated. I give thee credit for the most perfect readiness to intoxicate me, if cruel fate had not deprived thee of the power. Thou art *willful*, but *weak*!" After all, would there be much sense in the speech? Qualities '*palpable*' to the stomach, such as those of the wine which '*marked*' St. Martin's organ with inflammatory patches, we can understand; but not '*highly marked*' grape juice, unless indeed, the Jews had a *peculiar* sort which rivaled Meux Reid and Co's treble X, and marked XXXX upon their jars of *hmemer*!

P. 32. We require proof to satisfy us that the terms in Ezra vi. 9; vii. 22; are really the same as in Dan. v. 1, 2, 4, and 23; and to explain the variation of orthography. If indeed they *are* the same *word*, they mean the same thing: in which case how shall we reconcile the following!

"In two other passages, the Chaldee *hhamar*—the same as the Hebrew *hmemer*—is ranked with corn, oil, etc., presented as an oblation to God, and is of course to be regarded as an *unfermented liquor*." Page 32.

"It would seem probable, however, that the wine drunk by Belshazzar and his court, was of an *intoxicating nature*. But our object is merely to inquire what was customary and lawful among the *Hebrews*; and the use of the Chaldee word in the chapter respecting Belshazzar decides nothing certain in regard to that." P. 28-9.

But were not both Ezra and Daniel, who had lived at Babylon, alike acquainted with Chaldee?

P. 33. ll. 10, 31. Our American brethren, who were so slow to apply the generic-theory to *yayin* and *shechar*; now *mis-apply* it to the *specific* terms! Poor *ausis* is thus represented as either fermented or unfermented, intoxicating or unintoxicating—tho there is not a single instance on record of its exercise of any evil propensity whatsoever. In the History of this question the Americans began with making nearly *all* the terms translated '*wine*' *specific*, none general,—they now seem inclined to end by making *all generic*, and none *specific*.

In p. 45, Prof. Stuart represents Pliny as speaking (in his *Nat. Hist.* xiv. 2) of "a *Spanish wine*, not hurtful to strength, since alone it will not intoxicate." This precludes the introduction of an anecdote of two American Judges meeting with a *similar wine* when traveling in Spain, about 50 years ago. We should be interested if the Professor could further ascertain the name of the wine, the places where it was made and drank, and the mode of its preparation? On turning to Pliny it unluckily does not appear that the *inerticula* he mentions, *was* a spanish grape. °

° The Chemistry and Physiology of Prof. Stuart do not claim an equal measure of that respect to which, as a critic, he is entitled. False preconceptions on these subjects—fallacies entertained by himself and Dr. Nott in common, and refuted a year ago in the *Alcohol-in-grape-Question*—have vitiated his criticisms thro'out, and prompted to false constructions in favor of an existing alcoholic tendency in several of the Hebrew wines. In p. 35, a strange indifference is expressed as to the effects of a wine with 16 per centage of alcohol, provided only three waters be added!—arising from a notion (which neither he nor any one else ought to test by trying) that "it could scarcely affect any person in a sound state in any sensible degree." This again arises from another notion exprest in p. 38, viz. that

On one important part of this question—that involving the enquiry into the true meaning of *tirosk*, and its associate term *yilzhar*—we have purposely refrained from entering. For the last eight years we have had no doubt that the first denotes VINTAGE-FRUIT, and the last ORCHARD-FRUIT; which explains the reason of their frequent junction with *dagan*, FIELD-FRUIT (or grain in general); thus comprehending, as a triad of natural blessings, the entire fruital and titheable produce of the Hebrews. Professor Stuart, however, deceived by the common translation 'wine,' and feeling the necessity of making some distinction between *tirosk* and *yayin* (the allowed 'generic' term for wine), seeks to impart 'speciality' to *tirosk* by supposing it to mean 'new wine, or wine in the fresh state!' Seeing, however, that it could not remain 'new,' but would become 'old,' he adds the

all *intemperance* in drinking (explained as the use of a liquid that will intoxicate in any manner or measure) is forbidden by the word of God—which, in turn, is interpreted with a secret reservation as to *what* intoxication is, and that it would not be produced by a low percentage of alcohol—with much more in the same style, in the face of the following distinct confessions! (1) *Alcohol is a poison*: (2) Its continued use in *small measures* has a *direct tendency* to injure the fine parts of the human frame: (3) It can never be compatible with duty for persons in health *so* to use alcoholic liquors: (4) The taste for them is *unnatural* or factitious. Nevertheless, p. 39 winds up with *denying any effect at all to minute doses of alcohol*! tho some effect is allowed to a drop of Fowler's solution of arsenic! *Ten* drops of alcohol mixed with water, it seems, have *some evil tendency*—but a *single drop* has not any! Whence it follows that the power is not in the *alcohol*, but in the *addition*—not in the *units* joined, but in the *joining* of them! In other words, 1 is 0, but *ten* of these *naughts* make 1. Further on, an *homœopathic* dose is said to 'refresh and strengthen'! These absurdities are attempted to be concealed by an equally absurd comparison—the effects of an acknowledged *poison* being compared with the effects of *bread*!

The fallacy involved in saying, that "while four pounds of bread would overload the stomach, four ounces would have no such tendency"—needs no answer in Old England. Our argument (both as regards quality and quantity) simply requires that four ounces of bread shall do SOMETHING towards *loading* and *feeding*—and if the four ounces *did* not, we are quite sure that the four pounds *could* not. Unhappily, Prof. Stuart's illustration *overloads* his logic.—This verbal fallacy serves as a prelude to a chemical one—viz. that alcohol actually exists "in our bread—in all sweet fruits exposed to a warm sun, with the skin broken—as well as in nearly all of the saccharine vegetables,"—so that, *if all this were as accurate as it is absurd*, the Teetotaler could not possibly escape his spirituous foe, as indeed, in p. 41, Mr. Stuart intimates to be the case! Nay, *al-Cohol*, or *the Demon*, (before so *powerless*) becomes transformed into an Angel of Light,—and so far from injuring our bodily system, serves to 'refresh and strengthen it'!!! These statements—of which the only proof furnished is the Professor's *ipse dixit*—may be met with a direct denial. Last year one of the most careful Chemists in England submitted grapes (not only sound, but also decayed and broken grapes) to the test of *experiment*. The result we publish; and so satisfied was the Committee of the *British Temperance Association* of the accuracy of those experiments, that they offered £50 to any one who could demonstrate the contrary! No one, however, has attempted to contest the result arrived at. It is *here* an established FACT, that *Nature even in decay declines to give being to alcohol*. If Prof. Stuart thinks American or Palestine Nature to be different from ours, would it not be well worth while to reduce the matter to a certainty, rather than reason upon mere *supposals* with the risk of going wrong? Again, he asks—"Is not alcohol produced in the human stomach from all saccharine nutrition?" If he has been told it is, and believes it, we pity his credulity. (By the way, 'sugar' is not 'nutrition,' but 'fuel.') The Professor backs up his assault upon 'extremes' by two hoary maxims,—The *Law* disregards minims'—Nothing overdo'—(under-do, would be as true; and cut the other way). All we have to reply is, that whatever help Lawyers and Society may need for their patchwork legislation, the *Divine Law* is quite independent of all Legal or Latin proverbs: and for our part, we feel bound to *obey* it, notwithstanding cliche.

attributes—'unfermented'—'well-preserved,' etc. Thus, the attempt to get a definite, fixed meaning, totally fails. Tho the word occurs nearly forty times in the Bible, the Professor fails to extract any distinct *individuality* out of it—indeed, his definition ends in making it to be *the same* as the species *ausis* this day, and the same as the species *hhemer* the next! *Tirosh*, in truth, is a generic term (not for 'wine,' for that already exists in *gayin*, but for 'fruit'); and hence the absence of all individual characterization in the frequent occurrence of the word—a fact which, alone, ought to lead the Professor to suspect the accuracy of an opinion somewhat carelessly assumed. His objections (*Note*, p. 29, 30) to our position, as regards *tirosh* and *yitzhar*, are confined to a hasty reference to *three* texts as to *tirosh*, and *two* as to *yitzhar*, wherein he has permitted the translation to mislead him as much as it possibly could the most unlearned of his readers. The objections founded on three of these texts had long since been considered: and what chiefly requires to be said further, especially concerning *yitzhar*, will be found in the subjoined Letter from the Author of *Tirosh lo Yayin* himself, addressed to Prof. Stuart. We need here make only a few minor remarks.

(1.) Mr. Stuart charges the author of *Tirosh lo Yayin* with having committed an oversight fatal to his theory respecting *tirosh*, and adds:—

"That the substance in question is a *liquor*, is most palpably shown by such passages as the following: Prov. iii. 10; Isa. lxxv. 8; Isa. lii. 8."

It is the American Professor, however, not the British Author, who has committed the oversight, for had Mr. Stuart more carefully looked into the book he criticises, he would have found that those texts were *not* overlooked—but, on the contrary, considered as furnishing arguments *in favor* of the author's theory. (See pages 51-2, 59, 60.) But even on the most superficial view, these three texts, as objections, must diminish to one—and that one will become extremely doubtful.

(2.) The phraseology of the translation of Prov. iii. 10—"Thy presses shall *burst forth* with *tirosh*"—is certainly no proof to us that *tirosh* was a *liquor*. Both 'flames' and 'men' are often said to 'burst forth,' and yet neither of them are 'liquors.' Thus (whether the phrase be considered literally or metaphorically) we *might*, with equal appropriateness, represent the grape-vats (or presses) as 'bursting forth' with the *abundance* of 'the fruit.' It is strange, indeed, that, in the face of so many other texts clearly establishing *tirosh* as 'vine-fruit,' this one should be selected as furnishing an objection in the *literal sense* of the phrase, and by critics too, who, generally, are but over fond of converting plain terms into 'poetry' and 'metaphor.' The Hebrew, however, has still less any essential connection with a liquid. Gesenius had long ago remarked that in this text it simply signifies *abundance*, as in some 'increase' (of substance), and in others 'rumour' (the 'spreading' of news), etc. "Neither the wine-press nor wine-vat," he adds, "can be said to *burst* from the quantity of wine made, that figure applying only to a cask or wine-skin:—"besides, if the vat *could burst*, the spilling of the wine (or even its 'overflow') would be a *loss* to deplore, not a largess to desire.

(3.) Isaiah lxxv. 8—"as the *tirosh* is found in the cluster"—is more a proof than an objection. Is not *the grape*—yea, the little grape, the new, tender, and *promising* grape—found in the *cluster*? Rightly, therefore, does Lowth render it *grape*, as others *granum*, in this text. On the contrary, had *wine* been intended, it ought to have read 'As the *wine* is found in THE GRAPE'—which it does not. This passage shows, therefore, not the 'liquid'-ity of *tirosh*, but of the objection.

(4.) One text therefore, and one only remains, whereon to raise even a plausible objection: and that Bishop Lowth had long since disposed of satisfactorily. Instead, therefore, of giving a harsh, unnatural, and varying sense to the majority of the *tirosh*-texts, we

prefer to call in the aid of *their* unmistakeable sense, and of various readings, in order to harmonize this solitary text with the rest.

(5.) Mr. Stuart alleges a similar mistake as to *yitzhar*: and, in proof of its *liquidity*, quotes Joel ii. 24; Zec. iv. 14.^d A careful perusal of the *Letter to Prof. Stuart*, will enable the reader to judge on whom the charge of haste, mistake, and oversight justly falls. We observe, however, that even the *translation* of the first passage—‘thy presses shall *overflow* with *yitzhar*’—by no means justifies any conclusion against us. Instances are abundant in language, where the word ‘*overflow*’—or some corresponding one—is employed in plain literal discourse, without at all implying a *liquid*. Not to speak of ‘*overflowing* houses’—meaning, simply, ‘full’ or ‘crowded houses,’—we will select an illustration which applies to two languages at once. It occurs in one of the books of the celebrated French authoress who writes under the name of ‘George Sand,’ and is taken from the 5th volume of the English Translation of her works:—

“The enormous heaps of corn and forage, of which the barns were *full* to *OVERFLOWING*, burned with the rapidity of thought.” *Miller of Angibault*, chap. xxxiv.

We subjoin the original:—“Les énormes *amas* de céréales et de fourrages, dont *regorgeaient* les batimens d’*EXPLOITATION*, flambaient avec la rapidité de pensée.”—Brussels Edition, 1845.

In 2 Chron. xxxi. 5, 6, *tirosk* and other produce, are said to be laid *in heaps*: now, if ‘*overflowing*’ cannot transform the ‘heaps of corn and forage’ named in this passage from the French authoress into *beer* or *buttermilk*, how can ‘*overflowing*’ in Joel ii. 24, convert the ‘heaps of *tirosk* and *yitzhar*’ mentioned in Chronicles and other places, into *wine* and *oil*?

The analogy suggested in the ‘*Supplement to Tirosk lo Yayin*’ as existing between the Latin *pomum* and the Hebrew *yitzhar*, both seeming to be general terms comprehensive of every fruit except that of the vine, has led one to suppose the not improbable occurrence of a nearly kindred illustration of the main question, arising out of it after this manner. Suppose the case of one of the ancient Fathers of the Church writing in the Latin tongue upon the fall of man. Let him have mentally determined the forbidden tree in the midst of the garden not to have been the vine, tho without being able to decide what was the fruit intended to be prohibited, could he not then, in referring to that event, have very correctly made use of the Latin word *pomum*? And having done so, would a translator have fairly represented his meaning by rendering his indefinite term by the English ‘apple,’ however much it might be in conformity with the popular notion?

F. R. L.

^d In Mr. Stuart’s ‘*Scriptural View*,’ the reference is Zech. ii. 14; of course a misprint for Zech. iv. 14.

‘TIROSH’ NOT WINE : ‘YITZHAR’ NOT OIL.

To Professor Moses Stuart, Theo. Sem. Andover.

YOUR ‘Scriptural View’ having been recently sent me, and my attention directed especially to the Note at p. 29, wherein you notice my little volume, it was a matter of no slight interest to me to embrace the opportunity of perusing the sentiments of so eminent an Hebraist and Theologian on a subject, which, at one time, much engrossed my own mind. Considering the brevity of my Notes on the texts in Isaiah lxxv. 8. and lxxii. 8,—a defect supplied at an after period,—your statement of my having overlooked them did not cause any surprize. But I regret much the expression of an opinion from such a quarter, of my having committed an oversight fatal to my whole theory as regards the word *tirosh*, besides a similar mistake as to the word *yitzhar*; and the more so as it imposes upon an indolent man the necessity of resuming his pen—a duty which proper deference to your criticism will not permit me to decline.

It is impossible for any one acquainted with the history of the Wine Question in England,—the occasional frivolity, the more frequent acrimony, the personal recriminations, and the eagerness for victory, sometimes it is feared at the expense of truth, which its discussion has exhibited,—it is impossible, I repeat, for any one so circumstanced to glance thro’ your pamphlet without experiencing in the perusal of your preliminary observations a feeling of delight at the magnanimous spirit with which you propose to approach it. The respect paid to the talents of others engaged in the dispute—your renegation of the claims to infallibility so commonly asserted by disputants,—nay more, the absence of all vanity of superiority—your acknowledgment of new light received from renewed investigation,—and your willingness, amid engrossing occupations, to tread anew paths already beaten, and leave out of view all past expressed opinions, whether of friends or your own—all comm and my warmest admiration. Yet amid all this, it is to be lamented, that certain accessories to such a task,—the possession of greater leisure and an exemption from bodily ailment, so valuable on such an occasion,—should have been temporarily denied you. At the outset you complain, “My slender health and the prospect of the labors before me during our summer term, have obliged me to proceed more slowly than usual in the investigation,”—and in your first Note, “All I can do in my present infirm state I have done,”—and the mention elsewhere of “the appalling labor of examining the *whole* development of the matter as it stands in the Scriptures,” show distinctly enough the disadvantages under which you have labored, and serve to account for those indications of haste in conclusion and expression apparent at intervals in parts of the pamphlet, which the friends of temperance will most sincerely regret.

Prior to my attention having been specifically directed to the Wine Question with a view to its illustration, my mind was powerfully impressed with its involved condition, owing, as it seemed, to the various translations of Hebrew terms rendered ‘wine,’ etc., in the authorized version of the Old Testament. It had revolted at the common reading of “The *new wine* is found in the cluster,” in Isaiah lxxv. 8, as offensive to a plain understanding. The passage in Ovid,

‘Vixque merum capiunt grana quod intus habent.

Trist. Lib. iv. Eleg. 6.

'And scarce the berries (with tough swollen skin)
 Cor tain the unmingled juice they hold within.'

so often quoted in its support with the mockery of a distorted translation, had failed to satisfy me that the prophet could have descended to such a puerility. The interpretation of 'berry' which the Septuagint had here given to *tirosk* appeared consistent with sound sense, and at once awakened the desire for a complete examination of every passage in which that word occurred. The issue of such enquiry, in my determining on a solid interpretation of the term in preference to a *liquid*, is sufficiently well known. I will only add, that altho an appeal to the Hebrew text was in the highest degree satisfactory in aiding my arrival at the decision, I am sensible that the same conclusion might have been reached from the English Version alone, could it have been presented to me without any knowledge of the translations 'new wine,' 'sweet wine,' and 'wine,' the bare word 'tirosk' appearing there in their stead.

Many attempts having been made to explain the terms *tirosk* and *yitzhar* by reference to a metonymy, and an intimation having been given that something upon it from the author of *Tirosk lo Yayin*, might be acceptable, I published, about the close of 1841, a 'Supplement' to that work, in 'A Letter to a Friend,' directed particularly to that view, which was not approved of by me, nor deemed needful to resort to so long as the literal meaning of the words could be applied in every instance. In this Supplement my seeming neglect of the texts in Isaiah, which you have singled out, was repaired by Notes of considerable length, and, as I flatter myself, of some value, since they afforded further illustrations on the general point in dispute. It also contained Notes on the two texts in Proverbs and Joel, tho framed exclusively with reference to the metonymical construction. I could have wished it had passed before you on another account—its illustration of the analogy to my view of *yitzhar* presented by the latin word *pomum* as a general term, importing, as far as one can see and understand its application, every description of fruit except the produce of the vine.

A copy of the Supplement shall be transmitted to you, but lest it should fail in its arrival I will transfer to this letter all the four Notes alluded to. The text in Zechariah alone will then require attention from me on the present occasion.

ALLUSION TO THE OFFERING OF FIRST FRUITS.

PROVERBS ii. 9, 10. "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase. So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy *yekabhim* [vats, but here translated presses] shall burst out with *tirosk*" [here rendered new wine].

This is one of the texts in which, if *tirosk* is to be construed 'the wine in the grape,' an agency is imputed to it incompatible with its nature. It is evidently tantamount to the grapes themselves, because, how could it be in the grape unless the grapes are entire and the husks unbroken? It could not have been the wine in the grape independent of the husks, but the grapes themselves, which, lying in the vats and exerting their lateral pressure, were to burst them. If *tirosk* really meant wine, a rupture of the vats was rather to be deprecated, because the blessing would thereby have been frustrated by its escape and consequent loss.

THE BLESSING ON OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW OF MOSES.

JOEL ii. 19, 24. "Behold I will send you the *dagan* and *tirosk* and *yitzhar*, and ye shall be satisfied therewith. * * * And the floors shall be full of wheat, and the vats shall overflow with *tirosk* and *yitzhar*."

This text is of the same class. If *tirosk* is to be treated as 'the wine in the grape,' and *yishahar* as 'the oil in the olive,' how could the vats run over with the juice expressed out of either? What could they have run over with? If the answer is with the wine in the grape and the oil in the olive, to what will it amount but saying, they shall run over with *the fruit* itself?—See further in note to Isaiah lxii. 8, 9; also the blessing for obedience, Deut. xxviii. 1—14.

TIROSH FOUND IN THE FORM OF A CLUSTER.

ISAIAH lrv. 8. "As the *tirosk* [rendered new wine] is found in the cluster, and one saith, destroy it not for a blessing is in it."

Tirosk appears in this text to indicate the produce of the vine, either in the state of *bowser*,¹ a bunch of grapes, full formed and just beginning to ripen, or as the simple *gneenabh*,² or grape only just sufficiently formed to be called such. Perhaps the saying might have had reference, originally, to the practice of pruning, wherein the vine-dresser (*bowtzeer*) had a judgment to exercise in order to decide what sprigs and bunches he should cut off, and what he should leave as most likely to come to maturity without forcing the strength of the tree unnaturally. In accordance with this supposition, Isaiah might have here intended to convey the idea of something not quite so far advanced towards perfection as *bowser*, and, therefore, have preferred using the most indefinite term which was at his disposal. He might have wished to intimate "when the indefinite is assuming a definite shape"—"when the grape, but recently emerged from the blossom, had assumed the describable form of a bunch," or possibly at a more advanced stage, "when the bunches of grapes had just gathered themselves into the form of a cluster."³

Perhaps some light may be thrown upon this passage by another in Isaiah, which, however, is also somewhat obscured by our common version, the translators having reversed the order of the governing substantive and the governed. It is Isaiah xviii. 5: "For afore the harvest, when the bud is perfect, and the sour grape is ripening in the flower, he shall both cut off the sprigs with pruning hooks, and take away and cut-down the branches." The translators were perhaps not very intimately acquainted with the processes of nature in the vegetable world. Bishop Lowth (you will pardon the reference, as his opinion is not quoted as infallible) complains of this rendering as a grievous mistake, and enquires—"How can the swelling grape become a blossom?" His own version runs thus:—

Surely before the vintage, when the bud is perfect,
And the blossom is become a swelling grape,
He shall cut off the shoots with pruning hooks,
And the branches he shall take away, he shall cut down.

Bishop Horsley's translation is this:

For afore the harvest, when the bud is coming to perfection,
And the blossom is become a juicy berry,
He will cut off the useless shoots with pruning hooks,
And the bill shall take away the luxuriant branches.

TIROSH SOMETHING CAPABLE OF BEING HEAPED UP.

ISAIAH lxii. 8, 9. "The Lord hath sworn, surely I will no more give thy *dagan* to be meat for thine enemies; and the sons of the stranger *im yishloo* [rendered, shall not drink] thy *tirosk*, for which thou hast labored: but they that have gathered it shall eat it, and praise the Lord: and they that have brought it together, *yishloohoo* [rendered 'shall drink it'] in the courts of my holiness."

* A singular text occurs in the Apocrypha, 2 Esdr. ix. 20. "So I considered the world... 21. and I saw and spared it greatly, and have kept me a grape [Lat. *granum*] of the cluster, and a plant of a great people. 22. let the multitude perish then, which was born in vain, and let my grape be kept, and my plant."

Neither Hebrew nor Greek text of the 2nd Esdras being now extant, we of course quote this passage solely for *the idea* of the writer, not as a *philological* proof.—Ed.

1
בִּסְרָא
בִּסְרָא
בִּסְרָא

3
אכל
4
שתה

The main difficulty of this passage consists in the supposed opposition of the Hebrew words *achal*,³ 'to eat,' and *shathah*,⁴ primarily signifying 'to drink.' A difficulty on the other side is stated in the note to the same text in *Tirosh lo Yayin*.

Verse 9 is translated by Bishop Lowth—"But they that reap the harvest shall eat it, and praise Jehovah; * and they that gather the vintage shall drink it in my sacred courts." And to it he has appended this note:—

"This and the following line have reference to the law of Moses—"Thou mayest not eat within thy gates the tithe of thy corn, or of thy wine, or of thy oil;† but thou must eat them before the Lord thy God in the place in which the Lord thy God shall choose." Deut. xxii. 17, 18. And when ye shall come into the land, and shall have planted all manner of trees for food, then ye shall count the fruit thereof as uncircumcised: three years it shall be as uncircumcised unto you: it shall not be eaten of. But in the fourth year all the fruit thereof shall be holy to praise the Lord withal, and in the fifth year ye shall eat the fruit thereof." Levit. xix. 23—25. This clearly explains the force of the expressions, 'shall praise JEHOVAH, and shall drink it in my sacred courts.'—

"Five M.S.S. (one ancient) have יוכלוהו fully expressed, and so likewise ישתהו || is found in nineteen M.S.S., three of them ancient."

Thus far Dr. Lowth. The texts cited by him furnish the true key to the interpretation of this passage in Isaiah. Still you will bear in mind that in both Deut. and Levit. the word *achal*, 'to eat,' is used, and not *shathah*, while Leviticus, moreover, speaks merely of fruit, and not of any liquid at all.

Notwithstanding Dr. Lowth quotes the common version of Deut. xii. 17, 18, 'of thy wine or of thy oil,' it is evident that the expression, 'shall drink it' in Isaiah, had struck him as rather singular, altho he was unable to account for its presence, except by some alteration in the Hebrew text made by the amanuensis in the course of copying the M.S.S., of the word *yowchloohoo*, 'they shall eat it,' for *yishtoohoo*, 'they shall drink it.' As it is confessedly difficult to decide which is the correct reading, it becomes a point of importance to establish the true meaning of the verb *shathah*. If it can bear the meaning 'to suck' it will be a matter of indifference which of the two Hebrew versions is adopted, the same mode of consumption of the grapes, viz., in the solid state, being pointed out by each. Supposing *yishtoohoo* to have been the original reading, the alteration to *yowchloohoo* must have been made from an idea that a different mode of consumption from that of drinking must have been intended, but the converse does not certainly follow, if *yowchloohoo* was the original reading.

The same sentiment of eating and praising Jehovah occurs in Joel ii. 26: "And ye shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied, and praise the name of the LORD your God that hath dealt wondrously with you; and my people shall never be ashamed." This is immediately subsequent to the promise in verse 24, that the floors should be full of wheat, and the *yekebs* should run over with *tirosh* and *yitzhar*.

5
קבץ

In further illustration it may be observed, that the Hebrew verb *kabhats*,⁵ of which the participle is here translated 'they that have brought it together,' implies the collecting of scattered things into a heap. Bishop Lowth has paraphrastically rendered it, 'they that gather the vintage.' The same verb is translated by 'gather' in Genesis xli. 85, 48, where Joseph, in Egypt, is represented as advising king Pharaoh to collect the corn of the seven plenteous years and lay it up, and as afterwards actually collecting it.

As I before observed, the ancients seem to have coupled with fruits something of an idea (which we have not) of drinking or sucking in order to allay thirst. As evidence of this it may be noticed, that the Latin word *pomum*, which included a vast variety of fruits, is represented by lexicographers as derived from *ῥωμα* (*poma*)

* Dr. Lowth puts Jehovah in those places where our common translation has the word LORD in Roman capitals.

† In the Hebrew, *dagan vetirosh veyitzhar*. ‡ *yowchloohoo*. || *yishtoohoo*.

potus, drink. The Latin name for the fruit of the service tree was derived from the verb *sorbere*, to suck.

The act of sucking seems twofold, viz. first, that of an infant drawing the milk from the breast, and for which there is a specific term in the Hebrew; second, the reduction of some solid matter, such as jellies, jams, comfits, pulp of fruit, etc., to the state of a liquid, by compression between the tongue and the palate, assisted by the saliva. The Hebrew term *shathah* seems applicable in this sense to many sorts of grapes. R. Cobden, in his speech before the Anti-Corn-Law Committee at Manchester, on August 17th. 1841, used the phrase, 'sucking their luscious grapes.' See report in the *Leeds Times*; also page 43 of the report published under the sanction of the committee.—Palladius, in Lib. iii., c. 29, commends a grape without pips as the pleasantest for sucking.^b

Thus far my former Notes. It seems to me a waste of time to write more upon Prov. iii. 10, and Joel ii. 24, until some one further attempts to distinguish the *yekebh* there mentioned from the *gath* and *poorah* noticed elsewhere in the Old Testament. I say this because, in the absence of any certain information whereon all would agree, it is just as reasonable to assume it to have been the *upper vat* as the *lower*, and thus, independent of any peculiar opinion of my own, to establish it as the place where grapes were certainly placed, and would be looked for rather than wine.^c As to Isaiah lxii. 8, it may not be deemed impertinent to refer to the Lord's curse on disobedience to his law pronounced thro' Moses in Deut. xxviii. 30: "Thou shalt plant a vineyard and shalt not gather the grapes thereof..... v. 31, thy sheep *shall be* given unto thine enemies..... v. 32, thy sons and thy daughters shall be given unto another people..... and v. 33, the fruit of thy land, and all thy labours, shall a nation which thou knowest not, eat up." It was such a curse as the Almighty promised to remove when he said thro' his prophet Isaiah: "Surely I will no more give thy corn *to be* meat for thine enemies; and the sons of the stranger shall not *yishtoo* (the exact sense of which, as rendered 'drink,' we are not agreed upon) thy *tirosk* for the which thou hast laboured; but they that have gathered it shall eat it, and praise the LORD; and they that have brought it together *yishtooohoo* (also rendered 'shall drink it' but similarly disputed) in the courts of my holiness."

There is evidently so much of parallelism in the uses of *tirosk* and *yitzhar* that it is presumed this concession will readily be made, viz. that on due proof being furnished of the former denoting a solid, there will remain no difficulty in attaching a similar meaning to the latter. For this reason it is not deemed necessary to advert further to Joel ii. 24, conceiving that text to have been sufficiently considered in the Notes to *tirosk*, my additional remarks above on Prov. iii. 10, being also applicable. Attention will therefore be given exclusively to Zech. iv. 14.

Your own construction of this text appears to depend upon the reconciliation of the common version 'the two anointed ones' with the hebrew *sheneey beneey-hayyitzhar*, 'the two sons of the yitzhar;' your own assumption being that the latter term signifies "*of oil*, with a plain and definite reference to the ceremony of being anointed," and thence the conclusion that it must of course have been a liquid.

The arguments already adduced in my various Notes on the texts

^b Pallas, in his travels in Southern Russia, enumerates several species of Grapes used only for *sucking*.—ED.

^c Ecclesiasticus xxxiii. 16, may illustrate this:—"I filled my *winepress*, like a gatherer of grapes."—ED.

שני
בני
יִצְחָר

wherein both *yitzhar* and *tirosk* occur illustrative of *tirosk* being a solid rather than a liquid, apply equally to *yitzhar*. They scarcely need to be recapitulated, but you will bear in mind their general basis,—the fact of these terms being connected with the idea of some produce of a vegetable nature in a state of growth. It then only remains for criticism to illustrate the use of the word *benecy*—to show, in short, that the Hebrew *been* 'son' (much as the statement may surprise the mere English reader), is not unfrequently employed to signify *a plant*.

My first illustration is derived from the prophetic announcement by the dying Patriarch Jacob, in Genesis xlix. 22, concerning the future destinies of his sons. You will observe that he notices the House of Joseph as being *been powrath*⁷ (literally, 'a son of fruitfulness,' and rendered in the authorized version 'a fruitful bough') *been powrath* (repeated) *even* a fruitful bough over a wall, whose *banowth* (literally 'daughters' and rendered 'branches') run over the wall. Probably the word *been* here denoted the parent stock, and *banowth*⁸ the fruitbearing shoots; but whether it be so or not, at all events, *been* refers literally to a plant or tree—such, for instance, as a vine—and figuratively to a person, in the same way as the expression in Zechariah's vision, the main resemblance here intended being in fertility—which fell out as foretold, for the descendants of Ephraim and Manasseh, the sons of Joseph, were found in the numbering of the tribes previous to their entry into the Land of Promise, to exceed together every one of the other tribes, except that of Judah. See Numbers i. 27, and 32—35. Their superior powers and influence were also acknowledged, in the case of the daughters of Zelophehad of their tribe. See Josh. xvii. 3—6; and again, when claiming an increase of the territory assigned them, see v. 17: and their participation with Judah in the first division of the land before the allotments to the other tribes. See Joshua, xviii. 2, etc.

Psalm lxxx. affords another instance of the use of the word *been*,⁹ 'son,' in connection with the vine, to which Asaph there compares the people of Israel, the metaphor extending thus thro verses 9—18,—“Thou (that ledest Joseph like a flock, see v. 1) hast brought a vine out of Egypt (alluding to the Israelites); thou hast driven out the nations (that previously inhabited Canaan, aptly likened as heathens to the briars and thorns that infested the ground), and planted it” (literally 'her,' the Hebrew for vine being here of the feminine gender). Then follow allusions to the soil being prepared for the vine, its casting forth roots, and filling the land⁴ with its shadow, its branches being like those of the mighty cedars—its sending forth its boughs towards the sea,⁵ and its roots unto the river.⁶ The Psalmist then breaks forth into the complaint, “Why hast thou broken down her hedges; so that all that pass by pluck at her. The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the beasts of the field devour it.” Then follows the supplication commencing at verse 14 (Heb. 15); ‘Return, we beseech thee, O God of Hosts, look down from Heaven,’ the remainder being arranged as for more convenient comparison of the literal reference to the vine, etc., with the figurative one to the people, and *vice versa*, thus:—

⁴ There were hills in every quarter; the Mediterranean sea was on the west, and the river Jordan flowed thro the middle of Canaan. See the boundaries of the inheritance set out to Joseph's sons, who are named with Benjamin in verse 2nd of this Psalm, fully described in Josh. xvi. and xvii.

(To the plant) v. 14. And visit
נִפְּן זֵיתָא *gephen zovoth*, 'this vine.'

v. 15. וְכַנָּה *vechannah*, 'and the
cane,' (a term applicable equally to the
small stocks of vines and raspberries, and
here denoting a noble one) which thy
right hand hath planted, and upon כֶּן
been, 'the son,' the small cane, and ac-
tually translated 'the branch,' *that*
thou madest strong for thyself.

v. 16. *It is* burned with fire, *it is* cut
down;

(To the people) (In like manner) they
(the people) perish at the rebuke of thy
countenance.

(To the people continued.)

v. 17. Let thy hand be upon אִישׁ
aiysh 'the man' of thy right hand
(represented by the vine stock, and upon
בֶּן-אָדָם *ben-adham*, 'the son of
man,' (represented by the canes) *whom*
thou madest strong for thyself; the in-
troduction of the word *adham* alone dis-
tinguishing the latter halves of verses 15
and 17 from each other, and the com-
parison being pursued to the repetition
of the word כֶּן *been* thro'out, even

where the Psalmist turns from speaking
of the plant to refer to the people.

Pass we now to Zech. iv. The record of the vision appears to exhibit
(see verses 2 and 3) a golden candlestick, with a bowl upon the top, and
seven lamps, each having a pipe to it, and two olive trees, one being on
each side of the candlestick, these trees having also a connection with the
candlestick by two main pipes, as appears by the questions in verses 11
and 12; 'What are these two olive trees upon the right,' etc.; and
'What be these two olive branches, which through the two golden pipes,
empty the golden *oil* out of themselves?' the Hebrew signifying merely
'the gold,' and the translation supplying the word oil. The answer given
to the prophet's interrogatory is in v. 14: 'These are the two *beneey-*
hazyitzhar," sons of the yitzhar"—which the authorized version has para-
phrased into 'anointed ones'—'that stand by the LORD of the whole
earth.'

David in Psalm lii. 8, (Heb. 10) says of himself; 'I am like a green
olive-tree in the House of God,' as if in fact there had been some perma-
nent representation of such a tree in the temple of Jerusalem. In Psalm
cxxviii. 3, it is promised to the righteous man, 'Thy wife *shall be* as a
fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants
round about thy table.' In Hosea xvi. 6, the olive is selected as the in-
strument of a comparison—'his beauty shall be as the olive tree'—and
the propriety of this figure is confirmed by observant modern naturalists.
Thus Rhind, in his *History of the Vegetable Kingdom*, p. 261, after men-
tioning the olive grounds in Italy, says: 'Nor is the olive itself by any
means destitute of beauty. It has been compared to a willow; it differs,
however, very materially in its colour, having none of that sickly hue of
blueish green, which gives such a peculiar coldness to the landscapes of
some of the Dutch painters. The upper side of the leaf has precisely
that tint familiarly known by the name of olive. The underside is of
shining whiteness; and as the foliage is turned up by the lightest breeze,
its progress over the valleys covered with olive gardens, becomes visible
in the form of a silver cloud gliding across the landscape.' And Mr.
Wilde, in his *Narrative of a Voyage, etc.*, published in 1840, vol. ii. p. 315,
in describing the very ancient olive trees on the lower slope of the Mount
of Olives, toward the brook Kedron, concludes with, 'Whose light colored
silky leaves hang like so many silver locks over their timeworn and aged
stems,' etc.

"
בְּנֵי
יִצְחָר

The instances above adduced, will, it is hoped, satisfy you that the word *beneey*, altho signifying 'sons,' and therefore primarily applicable to the human species, is also applicable, without the least violence or overstraining, to Trees and Plants; and if it be agreed, as it is presumed it will be, that a double allusion is to be maintained in the text of Zechariah, and that prophets or priests standing before the Lord in a vision would be expected to be seen in a glorified state, is it inconsistent with the general tenor of the vision to interpret this expression as 'branches of brightness, sons of splendor?'

The text Rev. xi. 4, 'These are the two olive trees, and the two candlesticks standing before the God of the earth,' so closely resembles that in Zechariah, that one cannot but think the Apocalypse must refer to a similar vision. Yet John says nothing about 'anointed ones.' He points to the two olive trees and the two candlesticks only, as emblems of vitality and light, the living and glorified witnesses of the Almighty Lord.

There is certainly an expression in Isaiah v. I, which might seem to authorize some such figurative expression as a 'son of oil,' for a person who had been anointed. The prophet is representing the Almighty as justifying his severe judgments against his disobedient people under the type of a vineyard, which, blessed with every advantage of situation, culture, etc., produced only wild grapes. 'My beloved hath a vineyard on a very fruitful hill.' The Hebrew corresponding to the last five words is *bekeren ben-shamen*, 'on a horn (i.e. a hill) the son of oil'—or fatness. The use of such a phrase, altho not here applied to a living person, seems so easily capable of being so applied as to render any second phrase to convey the same idea of a 'son of oil' quite unnecessary, and therefore this text rather negatives the idea of intention in Zechariah to make any allusion to the circumstance of his typified personages being so designated from the fact of their having been anointed, in favor of a representation of a general splendor of appearance, especially if it can be supposed that the olive trees seen were of silver, to resemble the real plant, the candlesticks being actually of gold, because the contrast between the two metals was reckoned by the Jews, as it indeed is, a great beauty. See for examples Prov. xxv. 11; Cant. i. 10; and ii. 10.

Lastly, there is not a single instance to be found in Scripture of any person, whether priest or king, having been anointed with *yitzhar*. The article used for such purposes is invariably termed *shemen*. There are specific directions for compounding it under that name in Exodus xxx. 23, 25, for the priests' anointing, etc. Its particular uses are also enumerated in v. 26—30, while v. 31—33 contain a prohibition against making any other oil like it, or using it upon a stranger—that is, one not a priest. It was the holy anointing *shemen* that Bezaleel made according to the work of the apothecary, see Exodus xxxviii. 29; and which Moses poured upon Aaron's head, see Levit. viii. 12. To the office of Eleazar, the son of Aaron, pertained the *shemen* for the light, and the anointing *shemen*, see Numb. iv. 16; while in xxxv. 25, an incidental allusion to the high priest notices his being anointed with the holy *shemen*. It was *shemen* with which Samuel anointed Saul; see 1st Sam. x. 1; and David likewise, see 1st Sam. xvi. 1—13, who himself says, in Psalm xviii. 5, 'Thou hast anointed my head with *shemen*.' King Solomon was anointed with *shemen* by Zadoc, the priest; see 1st Kings, i. 39, and so was Jehu by the prophet Elisha; see 2nd Kings, v. 3—6. *Yitzhar* was not mentioned on any of these occasions; *shemen* is in all. Unless therefore it was the same as

בְּקֶרֶן
בֶּן
שָׁמֶן

shemen, it could not have been used for a priest, or be presumed by Zechariah as used for the anointing of the two persons figuratively referred to by him. The particularity of the receipt for the holy anointing *shemen* leaves no room to assume the substitution of *yitzhar*, even to make a spurious article. Furthermore, to anticipate any question whether *yitzhar* might not have indicated fresh oil, or green oil, the reader may turn to Numb. xi. 8, where the taste of the manna is likened to that of fresh oil, and to Psalm xcii. 10, where it is said, 'I shall be anointed with fresh oil,' the Hebrew *shemen ragnanan*¹³ in both places literally signifying 'green oil,' and thence 'fresh oil,' and used by authors who must have been well acquainted with the term *yitzhar*. *Shemen* also, not *yitzhar*, was burned in the lamps in the tabernacle. Exod. xxv. 5; xxxv. 8, 14, 28; xxxix. 37.

It is a misfortune incident to Hebrew scholarship, that a knowledge of the language, whether commenced at the school or the college, is begun and finished by the help of the very book only—the Bible—which it is the student's object eventually to study with the eye of a critic. In the course of instruction the facility of access to an English translation unavoidably tempts him to a continual reference to it for aid. Impatience of the acquisition on the one hand, and a certain amount of indolence on the other, as constantly encourage the practice. Lexicons are also placed in his hands, so adapted to the authorized version as not to permit him to swerve a hair's breadth from it. And thus it happens, that, after some years' toil and application, he has learned, and without any suspicion of the fact, to accommodate the original to the translation, instead of having acquired the power of testing the translation by the original. Destitute of the faculty of discrimination, he overlooks palpable errors, and is found writing labored dissertations to justify the idea of eyes being made red with wine, and teeth white with milk, see Genesis xlix. 12; or is contented to hang clusters of grapes upon a palm tree, see Cant. vii. 7; thus becoming the blind guide to succeeding generations, straining at a gnat which he ought rather to have strained out, see Matth. xxiii. 24. How different might be the result, were the language acquired thro' such writings as, tho of comparatively modern date, were acknowledged as of pure Hebrew composition, and which, now scattered here and there, might be collected for educational purposes; so that at the proper period, when the rules of its grammar had been mastered, the memory well stored with roots, and a relish implanted for its peculiar idioms, the Hebrew bible should then be placed in his hand, for the first time, as a work whereon to exercise his unbiased judgment and criticism! Errors such as those just adverted to, would on the instant be detected, and all the advantages denied to the mere English reader would be opened up, to increase his admiration of the Book of Books, as knowledge cleared up the obscure, restored unimpressive vagueness to certainty, and fastened down generalities to undoubted particularities. Enjoying, as he might, an acquaintance with the poets and orators of ancient Greece and Rome, their various figures and turns of expression, he would be able only the more heartily to relish those of the Jewish historians, prophets, moralists, etc., without the prevailing liability of mistaking plain prose for verse, or frittering away the sense by imaginary metaphors, metonymies, and prosopopoeias, where none were intended. He would be better able to exercise his discrimination, where to take up with meanings that presented them selves on the surface, and where to seek for more recondite significations, independent in either case of the result, influenced by a general persuasion that the search after truth, whether the result should justify or impugn

¹³
שֶׁמֶן
רֶגְנָנָן

established versions, must inevitably, on the discovery of the object of research, 'vindicate the ways of God to Man.'

A critic so prepared and qualified for his work, would then fear no extremes, knowing that truth lies every where, on the circumference as well as in the centre—at the top no less than at the bottom of the well. As nature teems with extremes—as no human eye can take in the immensity of the universe, and the minuteness of organized being equally defies his scrutiny, aided tho it be by his very powerful instruments,—so in the construction of the divinely revealed law, he would be the more ready to admit, that no sin can be so small as to be indifferent in the regards of Deity, and no effort in thought or deed to approximate our fallen nature to His perfections, too slight to pass unheeded by him who sees the end from the beginning. He would acknowledge how vain is the attempt, by maxims of human codes, or heathen proverbs, however hoary with antiquity, to make lawful that which the Almighty may have decreed to be otherwise—how misapplied all his ingenuity and eloquence in the effort to depress the divine standard down to the human.

Pardon the length to which this letter has extended. As my observations at its commencement can be safely accepted as a tribute of sincere approval, untinctured by flattery, coming as they do from one who is contented to remain unacquainted with you, as he is himself unknown,—I trust that my closing remarks may also be received, as in truth they are intended, without any feeling of a dictatorial spirit. I would fain hope that I may now stand absolved from the charge of oversight or hasty consideration, and while I humbly press my own views, I trust, should they fail to remove your difficulties, that they will at least present sufficient grounds for my own convictions in my own opinions, so as to satisfy you, at any rate, that you have trespassed too strongly upon my 'candor and sharp-sightedness' in calling upon me to admit 'the entirely decisive nature' of the texts you have cited in opposition to them. Farewell.

T. L. Y.

August 16th, 1848.

AN EPITAPH.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Greater than Colon—name renowned
 In wide Discovery's rolls—
 Here lies Charles Dickens, *who first found*
That poor folks may have souls!

LINES TO AN INFANT.

In the succeeding verses the writer brings the old Platonic Philosophy to illustrate the spiritual sense of the Edenic Myth, and the origin of what is called Evil.—Ed.

EAUTIFUL infant, whose soft blue eyes,
 Concealeth, revealeth, mysteries!
 What art thou now? What wilt thou be?
 May I be thy teacher, or learn from thee?
 In thy fair Eden, from out the soil,
 Spring spontaneous blossoms, that ask no toil.
 Here livest thou, but we woo thee thence,
 Into a region of sight and sense;
 We bear in our hands the tempting food,
 That makes men as Gods, knowing Evil and Good.

Thou too must eat, for 'tis sweet to the taste,
 Leave thy Eden of light for the dreary waste.
 The cold rains must stain this Sybilline leaf,
 That brow be marked by the lines of grief.
 The earthly vesture must fade and change—
 And the strong Will compass its widest range:
 The tempest, the earthquake, and fire, must come
 Ere the *still small voice* call the Spirit home.
 God's commandment is broad, and demandeth a whole—
 To sanctify Body, and Mind, and Soul.

We shall both be instructors, both be taught:
 Thy guide I will be into worlds of Thought.
 Thou,—when the mild, pale, twilight star
 Looks down from the azure, so pure, so far,—
 Wilt whisper to me of our '*Alpine*' Home—or '*better*,'
 The world of Spirits, from which thou hast come.
 Wilt tell of its peace by that Angel smile,
 While I show thee the wonders of this our Isle.
 Thy Being developed—mine calmed and subdued—
 God will look on our work, and pronounce it 'Good.'

K. B.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

BY JAMES HOLE.

LECTURE II.—THE LABOR QUESTION.

 IN commenting on Political Economy, as may be thought with severity, in the previous lecture, we would not be understood to join in the vulgar prejudices against the science. The investigations into political economy have, for the most part, been conducted by gifted men, actuated by a love of truth. In the short period of its scientific existence it has done great service to mankind. Of its scientific existence, we say, because, as Whately observes, the world must always be governed by political economists of one sort or another, which implies that very different views may be entertained on the subject. It has brought some of the laws which most concern man's happiness to the test of investigation and argument: it has shown the inestimable value of security of property to the increase of wealth and the progress of civilization: it has developed the advantages which arise from the accumulation of capital and the division of labor: and it has cleared the ground for future and fuller enquiry, so that if we have not yet attained the whole truth, we at least know where to look for it.

What the advocates of Association object to political economy, is, that so many of its teachers assume it to be complete, while the contrary is the case. When it is remembered that it did not take the form of a science till the days of Adam Smith—that not above a dozen writers of note have applied themselves to the investigation of its principles—and that many of its most important problems are still matter of dispute—it is somewhat dogmatical to try new theories of society solely by its maxims, and summarily reject them for non-conformity thereto.

But what it most fails in is, that instead of being a science of *Society*, it is only the science of *Wealth*. Now the slightest observation must convince any one, that the accumulation of wealth, and the distribution of happiness, in a country, may proceed in lines far from parallel.* Indeed the mode in which wealth is *distributed*, is of much more importance to national *happiness* than its mere production. The fact of man being a moral agent, as well as a wealth producer, should therefore modify the conclusions of Economists concerning wealth in the abstract. The reason assigned for their not doing so, is, that by subdividing the matter of human knowledge, each department of it may be better investigated. Hence the various sciences—hence too the progress made in each.

* "Wealth, in its original and proper sense, is any material which will contribute to human *well*. Hence it is not 'wealth' to the 'people' (or nation) unless it be fairly *distributed*, since that is the condition of its contributing to their *well*. The Swedes are a much more happy people than the English, because, tho they have less *goods* as a country, they have more *good* distributed."—*Dr. Lees*.

Had no more than this been done, the reply would have been satisfactory. But in their system, the Economists leave the sphere of abstract theory for that of action. Even omitting moral and individual considerations in the science of wealth, on the score of convenience, still we should not repudiate their practical application. Had the Economists said, when presenting their conclusions to the legislator, or to society—"Inasmuch as, in our abstract investigations, we omit entirely any reference to man's moral responsibilities, and any thought of what most conduces to human happiness, you must therefore accept them with such deduction as may be needful on account of those paramount claims;"—had they thus spoken, we should have understood them. But advocating as they did the doctrine of material interests alone, it is no wonder that we have so often seen their views rejected, alike by the christian, the philanthropist, and the statesman.

Thus, in reference to the Labor-question, the Economists carry out with unflinching logic, their *laissez-faire* doctrine. One might have thought, that the strange anomalies around them, would have induced them to distrust the soundness of the prevailing system of distribution. What do we behold? He who could rear palaces, dwelling in a dirty, dark, rudely furnished, ill ventilated, and badly-drained cottage, and the skilful head and cunning hand which have power to produce food in unlimited quantity, in tens of thousands of instances destitute both of bread and home. The power of production multiplied a thousand fold and the strength of giants placed in such puny hands, yet the effect of all is but to make the laborer even poorer and more dependent than before! These disproportions are attempted to be explained away by the orthodox Economists and their followers, and any attempt to modify their influences is resisted as the direst misfortune.^b

Nevertheless the great problem which, in this age, has to be solved, either by or for the toiling people, is, How to bring the material means of happiness within the reach of every human being? It may be humiliating to our just pride in the more refined and spiritual parts of our nature, that they should depend so much on the presence of material comforts. But so it is. Men seldom, and communities never, advance in Morals or Religion, until they have learnt to supply with ease the necessities of their physical nature. Food, clothing, shelter, and the arts that supply them, come first; science, morals, and religion commonly follow. The more labor to supply the former, the less leisure for cultivating the latter. Hence every triumph achieved over physical nature, remote as it may seem from spiritual things, will and must advance them. And as every man has a moral and spiritual nature waiting for development, every man should be capable of obtaining those material appliances necessary to raise him above the animal. But instead thereof we find the masses engaged in a round of toil, sleep, and animal relaxation, which presents (indeed admits of) no gleams of high and holy thought. Their life is a constant struggle for a bare subsistence. Is it, we ask, a real difficulty of production which lies in the way? Or is it but a mis-application of the means?

^b In a recent Parliamentary debate, Mr. H. Drummond was candid enough to avow the real state of opinion, and coolly insisted that the great body of the people *always must* live in misery and want.

To know that it is not the former, we have only to look around us. Man has physical strength at his command, which, rightly directed, would amply supply him with all the means of existence. The sun and the wind and the rain, the morning and evening dew, and the fertile earth, are ever ready to return him food for a small expenditure of labor: they cry 'Dig and eat.' But not alone is ever plenteous nature there. Man's puny powers are aided by the Mechanical Arts, arts

That make Fire, Flood, and Earth

The vassals of his will.

The elements combine to do his bidding, like attendant genii. What he did by the sweat of his brow, he now does by a thought of his mind. He says to the mountain, 'Be thou level,'—to the valley 'Be thou filled up'—and it is so. From chaos he can call forth use, order, and beauty. He can create every thing that will contribute to convenience or gratify sense. And yet the complaint which was true in former ages, is as true to day.

Thus, but, ye birds, not for yourselves,

Your nests build ye;

Thus, but, ye sheep, not for yourselves,

Bear ye fleeces;

Thus, but, ye bees, not for yourselves,

Make ye honey;

Thus, but, ye oxen, not for yourselves,

Drag ye ploughshares.

In one respect, however, the condition of the bees is not the same—viz. that they have become *conscious* of the wrong they suffer, and *feel* that no solution, save a just one,—a solution worthy of that high destiny which gleams on the awakening intellect of the world,—ought to satisfy them. Our middle classes imagine that the 'Labor-question' is but the name of a temporary infatuation, a sort of political epidemic. Even some of them could tell how it arose in the brain of a few enthusiasts, and how effectually it has been quenched, in England by Newspapers, and in Paris by blood. Yet there can be no greater mistake! The hundred thousand workmen who fought in the streets of Paris, however erroneous their conduct may have been, fought neither for a shadow nor a sham. The sense of suffering long endured,—all the more painful from the mirage-prospect of deliverance which had transiently opened to their vision,—and the consciousness of deep social injustice and neglect, were there. The roar of cannon silenced, but did not remove, all this: and unless our civilization is prepared wisely and humanely to anticipate the new Era, Europe will not have seen the last of these bloody arguments.

'*The Rights of Industry.*' Yes! that is the phrase which, for the first time in the world's history, has begun not only to claim, but compel attention. And it is a great step even to get the fact acknowledged, that Industry *has* any rights. Rights admitted, the great point of enquiry is, as to what they are.

All wealth is the result of Capital (including land in that term) and Labor. If the same person advanced both, there could arise no necessity for any discussion as to the relative shares which each element contributed and obtained. Under present arrangements, however, the man who advances the capital is one person,

and he who contributes the labor is another, and the question as to the rights of industry, resolves itself into this—What principles shall determine the share of the laborer in the commodities produced by the joint efforts of himself and the capitalist?

Capital is all that portion of wealth applied to the purposes of production. The land, tools, seed, raw material, food of the laborer,—in short, whatever wealth is invested with a view to production—is Capital, and on the amount of capital (not of wealth), depends the demand for labor. It is the desire of capitalists to continue and to increase the advantages they possess, which gives birth to the employment of laborers. The power of the capitalist to purchase labor, and the number of persons dependent on labor for support, constitute the demand and supply of labor. The theory of competition demands that no interference, however slight, be permitted between the two elements of capital and labor, but that the whole relation between the two should be determined by the ‘higgling of the market.’

If the advocates of what may be called, for brevity, ‘the free-principle,’ maintained simply that supply and demand *do* regulate the price of labor, the proposition, subject to some exceptions, might be admitted. If, further, it be contended that this arrangement of society is a necessary result of the conditions of society itself, i. e. that things could not be otherwise with the notions and sentiments appertaining to the transition from feudalism, we should still agree. And that the division of society into capitalists and laborers could not, in any brief period, be changed for one *entirely* different, must also be conceded. But when they step beyond this, and affirm that supply and demand alone *ought* to determine the return to labor, and that no attempt should be made to alter or disturb that relation, they affirm what they cannot maintain even on their own premisses. We propose to show that such a principle is *unjust*, and to a great extent impracticable.

It seems strange, indeed, that the doctrine of free-competition between labor and capital, should ever have been tolerated, when we reflect that the fundamental condition on which any competition could be justified has never, in this (or perhaps in any other) country, been observed. If we suppose a colony of men emigrating to a new country, and dividing the soil in equitable portions among them, however unwise the arrangement might be in other respects, we should at least perceive no injustice in each man being told to ‘do the best he could for himself.’ But if the leader of the band selected the largest and best portions for himself and followers,—if he left the majority no share of the soil, i. e. no share of the *fund* destined for their support,—we should think it a cruel jest to tell them that their livelihood *ought* to depend upon the proportion between the *fund* for the employment of labor and their own numbers and industry, seeing that the source of it was being wasted, or at all events monopolized, by a few. To make the iniquity more palpable, imagine that each of the members of this colony lived to an antediluvian age,—that one of the more successful followers possessing a large slice of the new territory, had done absolutely nothing during 600 years, or, if you like, had gone to bed drunk every night during that time,—yet the very fact of his owning the soil and the others not, would ensure him the command of the labor of ten thousand men. Now what possible competition would be here? But if by the original conditions even of such an unjust distribution, the majority

had claims on the soil,—and if by accident, fraud, or force, those claims had lapsed,—if all legislation had gone on the one principle of making the rich richer, and the poor poorer,—if commons were added to parks, farms transformed into sheepwalks, and the re-division of the soil forcibly prevented by arbitrary and absurd laws,—to talk of ‘free and fair competition’ would be simple nonsense. Indeed such the law of England affirms it, in acknowledging the rights of the laborer to a maintenance, tho coupled with Poor-law conditions. Harsh as the Poor-law is, it is the last relic of the laborer’s claim on the soil, and an awkward stumbling block to the supply and demand doctrine.

The last great writer on Political Economy, J. S. Mill, justly observes :

“Wages depend on the proportion between the number of the laboring population, and the capital or other funds devoted to the purchase of labor; we will say, for shortness, the capital. If wages are higher at one time or place than another,—if the subsistence and comfort of the class of hired laborers are more ample,—it is, and can be, for no other reason than because capital bears a greater proportion to population. *It is not the absolute amount of accumulation, or of production, that is of importance to the laboring class; it is not the amount even of the funds destined for distribution among the laborers; it is the proportion between those funds and the numbers among whom they are shared.* The condition of the class can be bettered in no other way than by altering that proportion to their advantage: and every scheme for their benefit, which does not proceed on this as its foundation, is, for all permanent purposes, a delusion.”

Under this arrangement the rate of wages depends on the proportion between population and capital. Artificial interferences to proportion one to the other, might act upon either the first or the second of these two elements. For the present we will assume there is no *absolute* ‘overpopulation,’ but that every human being on the face of the earth has a right to remain there. Even were this untrue, it would not materially affect the question we propose to discuss, viz. the desirability of the arrangement by which the conditions of labor are regulated by demand and supply.

It is obvious that the first element (population) is almost entirely beyond the laborer’s control. He may restrain the number of his own family, but he cannot that of others. The number of his competitors is quite independent of his will. What is true of the one element is equally true of the other (capital); its amount is beyond the laborer’s control. He may economize or not his own earnings, but the amount of the fund from which his earnings must be drawn, is out of his power. It depends on a great variety of circumstances. The climate and soil of a country, the nature of its institutions, the rapidity with which inventions multiply, or with which circulating capital is transformed into fixed,—all materially affect its amount; but, still more, the manner in which the soil is distributed, and perhaps most important of all, the mode in which those who possess capital are disposed to spend it.

According to the greater or less preponderance of any or all of these various influences, the amount of capital may vary in proportion to the amount of laborers, and it becomes necessarily a matter of pure chance how much or how little the laborers share may be.

In addition to this, most of the circumstances which regulate the increase of capital are the effects of the *will* of those who own it. It is they who make

extravagant governments or the reverse ; it is they who convert circulating into fixed capital. On the presence or absence of their taste for accumulation or present enjoyment, depends the extent of the fund for the employment of labor ; whence, as a legitimate conclusion from the supply and demand theory, the following consequences result :—That the majority of society depends for its whole social character on the will of the minority. That, for example, the circumstances of A choosing to support an extravagant government, investing his capital too rapidly in improvements, or spending his income on champagne or operas, routs or balls, instead of cotton pieces,—determine whether B may enjoy the blessings of wife and children ; whether he shall live in a house or hovel,—become, in truth, the arbiter of his fate, without B having any part or voice in the matter ! If indeed every individual were isolated, or self-dependent, i. e. Landholder or Capitalist as well as Laborer, no injustice would be apparent in such extravagance or misapplication of funds. In such circumstances, if the owner preferred present to future enjoyment,—if, like the Indian, he chose the uncertainties of savage life before the comforts of a settled home, or if his tastes and aspirations did not transcend the humblest and meanest state,—no remedy for the evils of such a condition could be found save in the gradual progress of civilization. Under the circumstance of his being self dependent, whatever complaint should be made of his condition would be either against himself, or against the arrangements of providence. But that such results should befall the mass of mankind as a consequence of the acts of a small minority of it, a state inevitable under such a division of society as that of laborer and capitalist, must be regarded as a fundamental absurdity. The absurdity of such an arrangement of society is increased, when we are told that whatever the proportions between capital and labor, no other principle than their mutual competition ought to determine the respective shares of each. The principle itself has never been *proved*, and is pure assumption. Had it been the natural tendency of capital to increase as fast or faster than population, as it does in countries where labor is scarce in relation to the effective desire of accumulation,—had the problem been, in an advanced as well as in an infant state of society, to increase men up to wealth, instead of wealth up to men,—the whole phenomena of present society would have been reversed, and the most dreadful evils of the competitive system would not have existed. Unfortunately, however, the converse of this state prevails now, and ever has prevailed in the world. However fast capital may accumulate in any country, a time comes when population increases at a still faster ratio. The more limited the territory or the fertility of the soil, and the less the intelligence and industry of the people, the sooner will that point be reached at which the fund for the support of the laborer is less than the number of claimants upon it. The ancients remedied this by sending forth colonies from time to time, and these in turn became large states, frequently surpassing in greatness the parent state. Whenever a country has become populated up to the extent of the employment-fund or capital, the comfort, nay the very existence of society is threatened, unless some outlet be created for those who cannot obtain employment. The natural character may become so deteriorated that the people may bear their misery with callous indifference, and premature death may regularly cut off the surplus numbers. If the national spirit be too strong, or if the transition be too rapid from

comparative comfort to starvation, the people revolt against the constituted authorities, and violent disruptions in society are the natural issue. The secret of many a riot and revolution, lays in the pauperized condition of the people. Man is naturally conservative, and when his wants are tolerably supplied he will not readily set himself in opposition to the social order around him. When the mass of people are disaffected to a government, it either proves that the government is so bad that it ought to be removed; or that the destitution of the people blinds them to its real merits, in which case the first duty is to remedy it.

Independent of the danger of permitting the amount of laborers to exceed the demand, there is a manifest injustice in the principle which determines the share of the laborer, or his wages, by the accidents of supply and demand. By way of illustration, take a commodity whose value is 20, and which is the result of

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{Capital} \dots \dots \dots = 8 \\ \text{Labor} \dots \dots \dots = 8 \\ \text{Surplus to be divided after the original} \\ \text{contribution has been repaid to each} \end{array} \right\} = 4 = 20$$

Justice here determines the total result to be 10 to each: and no principle which proceeds other than on a basis of justice can or ought to stand. We do not admit the plea that the quantities of capital and labor are so mingled in every commodity, and so various, that it is impossible to distinguish what portion is owing to capital, and what to labor. The problem is of too great a magnitude—involves a question too important to the mass of society—to be thus quietly shelved. Neither does the impossibility of finding a strictly mathematical principle of division, justify the setting up of an inaccurate and unjust one—whose only element is *power*. The apparatus of judge and jury was doubtless regarded as a tedious and artificial process for the settlement of quarrels, compared with the ready mode of personal revenge. Just as absurd as it now seems to us to ‘let private interests take care of themselves’ in this instance, will a wiser generation deem it, to leave the division of wealth produced by Capital and Labor to an always selfish, and often sanguinary, conflict between the two. Impossible to do justice! Who has made the attempt? To substitute intelligent direction for blind chance? When, where, or how, has it been tried?

If there be employment for 99 laborers, and 100 are wanting work, it would be a moderate evil to ‘shoot and pickle’ the supernumerary laborer, as recommended by Herr Teufelsdröckh. At least there would be an end of him, and he would not destroy the comfort of the remaining ninety nine. But before he resigns himself to this ‘proper fate’ of a supernumerary laborer sent into the world by some mistake of mother nature, or to the worse ‘providence’ of the Poor’s-bastile,—he reduces the wages of his ninety nine ‘brethren.’ Instead of labor *taking* its 10 in the supposed commodity 20, it *receives* but 8, 6, or 4. It is defrauded of the difference, and part of that goes to the share of the capital.

Now as it confessedly is the tendency of population to exceed capital, it follows, that the bargain between capital and labor *must always* be against the laborer. Whenever this excess exists, any contest between the two elements involves injustice to the weaker, and yet the very men who assert the constant existence of such a tendency are found to advocate the free-competing principle. And the injustice is augmented, when, as before remarked, the other conditions

are not fair,—when the soil is unjustly divided, and taxation, which takes but a twentieth part of the increase of the capitalist, absorbs a third or half of that of the laborer. To bid *these men* compete, is like telling two men to run a race, one of whom has a huge chain, doubly loaded, attached to the leg.

As this is a most important point, let us state the same argument in another form. Suppose a capitalist wanting 100 men, and 100 men wanting work; and further, that the workman's wage secures to him his *due* share of the commodity produced. However absurd the free competing principle might be in other respects, it would at least not be unjust in this case.

But suppose that while capital required 100 men, there were only 50 laborers; then the competition of capitalists might so raise wages as to ensure the workman *more* than his due share, thereby defrauding the capitalist to that extent.

But suppose (which, alas! is the common case) that while capital could only employ 100 men, 200 were wanting work; then, under free competition, wages might be reduced to the minimum which would support existence. *Unless, then, it were shown, that the competition of laborers for employment was always precisely that which was needed to secure them the exact share they had in production,* (a proposition which must be untrue on account of the continual variations in the competition)—*the doctrine of supply and demand applied to wages, involves a continual injustice either to capitalist or laborer.* As the competition, however, is in general amongst laborers, it follows that the principle is adverse to the interests of labor.

But let it not be supposed that the capitalist is benefited, at least to the same extent to which the laborer loses. The competition of the surplus laborers having reduced wages, diminishes the consumption of the mass of society; it diminishes the profits of the capitalist, and his power of accumulation. Not only this, but he is additionally cursed by a superfluity of labor, and taxed to maintain the pauperized laborer; for if he did not do this, he would probably be robbed of the principal by social convulsion.

This cant about supply and demand of labor, is treated with more respect than it merits, because so few reflect on the comparative novelty of the doctrine. We are not of those who regret the times gone by,

‘When every rood of ground maintained its man,’

or when the laborer sat down with the well-to-do-farmer, eating at his table and sleeping under his roof. That state of dependence necessarily passed away, as the present form of his dependence must likewise disappear before the progress of ideas. Yet there was in that relation much that was kindly, and which, as yet, has been replaced by nothing that is better. It always secured the laborers a livelihood at least,—and generally a participation in the well-doing and comfort of the master. If he was warm in the Hall, *they* did not shiver with cold in the kitchen, or the cottage. If the master's table groaned beneath the substantial fare, the laborers could at least boast something better than an inadequate meal of potatoes. Thus were the interests of the two classes in some measure *identified*. A master has the same interest in his slave as in his cattle, and for his own sake will keep them well. One by one, however, the links of this relationship have been broken. Many view this with regret; we do not. The gradual and up-

ward developments thro which humanity must pass, demand the total destruction of this slavish dependence of man on man. But let us not over-estimate the benefit. Milnes, in his beautiful poem of 'The Men of Old,' has well expressed the thought.

I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of Time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

Still is it true, and ever true,
That I delight to close
This Book of Life, self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness,
The world has since foregone,—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone !
With Rights, tho not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed as far as known,—
With Will, by no reverse unmanned,—
With pulse of even tone,—
They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more,
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before.

So late as half a century since, the aggregation of capital into such vast masses had not taken place. Before this period the ruin of the small manufacturer, both in its cause and its consequences, mainly rested with himself and immediate connections. Now a thousand, and thro them ten thousand, individuals, depend for their daily sustenance on a single capitalist. From independent laborers they may at once, thro his extravagance, his misdirected enterprize, or the mania of commercial gambling, be plunged into pauperism. If the capitalist is successful, they participate only remotely and indirectly in his good fortune ; but if he fails, the laborers immediately and directly suffer in his misfortune. From first to last the Laborer is but an appendage, and tho he is truly no longer the slave of the *Capitalist*, he is indubitably the slave of *Capital*.

If a single argument were wanted to condemn the present relation of labor to capital, it is furnished by the *fact*, that of two men commencing life, equally skilful, industrious, moral, and in all personal respects equally contributive to the welfare of mankind, the *one* who differs only in the single circumstance of having the command of a portion of capital and relies on *profits* for his remuneration, will, at the termination of a given period, be found to occupy an entirely different sphere in society from the other who depends solely on wages ; and the longer the period, the greater the disparity. At a very short period after the commencement, the receiver of profits would be able to save more in a single year than the receiver of wages in a lifetime. Not one laborer in a thousand could, if he would, secure a moderate competence for the latter days of life, by the surplus

of his labor. Trade, and trade alone, confers the privilege;—we need not therefore feel surprized at the morbid longing which exists in the minds of the more intelligent and enterprising of our young men to quit the department of productive employment for the brilliant possibilities of trade and commerce.

That in this country the supply of labor far exceeds the demand, is undeniable. The evidence of it surrounds us on every side. In the best counties, such as Lincoln and Rutland, where the laborer is *assisted by an allotment*, his wages are calculated to equal 18s. 3d.; while in those counties where he has generally no allotment, as Dorset, Wilts, and Somerset, and which of course give the true test of what 'supply and demand' apportions as the wages of labor, 'a man and his wife may earn 9s. a week, or £23.8s. per annum, to provide for 3½ persons on an average.' Deducting a moderate amount for rent, fuel, soap, candles, and clothes, the residue is 8½d per day wherewith to buy food for the family—or a fraction more than 2½d per head daily! In manufactures the state of things is better, but the continual fluctuations, arising from speculation, the varying supply of raw material, political crises, etc., render the position of the operative sufficiently deplorable. Speaking of their distress on one of these continually-recurring occasions, Mr. Thornton, from whom we take the preceding facts, remarks of 1842;

"Thousands were absolutely unable to procure employment, and might be seen standing in constrained idleness about the streets; or might be found in their dismal houses, bending over a scanty fire, their heads sunk on their breasts, and surrounded by pale emaciated beings imploring them for food, which they knew not where to seek. Others somewhat less wretched were able to obtain work, but only irregularly, and at greatly reduced wages. Scarcely anywhere was there an individual wholly unaffected by the prevailing distress, and who did not perceive its presence at least in some diminution of his accustomed comforts. These expressions are no rhetorical exaggerations, introduced for the sake of effect. The subject is too serious for such trifling. They are a plain and temperate representation of the recent condition of English operatives, and are supported by the minutest and most trustworthy evidence." ^c

Had the writer been drawing a picture of some savage or semi-civilized nation suffering under the infliction of war or pestilence, he could not have given a more terrific picture. But it is of no savages without art, civilization, or christianity that he speaks, but of a nation the productive power of which has surpassed that of every other people on the face of the globe. It is in the midst of our vaunting egotistical civilization that hundreds of thousands of human beings live on rations scarcely capable of maintaining the life-spark in their bodies. Reluctantly do we urge the tale of distress, but it is our duty to din it into the ears of indifference and ignorance, if only that they may be without excuse. Luckily, however, it is not so much sympathy as wisdom that is wanted. Many are the nostrums daily offered to the 'discerning' public, until from very fear of doing wrong we do nothing, and almost literally fulfil the recipe of the *laissez-faire* doctors.

And yet it is a sad and awful fact, that while civilization has thus advanced, it has left the masses so far in the rear, that hundreds of thousands of men willing to toil, demanding but a 'fair day's wage for a fair day's work,' are unable to

^c Over population and its remedy, page 31.

get any wages, either fair or unfair. According to the statement of the Poor Law Commissioners,

"The total number of persons relieved in the 8 months ending Lady-day 1844, amounted to nearly a million and a half, and were about 9½ per cent of the entire population according to the census of 1841. Of the million and a half persons thus relieved, a large proportion were permanent paupers; but the numbers of new cases in the other three quarters may be safely estimated at half a million, so that the number of persons relieved in England and Wales in the course of the parochial year 1844, may be taken at about two millions, or nearly *one eighth part of the actual population*. In other words, about one person in eight, thro' the entire population, received relief from the poor rate at some time during that year." ^d

Of the 1,477,561 paupers relieved in the quarter ending Lady Day 1844, there were

On account of temporary sickness or accident	169,738
All other causes, including vagrants	261,746
Total, able bodied paupers	431,484
Partially able to work	107,665
Making a total of	<u>539,159</u>

Let us deduct the odd 39,000 as a set off to the inefficiency of the 107,000 only partially capable of work, but who, with the aid of machinery and a scientific adaptation of their powers, might be made to support themselves, and we arrive at the astounding result, that there are in this country, in the best of times, of able bodied laborers, half a million more than capital can employ, or rather, than capital is *willing* to employ—for it will be easy to prove that there *is* capital sufficient to employ them.

We select a favorable year (1844), because of late the failure of the potato and cotton crops, and Railway gambling, might be assigned as causes extraneous to the deficiency of capital, whereon to rest excuses. In the corresponding quarter of 1843 there were 68,829 more paupers, and in that of 1847—243,789, more, than in 1844. The cost of maintaining the poor amounts to from 5 to 6 millions, and prior to the New Poor Law Bill, it was frequently much more. We do not here speak of poor and oppressed Ireland, but of England, 'merrie England,' where capital has accumulated faster than in any other country. The total sum expended on the relief of the poor was:

In 1834 £6,317,255.

In 1844 £4,976,093.

This reduction might be very gratifying if it were not accompanied by the knowledge that the average expenditure for the relief of the poor was reduced per head from

9s. 1d. in 1834 to } being = to 2s. 10d., or nearly one third less—
6s. 3d. in 1844; }

and that, contemporaneously therewith, the county rate had risen from

£691,548 in 1834 to

£1,356,457, in 1844.

^d Report of Poor Law Commissioners for 1845, page 5.

Much of this increase may be attributed to the greater efficiency of the police, but much must still be attributed to the growth of crime,—a fearful item in the account, and doubtless greatly increased by the deteriorating influence of poverty, rendered even less endurable by the operation of the New Poor Law Act.

The evil is still more lamentable if (as is probable) the fund for the employment of labor is not augmenting in the same ratio as population. According to the last census, the increase of population in Great Britain, was 2,609,129 in the ten years, which gives an average annual increase of 260,912 persons, notwithstanding an annual average Emigration (from 1825 to 1847) of 75,547.

This is a very large additional number to provide for: and if our resources have not hitherto increased in an equal ratio with the support of laborers, this can be less and less expected in the future, since the soil of England is becoming more fully cultivated, and she herself losing her manufacturing supremacy over other nations. Here, then, in the face of the stern fact of half a million of men wanting work, and two millions in general either actual paupers, or at the verge of pauperism, we have the Political Economists demanding that no interference on the part of society shall mitigate the relation between competing capital and labor!

To the influence of this dogma, the New Poor Law was owing, and its spirit may be traced in each of its enactments. The New Poor Law was necessarily harsh, because based upon the supposed necessity of leaving supply and demand to regulate the condition of the laborer. The condition of the employed laborer was low,—so low, that the pittance which might seem fitting for overseers with ‘any bowels of compassion’ to offer, was sure to be comparatively high when coupled with the condition of entire or partial idleness. There was, therefore, the greatest inducement to the unthrifty and inactive laborer, to throw himself on the parish. It was a premium to indolence and a spur to dissipation, and the grossest abuses accordingly prevailed. The disease must at all events be remedied; but how? What could be devised by men who thought the highest wisdom was to ‘let things alone’? Let the Poor Law Commissioners declare:—

“In no part of Europe except England, has it been thought fit that the provision, whether compulsory or voluntary, should be applied to more than the relief of *indigence*, the state of a person unable to labor, or unable to obtain, in return for his labor, the means of subsistence. It has never been deemed expedient that the provision should extend to the relief of *poverty*; that is, the state of one, who, in order to obtain a mere subsistence, is forced to have recourse to labor.”^c

We might reply, that in few other countries of Europe has it been thought fit to give to a few great Lords nearly all the land of the country. Being better divided, the necessity of relief has not been so great. But apart from this consideration, if *poverty*, from its very extent, becomes a great social disease, we do not see why it should not be legislated for, as much as *indigence* which confessedly merits it. What fault have the half million surplus laborers committed? By what law of justice, of humanity, can society visit upon them the disproportion of the two elements of capital and population? Did they create that

^c Commissioner's Report for 1834.

disproportion? Then why must the penalty fall upon them? And what a penalty! "*That his situation on the whole shall not be made, really or apparently, so eligible as the situation of the independent laborer of the lowest class.*" Such, these Commissioners declare, is the first and most essential of all conditions of relief. Now any body who has read the Goatacre revelations, knows what the condition of the laborer of the lowest class is. And yet human ingenuity tried to find, and actually succeeded in finding, beneath this 'lowest depth,' a lower deep. The real, the obvious remedy for the poverty of the laborer who wanted work but could not get it, was not a Bastille,—not the separation of husband and wife, of parent and child,—not the destruction of the laborer's comfort and the best elements in the laborer's character,—but simply the supply of Capital whereupon to labor. But the supply-and-demand theory, which necessarily leaves the creation of capital to chance, was driven to the principle that it should make the surplus laborer's condition 'irksome.' And irksome it did, and has continued to make it, until every bond between the Working and Legislative classes has been severed,—until the working man has learnt to regard the government as an enemy instead of a protector,—until the whole army of soldiers, policemen, and middle class special constables, is found scarcely sufficient to preserve order,—until the *bourgeoisie* are afraid to ask for the least change of legislation, lest they should add to that fire which spreads and burns beneath, like a volcano over which the social fabric even now totters, threatening to overwhelm all that is great and good in the institutions of our country, in one common ruin.

On the free principle that capital and labor can best protect their own interests, the poor law should not exist at all. A compulsory deduction from the increase of one portion of the community to support another portion, is a manifest confession that supply and demand may not be trusted. The Poor Law as it is, therefore, is the mongrel offspring of a lingering humanity and an incomplete *laissez-faire*-ism. The former was too strong to let the latter have full play. It would shock English sympathies to proportion the supply of labor to the demand by *killing off* the superfluous laborers. Still *laissez-faire*-ism was too strong to permit humanity to extend any effectual relief. The natural result of these conflicting elements is seen in the curious phenomena of useless stone heaps and Andover torturings. It will be one of the enigmas destined to puzzle posterity, that England, which undertook to clothe, conquer, and evangelize the world, should yet be baffled by its own paupers. They will attribute it to some monster delusion, and find confirmation in the fact, that infinitely more ingenuity was employed to discover how *small* a quantity of food the pauper's stomach would submit to without rebelling, than *how to obtain a larger quantity* for the said stomach. What to do with them, that is the question? They have broken stones till the stones have become in value a negative quantity—worth less than nothing. They have picked oakum in the most primitive and expensive manner that could be devised. The only thing that poor law Guardians have not yet tried is the digging of holes and filling them up again, which French Statesmen and English Editors persist in designating as the 'organization of labor.' There they are, however, sitting with 'baleful enchantment' upon them, deprived of the social amenities of life, many of them kept up like cattle lest they should fulfil the command 'increase and multiply,'—*an organization of forced idleness, alter-*

nating with useless labor, the absurdest, cruelest monument of the civilization of the 19th century now extant!

In the Poor Law, notwithstanding all its harshness, we trace the presence of that conservative element in society, whose aim is to prevent any disease reaching such a crisis as would be destructive of its own existence. If society did not so far deviate from *laissez-faire*-ism, as to support the life of him whom the latter would condemn to death, he would rebel against the verdict, and turn like the trodden worm upon that society which had thus unnaturally cast him out. Even as a measure of self defence, society is compelled to *keep* the laborers whom it will not *employ*. The free advocates are in this sense quite as '*impracticable*' as many they dub with that name,—i. e. their system is not, never was, and never will be, carried out by society in its full and fair proportions.

This conservative influence of society is manifested in a multitude of other ways. Every attempt on the part of the state or individuals to raise the lot of the laborer above that which it would be as determined by free competition, is an attack (mostly unconscious) of this character on the free principle. It would be useless to detail all the modes by which sometimes benevolence, and sometimes the sense of self preservation, counteracts the consequences of the selfish-system, but two or three instances must be named. The interference is perfectly empirical, it acts from no clearly defined view of the *cause* of the evil it would cure. All that society knows is, that the evil has assumed a gigantic and defined form. No longer caring for its consistency, it deserts the principle of selfishness laid down as a general guide, and grasps (what it conceives to be) the monster by the throat.

One form in which this rebellion to the supply and demand system manifests itself, is in the claim recently set up for participation by the workmen in profits. In Britain, Babbage, the excellent Messrs. Chambers, the Morning Chronicle, and John Stuart Mill, have especially favored this view. In France M. Chevalier, so lately the pet of the English press on account of his opposition to the imperfect but philanthropic scheme of Louis Blanc, speaks thus of the participation of profits:—

"I am convinced that this participation will change the character of labor, and still more of the laborer; that it will confer on the latter a dignity, a love of order, a spirit of good conduct, which he could obtain in no other way. Those inarticulate contests between the master and the worker which produce so many disorders, so many little acts of havoc, such a waste of living force,—will disappear as if by enchantment; and it is motives like these, above all, connected as they are with moral, political, and social order, that make me eagerly long for the realization of that principle."

In order to inaugurate the idea, he would compel new Railway Companies to adopt the principle of participation of profits. "Gradually and surely," he says "the public authorities firmly desiring it, and opinion seconding them in that desire, the whole industry of the country would contract that salutary habit."

If the competition of supply and demand results in the laborer obtaining his due share, why propose to deprive the capitalist of a portion of his legitimate profits to add to the wealth of the laborer? If the laborer does not obtain his due share, then it should be the primary and paramount duty of the true Economist, to endeavor to discover the correct principle which should regulate his

remuneration. The advocates of participation either go too far, or not far enough.¹

If the employed be partner with the employer, he is transformed into a capitalist. If to become joint capitalist with the sanction of the employer, and yet remain laborer, involves no absurdity, or impracticability, we see none in the same result taking place at the will of the laborer himself. This proposal, clumsy after all, is but a sort of Organization of Industry, its chief merit being the confession of the false position of labor. As a practical remedy for the great grievance, however, it is absurd. The origin of low wages is in deficient capital to employ all who live by employment. Unless the surplus labor is prevented by some means from entering into the labor market, the return to the laborer cannot rise much above the rate determined by competition. A benevolent employer, however willing to divide his profits with his laborers, cannot do so while numbers are clamorous for employment, for as the workman will take the lowest wages, a less scrupulous or considerate tradesman will beat him out of the market. In vain are the objurgations of the author of 'Past and Present,' or the milder remonstrances of the author of the 'Claims of Labor.' If labor is sold at all, (for this is the fundamental error,) it must in general bear the lowest price. Capitalists may mitigate the evils of the laborer, by kind and considerate conduct, but as individuals they neither cause, nor can cure, the essential evils. True Captains of Industry, like Samuel Greg of Hyde, and Leclaire of Paris,—far seeing and benevolent men,—may do much. But must the working classes idly wait until the capitalised classes place a higher value on the welfare of the species than on their own immediate gain? Or should the welfare of the mass of society depend on the accident of their falling into the hands of public spirited employers? This course is now too late, even if it were just. It is to deliberate on the nature of the fortifications, whilst the enemy is at the gates. If it be desirable to free labor from the bondage of capital, it is equally desirable not to leave the issue to accident, or to physical-force revolutions, which indeed never *can* produce it. The gulf between wealth and poverty is daily widening,—the intellectual insight of the Have-nots is also awakening,—while recent events have shown us that the arts and embellishments of life, and much of what is greatest and best in human nature, hang by a thread amid the surrounding Barbarism.

It is all-important that this question should be settled, and settled speedily. It will not be by a compulsory division of profits; this is obviously impossible. Any legislation with a view to such a result, would share the fate of all the legislation of past times which attempted to fix the rate of wages by arbitrary enactment: nor would it cure the main evil; which is not so much the unequal division of wealth, as its inadequate amount,—not merely that some have *too* much, but that some can have none at all. All such legislation,—all the schemes of those who, in various forms, advocate the participation-system,—strive to reconcile *essentially* conflicting principles. The free competing principle (what-

¹ The remark especially applies to M. Chevalier. He would compel the man who invests his capital in a railway to divide his profits with the Stokers and Porters; yet if the same capital were invested in a Woollen factory, the Engine driver, Overlookers, and Hands must be regulated by competition!

ever its other faults may be) is consistent. But the attempt to maintain *it* in union with the advantages of the opposite principle of association, *must* fail.

Under the old Hebrew Legislation, the very same conservative-element was displayed in the Laws of the Sabbath and the Jubilee, which is manifested in modern Factory-Legislation. They are, equally, examples of the *felt necessity* of the Legislator's stepping in between Capital and Labor, to protect the latter from the ultimate tendencies of the former.* As respects the Factory Bill, however, instead of discussing how many hours infantile muscle could work against steam and iron, or the possibility of mitigating the bondage of the female White Slave,—a *previous* and pertinent question should have been asked—How, capital, mere capital, ever came to have the power to *compel* from the workman such an exorbitant sacrifice as health, wife, and child? The benevolent men, however, *would* know nothing of political economy, and the political economists *would* know nothing of benevolence. Both lost sight of the great and permanent question, *almost* the only one which needed solving, viz., the real cause of the evil itself.

The Truck Act, in compelling employers to pay money instead of goods, is another interference between employer and employed, another confession of *the inability of the latter to make his own conditions*. Why should not the *amount*, as well as the *kind* of remuneration, be fixed by the legislature? The justice would be the same, but the practice is different, because in the former case Capital, in the latter the Legislature, is the strongest.

The working classes themselves are not idle in adding to the general mass of inconsistency. Ask them whether they admire 'free-competing,' and they will reply in the affirmative. But *apply* the principle to *Wages*, and it will be another matter; they will demur to permitting 'supply and demand' to regulate that.[†] By various limitations, by Unions fixing the numbers and terms of apprenticeships,

* An ancient assertion of the right, the expediency, of interfering between the Owning-few and the Toiling-many—a divine denial of the modern dogma of the Capital Economists—the assertion of the superior claims of the *Laborers* over the *material* of labor—is seen in the Theocratic Legislation of the Jews. The Jubilee and the Sabbath were made *for Man*—the Land and Labor for the Laborer, not the Laborer for the Labor or the Land. Some political economists, while declaiming against a Ten-hours' Bill, will even fanatically uphold a Sabbath-Bill! But in truth, the Jewish Sabbath, as our Social Sabbath, *must* be regarded as a Law for the protection of the Laborer. But his protection against *what*? One answer only can be returned—Against the crushing tendencies and encroachments of Capital, which, like the horse-leech, is ever crying, 'Give, give, give.' As to the Sabbath, even a Religious Sanction has been called in, and is still swayed, for sustaining a Social Law for regulating the *days* of human toil:—on what 'principle' then, and with what consistency, can such politicians object to interfere with the *hours* of labor, or any other of its conditions, as the interests of Man, and the new aspects of Society, may call for such interference? On no principle whatever, as it seems to me, save this—that Mammon is our God and Man our Slave! The *principle* of the Factory Bill, therefore, is at least as ancient as the Sabbath-Law, and as far as principle is concerned, we must receive or repudiate them together."—*Dr. Lees*: Speech on the Ten-hours' Bill, 1845.

[†] The economists infer that because every body likes competition *in his own case*, it must be good. Now as, according to their view, each one knows what is *best for himself*, it seems to prove the contrary

by strikes which have cost millions and wasted millions more, they try, and to some extent successfully, to keep themselves out of the reach of competition.

The good feeling of employers also, operates much more than is suspected, in the same direction. There is not perhaps one employer in a thousand who absolutely buys his 'laborers in the cheapest market,' while few reduce wages until compelled by competition. Badly as the laborer is remunerated, he is rarely squeezed so dry that an exacting employer might not get more out of him. Masters did not combine against laborers, till laborers combined against masters. When we affirm that capital takes the share of labor, the smallest portion of blame lies at the door of the capitalist. On the contrary, *If* the *just* share of the laborer be that which is determined by the competition of supply and demand, the capitalists are robbed of all they are compelled to give *above that*, whether it be paid in the shape of pauper relief, or that of hospitals and charities. The capitalists are *men*, and therefore include both good and evil; the former mitigate, the latter intensify, the evils of a false system. The master who makes the most he can out of his laborers, differs but in degree from the slave driver, and the principle of political economy justifies the slavery of Greece and Rome as much as it does the system of modern labor. The so-called 'Tyrant millocrat' is often a mild, benevolent gentleman, who, by means of schools, donations to chapels and soup kitchens, endeavors to alleviate the misery around him. His mistaken philanthropy it is true, often saps the spirit of independence in the laborer, and ultimately increases the evil. The laborer wants *work*,—the means of earning his own comforts,—instead of which the means of existence are supplied *without* work. To such an extent has this folly proceeded, that there is scarcely a want for which a 'charity' does not exist.¹ It would almost seem that the legislature, the capitalist, the workman, and the pauper, were in league against the just rights of labor. By endless patches we hobble on, but it is only in moments of alarm like the present, when the system threatens to break down, that any attention is paid to 'the labor question.'

The special cases of oppression which the law has undertaken to rectify, are few in comparison with those which claim its aid. Voluminous as our code is, it would be much more so, if the legislature interfered in all the cases that need its protecting arm. It is objected by the advocates of the free-principle, that no legislation could meet the ever varying evils which all see it desirable to remove. True, but what then? Must *finite* power cease to act, because it is not *infinite*? Must the journeyman baker die of disease and premature decay, in order that some fraction of a farthing may be saved in the price of bread? Or the poor needle-woman wear out her over-wrought frame, 'stitching at once a shroud and a shirt,' to enable some metropolitan clothes dealer to keep a gig and give the public cheap shirts? Shall such fearful oppression go on for ever? Surely not. What, then, is the right course? The fundamental principle of regulating the reward of labor by the competition of laborer and capitalist, is either true or false; and the basis of social action should be in accordance with one or the other. If interference is at all permissible in the conflict of labor and capital, it ought not to be tentative and accidental,—mere symptom treatment; it should

¹ See some interesting examples in Poor-law Commissioners' Report for 1833, p. 301.

strike at the very root of the evil. If we adopt the free principle, let us at least be consistent. Let us have no compulsory provision for the poor, no robbery from capital to maintain in idleness the laborer which it cannot or chooses not to employ. Let us have no hindrance to the capitalist's chance of making the best bargain he can for himself, as when we compel him to pay money instead of goods. Let us abandon our Factory Acts, which either lessen wages as they lessen hours, or rob the Capitalist to the extent which they do not. Let workmen abandon all unions by which they place their wages, or hours, beyond the competitive level. Let us banish all those barriers which humanity, or self preservation, has compelled society and individuals to adopt, in order to save its humbler members from annihilation. Let the economists' *natural* (or most *unnatural*) law of wages, as determined by the fullest competition, be the only recognized one. The lower portion of society would, by the complete adoption of such principles, be reduced to a state analogous to drowning men, holding by an insufficient plank; some must be thrown off to save the rest. Picture the state of men, as we have read of them, crowded in a solitary boat, breadless and waterless for days, each man looking hungrily at his neighbor till the dreadful lots were cast. Or conceive of that Calcutta black hole, piled with bodies that a few might ease their panting breasts,—or of Dante's *Inferno*;—yet why pursue the dismal theme? These are but faint types of what the Economist's World would be with an over-population on the one hand, and a let-alone system on the other. The conservative element in society, however, is too strong ever to permit such results to their full extent, tho we approach such a consummation far too nearly,—witness the revelations from some of our larger cities. But with the let-alone system completely triumphant,—with every law repealed, every obstacle removed which benevolence and wisdom have set up against individual selfishness, it would be impossible we think for society to hold together one month, if even one day. If this plan dare not be tried, if the voice of our common brotherhood speak too loftily to be drowned by the hoarse croaking of an atheistic selfishness, let us still be consistent. Let us not, like empirics, apply partial remedies to cure evils which are but the symptoms of a deeper disease, the nature of which may be expressed in two sentences. First *the masses of society are depending on capital not their own.* Second, *that they are increasing faster than the capital which employs them.* To reverse this condition of society, will therefore be the object of the genuine philanthropists, and the value of most remedial measures must be estimated by their tendency to do so. Of every proposed plan, let us demand this question: Will it either increase the amount of capital, or tend to render the Worker less dependent on the accumulations of others, and more on his own? The more it aims at these fundamental conditions, the more worthy will it be of consideration. Alms to sots and premiums to vagabonds, tend to drag down the artizan. The various forms of charity are good as acknowledging some bond between man and man besides interest, and as indicating, and often alleviating, the evils of the present system; but as *remedies* they are worthless. The point of primary importance is *to increase the fund* for the support of labor.

In strictness, it is not competition which is *the cause* of low wages and of the oppression of the laborer, any more than bricks are the cause of a house. The cause is *deficiency of capital* as compared with population,—a deficiency which

may and does co-exist with overflowing *wealth*. Competition is the instrumentality by which the deficiency tells upon the laborer and the freer the competition, the more rapid the result. The competitive principle arrays man against man, classes against classes, but the slavery of labor to capital has its root in the conditions assigned. It is this deficiency in the *demand* for labor, which has transferred half-a-million of able men to the poor-house, and compels a tenth of the English people to be claimants of occasional relief. It was this which enabled the capitalist to strain the factory operative to the verge of physical endurance, in his hours of labor, and to dictate the terms and conditions of payment. It is this which has turned what is simply an exchange between capitalist and laborer, into an act characterized by dictatorial supremacy on the one hand, and degrading subserviency on the other. It is this which compels the workman to enter his employers presence, not as man *should* that of his fellow-man, but as an intruder and interloper, to whom *Work*—the primal right and duty of the race—is doled out as an act of charity! By changing that relation—by rendering the number of laborers scarce instead of plentiful, in regard to the *individual* owners of capital,—the whole phenomeua might be reversed. The terms Master and Servant would be immediately voted vulgar, as in America. Pauperism, except as the result of bad conduct, would be unknown. The workman, by the presence of comfort, would be capable of reaching the first stage of education, preparatory to a higher culture and development.

Will society stop here? No! By that eternal law of progress which will at last rectify every wrong, and vindicate the equal rights of men, the social dependence of one man upon another must cease, as befits the brethren of one family whose origin and destination are the same,



HUMAN SUPERIORITY.

'All animals are living hieroglyphs.
The dashing dog, and stealthy stepping cat,
Hawk, bull, and all that breathe, mean something more
To the true eye, than their shapes show; for all
Were made in love, and made to be beloved.'

GRANT that man is creation's lord, the very apex and crown of the Creator's work, there seems to follow no more worthy or legitimate consequence than *his obligation to manifest the superiority by superior conduct*. If his essential qualities and powers are inclusive of those of every other order in creation, and not only so, but there be added an essence to no other creature imparted, we have a right to expect, as a consequence of superior nature, a superior power, wisdom, and goodness. If man alone is 'infinite in faculty,' shall he not also be alone infinite in goodness? To what end is one man superior to another, but that he should serve him? For what purpose are the highest gifts of genius to the favored few, except that they should *labor* with them, and *apply* them, for the good of all? Universal powers are not destined alone for individual appliance, but also for the universal end. Whoso will be greatest among men, let him wait upon them, serve them, toil for them, think for them, love for them.

To the like end is man endowed with supremacy over every other created thing. One part of creation is not created for any other part, but the whole is created for the whole. *Each one* created for THE ONE, has a part, a place, and a duty to fulfil, which can neither be omitted, nor mis-performed, without painful and perplexing results. All Creation yearns after the Creator, as type after its matrix, the offspring after the mother. Man, as the highest type, attracts all lower creatures, and as he ascends in the scale of wisdom and love, they ascend also. This is not a mere poetic imagination, but a fact. The dog, the horse, among the animals,—the cabbage, the apple, in vegetation,—are proofs of the power of human culture to effect at the same time animal and vegetable culture. The globe itself seems to be presented to man in a certain rude and unfinished form, expressly for securing his highest development; and hence the progress of man, and of the earth, are concurrent. Man's upward course is denoted by his relation to the outer world.

As a savage he knows no other feeling towards vegetables or animals, save the propensity to eat them. He shows his lordship of the creation by laying violent hands on whatsoever he can put into his mouth. His 'right divine' lays in his stomach, and in relation to his animal appetites alone does he contemplate creation. The beauty of sun and sky, of tree and landscape, are unrevealed to him, and *for* his belly, if *not upon* it, does he go all the days of his life.

His advance to pastoral life is so evidently a new relation to the animal world, that it takes its name from it. From hunting and slaughter to nurture and feeding in companionship, was a grand step. And doubtless, by its bringing each person into constant contact with flocks and herds, the pastoral state develops a more tender regard for the animals than even civilization. Still the pastoral condition of man is very low, for intimate connection with animals enlarges the lower or animal nature, and what is gained in tenderness is lost in dignity. In human progress, however, it *was* a step—not from dignity, but ferocity. As man grew tame, the animals also became meliorated. Still, as gain or power was the basis of the change, the animal world profited little by it. Like man they were less rude, but like him also they were less free. A step from brutality towards beauty in man, is cheaply paid by the loss of a little animal liberty.

In a still further development of man's intellectual faculties, civilization comes with its augmented inner life and diminished outer life; its mental activity and profit, its physical restraint and loss. Thru the several stages of human progress, however, the element of the previous lower state remains in him. The citizen is not exempt from savage and pastoral ideas. Civilization is not yet completed. It is still in embryo. The dark and savage appetites too strongly remain, and the culture of the animal laws is yet too large. There is yet no such treatment of the animal tribes as proves that man is truly civic. He yet hunts and breeds, fattens and slaughters animals, and participates in the flesh. His appetite is still barbaric, his perceptions pastoral; he is civic only in garb, or in word. He slays the animals for food; he slays his brother for justice. While he does one, he *must* commit the other offence against civilization. The slaughter house, the gallows, and the barrack, are not erections of true civilization, but the remnant of savage and semi-barbaric life. The three will stand or fall together. They are a trine of which the absence of either ensures the decadence of the other two. It is the presence of these old and degrading practices belonging to the former states of existence, which makes our present life so contradictory and so painful. Men feel the divinity stirring within them, yet go on in brutal and brutalizing habits. The angelic feelings attract them upwards to purity, gentleness, and love, while the diabolic impulses draw them downwards to grossness, ferocity, and slaughter.

For the new relation in which mankind is to stand to the animal world, there is wanted a new and intuitive revelation. But tho finally it must be intuitive (that is to say, heartfelt), it may yet be helped by culture and enlightenment. The cause of so much pain may be clearly pointed out, if the very source of happiness cannot be made apparent. *Where there is pain there is error*; and pain, it is pungently felt, still abounds. Man has exercised his superiority over the animals, not in a godlike and creative, but in a brutal and destructive way. It is not even in the noblest *animal* quality that man is to rule the animals. This they can do of themselves, without his aid. Those fields of nature which human foot has never trod, are not much less harmonious and peaceful than the foot-worn tracts of civilization. The sea's inhabitants, over whom man's power is so far from intimate, do not manifest much more tyranny than the turbulent ocean of humanity. The animal world has doubtless gained somewhat in safety and protection, but it has not gained enough of these humble advantages. The old mystic remark is now grown common, *that in all animal life there is an aspiration after the human form*. Every creature is a lower-down man. Even the tree is comparable in its structure to the human form, and by intuitive impulse, not by theoretic reasoning, some of the parts, as trunk and limbs, have been similarly named.

By virtue of being superior to other parts of creation, man possesses the essential elements of their nature—animal, vegetable, and mineral. We see how fatally and frequently man sinks into animal, and baser than animal, sentiment:—the mirrored converse of this condition *shows the animals striving after a superior state*, the godlike manifested in man. So far from its being proper for man to assert that the animals have no upward tendency, no capacity for a higher life, they have shown, in innumerable instances, very great facility for improvement; and it seems probable to me, that every imaginable influence, vocal, visual, or magnetic, which has occurred to any mind, would be realized if man himself ascended. The harmony of the whole creation is unattainable until man is in harmony.

If man appears to have a twofold power, a choice in the exercise of his superiority, surely he should exhibit the qualities of a providential and beneficent patron, not those of a cruel despot. Man is not the material creator of the lower world, but, in a higher than

material way, he can be, in a degree, the Creator and Preserver of earthly things. Nature in the rough is beautiful, but how much more so when touched by art! Matter, animate and inanimate, is grand and wonderful, yet elevated to its due altitude only by the presence of spirit. *Man is the channel of the Divine Mind to every department in creation*,—for each improvement which belongs not to direct instinct. How much spirit he could convey has not yet been tried by him, but, rather, how much instinct he could destroy. Where his operations have at all been founded on the true and beautiful in his own nature, how charming have been the results! Yet even our horticulture, which is our best adornment of the planet, excellent as it is, has scarcely yet begun.

Man has to view the animal creation from a new point. Less acquisitiveness, and more tenderness, should mark his feeling. If man and the other animals are not precisely *fellow* creatures, they have the same Creator, and that brings them pretty close to each other. We are alike worms of the dust; or, as the quaint Quarles observes of man,

‘The same the stuff; the selfsame hand doth trim
The plant that fades, the beast that dies, and *him*;
ONE is their sire, one is their common mother,
Plants are his sisters, and the beast his brother,
The elder too: beasts draw the selfsame breath,
Wax old alike, and die the selfsame death.’

C. L.

SPURIOUS HUMILITY.

‘Pride *apes* humility’ in many ways: but it is easy to discern the vice thro’ the thickest veil of virtue which it may put on.

One common form of Sham-Meekness, consists in substituting a *confession* of Sin generally, for the *perception* of particular faults. Enumerate *each item* in the catalogue of vice, and it will be indignantly repudiated—hence the Humility-monger reckons up a grand total of ‘General Sinfulness’ by adding these nothings together!

We have known pious professors who railed against a truthful and divine Self-reliance, *pride* themselves on their openness to reproof, and thus actually convert a false and formal confession of Sin, into a ground of Self-complacency!

The pseudo-humilitarian who vaguely ascribes the utmost vileness to himself, in his diary or devotions, will be found, in the world, extremely tender of his reputation, and mightily offended at even a whisper of evil from his neighbor! Such clearly do not believe themselves; their humility on paper, is the veriest mockery of Heaven.

Spurious humility exhorts to submission of judgment—exclaims against the ‘headiness’ of carnal-reason—and finishes with the very modest proposal to hang up *its lantern* in *our soul*!

Hence, consistently enough, the Humility-man is ever an encroacher on the Soul-Rights of others; meanly stooping to an usurped authority on the one hand, while proudly resisting the legitimate influence of our Divinely endowed Reason on the other.

F. R. L.

OATHS—SWEARING.

 It is well known that many persons besides 'Friends' and 'Moravians,' and on common grounds, object to what is called 'being sworn,' or 'taking an oath,' previous to giving evidence in a court of Justice, or on any other occasion (such as installation into office) when the law of England requires an oath. Indeed, it is not uncommon to hear of persons going to prison rather than defile their consciences by disobeying (as they suppose) the command of Christ—'*Swear not at all.*' While I would speak with the greatest respect of their conscientiousness, I have been led to suspect that they err in their interpretation of the command of Christ, which, confirmed by the prohibition in James's Epistle, is made the basis of their objection.

It is for the relief of such persons I write. I once had similar scruples; but have no longer any. Perhaps, in presenting a few of the considerations which put to flight my own scruples, I may fail to produce conviction in others; yet if what I say acts suggestively in inducing some one else who has learning and leisure to go into the question more at length, I shall be satisfied.—It is clearly desirable that tender or over-scrupulous consciences, or even unscrupulous consciences, should alike be relieved—the two first of their burden, the last of defilement—and therefore I make the attempt.

The first question which forces itself on our attention is—Wherein consists *the identity* of the common Court-of-Justice Oath, and the Swearing forbidden by Christ and his servant James? I confess I have never yet seen such identity proved, tho it has often enough been assumed or asserted. It is surely not unreasonable to look for something like proof on this point from those who challenge public sympathy by suffering for their refusal to be sworn.—If it *can* be shown that the judicial oath in use amongst us bears any—even the slightest—resemblance to the swearing forbidden by Christ, I, for one, should like it to be done.

What is an oath, as administered to a witness in a Court of Justice? A correct *definition* is no easy matter: but let us look at it, and see what it *is like*. First, then, it seems to be a modification of the form of adjuration used in the Hebrew Courts of Law under Moses; and is perhaps, in this respect, something like our English Church Establishment—an imitation of a Mosaical ordinance.

The modern judicial oath, like the Jewish form of adjuration, is *administered* to the witness-bearer by the representative, for the time being, of the civil magistrate. The witness in both cases is *passive*. In both cases he is called upon to state what he knows. In the case of the Jewish adjuration the 'voice of swearing' was pronounced in public assembly (Levit: v. 1); and the person who had it in his power to give evidence as to any transaction, was constrained, under penalty of being cursed, to come forward and tell what he knew. In our own case, the witness is known, and is personally required to declare what he knows. Our witnesses are not required to do anything but kiss a book.

The oath administered to Jurymen, to persons on their installation into certain public offices or privileges, and other oaths (such as the oath to Members of Parliament on taking their seats in the House of Commons), are all of a similar character to that administered to a bearer of testimony: the taker of the oath is a purely passive recipient. Whilst the witness is adjured to *tell* what he knows truthfully, the others are adjured to *do*, or not

to do, certain other things,—such as to bear true allegiance to Her Majesty—not to compass her death or dethronement,—not to do anything to the detriment of the church established by law, etc.: and by allowing the oath to be administered to them, these parties appear to signify their assent to the terms stated.

Before endeavoring to *evince* what the swearing forbidden by Christ *is*, it may assist in our examination to show, by the following *contrasts*, what it is not;—or rather, that it is neither the oath now administered to witnesses in a court of Justice, nor its prototype—the Jewish form of adjuration.

1, The *replying* to an oath of adjuration, administered to the bearer of testimony—in accusation of another, or in protestation of his own innocency—was *ordained* by God: the voluntary vow, strengthened by an oath, was *permitted*, but not ordained:—the mode indeed was ordained, but not the thing itself. 2, Christ never forbade the oath of adjuration; on the contrary, he himself was put upon the oath by it, and acknowledged its authority by replying: * he did forbid voluntary swearing. 3, In the oath of adjuration the witness sustained a passive relation to others: in the voluntary vow and oath (which I will *assume* to be one form of swearing forbidden by Christ) the person making it was the sole and active party; and it had no reference whatever to the bearing of testimony. 4, The oath of adjuration belonged to courts of judicature: the other did not. 5, The oath of adjuration was administered to the bearer of testimony against another, or to a person wishful to exculpate himself from suspicion: the oath or vow forbidden by Christ, was either a self-imposed-obligation, or something equally needless. 6, The oath of adjuration was an affair belonging to the Civil Ruler,—so far as respects the circumstances of its imposition,—those it was imposed upon having nothing to do except to reply: the swearing which Christ forbade was manifestly and merely a matter of individual concern.

What, then, is the swearing forbidden by Christ? As we have seen, swearing was *permitted* to the Jews in their state of pupillage. The mode was positively fixed: it was to be *by the name of God*. And, of course, forswearing was forbidden. 'Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths.' So the Lord Jesus, in the words, 'But I say unto you—Swear not at all,' was not abrogating an ordinance of the law: he was merely commanding *abstinence* from that about which the law had given directions as to *how* it was to be done, if done at all. It is just as if he had said—'The law says, Perform your vows if you will make them; but I say, make none.' Let us mark the *reason* of the prohibition? It appears that the Jews, in those days, not content with swearing on solemn occasions and in the prescribed form, swore on all occasions, and by anything which suited their fancy: forswearing, too, being almost as common as swearing. An assertion, a denial, a promise, a protestation of truthfulness, had each the oath pinned to it—as well as the solemn vow and self-imposed obligation. And then they swore by their heads, by Jerusalem, by Heaven, by the altar, by the temple, and by all sorts of things. Hence the Lord Jesus, in forbidding *all such* swearing, was cutting off the impure streams by dealing with the fountain. From Matthew xxiii. 16—22, it appears that the Scribes and Pharisees deemed certain forms of swearing not binding. For instance, these wretched casuists pretended to believe, that if they swore by the altar or the temple their oath was not binding; whereas, if they swore by the gift upon the altar, or by the

* The deference which Jesus paid to the oath of adjuration administered to him by the High Priest, is very striking. He would not reply to an informal question; but, when solemnly adjured, he answered immediately;—thus recognizing, not so much the authority of the Magistrate, as that of the *appointed form of interrogation* administered by him.

gold of the temple, it was so! And so with other things. Jesus severely rebuked their perfidious reasoning with—‘Ye fools and blind.’ It was against all this mass of blasphemy and hypocrisy that the command ‘Swear not at all’ was directed. *But what possible connection* can any of these vicious habits have with the Civil Magistrate calling upon me to tell the truth, and I forthwith kissing a book and telling it? I see they are both called by a *common name*—and that is all!

It is not necessary that I should here enter into any description of the different kinds of adjuring and swearing mentioned in the Old Testament—for there are several varieties of each,—with the penalties attached to the unheeding of the one, or the non-performance of the other class. Nor is it needful to discuss the question whether it is right or wrong, or wise, for Governors now-a-days to use something like the Jewish form of adjuration in getting at evidence in our Courts of Law. I wish simply, and with all due respect, to suggest to the ‘Friends’ and others, Whether by refusing to give their testimony *in reply* to an adjuratory requirement, and substituting in its stead ‘a solemn affirmation’ *pronounced by themselves*, they are not making some approach to that which *was* forbidden by Christ? Other witnesses merely give their evidence after having been adjured to do so, but they contract a *self-imposed* obligation, and voluntarily promise, under very solemn considerations, to tell the whole truth.

I have said nothing concerning the curse-oath, because it has no connection either with the oath of adjuration, or the swearing forbidden by Christ. It is rather unfortunate for this subject that three distinct things, viz. *adjuring*, *swearing*, and *cursing*, should be designated somewhat alike—both in our authorized version of the Scriptures and in the loose language of the day. But this confusion of terms, tho necessitating a rather clumsy circumlocution in writing on this subject, will not, I hope, prevent Truth-Seekers from apprehending something of the meaning of these few fragmentary thoughts.

B. E.

Lancaster, September, 1848.

MAXIMS.

I.

Cause and Effect in men’s affairs, is still of truths the truth,
Deed ever recompenses deed, without remorse or ruth.

II.

As to swim you use your arms and legs, and not your mouth alone,
So to reap the benefit of prayer, you must *strive* as well as groan.

III.

Your right an epithet to use doth strictly only then begin,
When up to its full height of meaning you have clearly felt within.

IV.

With ‘Learn to die’ you’ve no affair,
For ‘Learn to live’ ’s your proper care.

OF PLUTARCH, AND HIS BANQUET OF THE SEVEN SAGES.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

OF THE many good things which I find in Plutarch, the Banquet of the Seven Sages seems to me the best. It is a beautiful picture of the old Greek symposiaks, and is hit off in so true a style, that we seem to be actually present at the banquet, instead of merely reading an account of it. I confess to like it better than those descriptions of feasts, and details of the conversations of the guests, which I read of in Plato; for in these every thing is large and literary, and each person seems as if he had come ready charged to the table, and delivered himself in due time of the speech he had prepared for the occasion; but in this Banquet of the Seven Sages, Plutarch has been artist enough to conceal his art, which is the most skilful effort of genius; and so we find the whole affair conducted in that free, easy, and natural manner which is so fascinating a characteristic of this author.

Plutarch delights me with his realism. He loves flesh and blood, which always looks warm and lifelike under his coloring, quite as much as he does philosophy and morals. Indeed man and woman are the living statuary, so to speak, out of which he weaves, and to which he applies, all his discourses. He has the same plastic power that made Phidias divine, as any qualified person can see who refers to his biographical sculptures; and I discover in him likewise all manner of Dædalian and Promethian elements. In the character of his mind he is, perhaps, nearer akin to Socrates than to Plato; nor can he speak to you long upon any subject without bringing in some Alexander or Agesilaus to illustrate his words by their presence and example. He has a distaste, and it may be a want of capacity, for what Realists have agreed to call 'Mysticism'; and altho he loves Plato, he cannot follow him in his highest teachings. He is so practical a man that philosophical reverie interests him only as a curious human manifestation, or as a pleasant guiling away of time over the wine cup. All his wisdom is direct and applicable. He is too large a person to be a partizan, or the disciple of any school; and altho he does not relish either the Stoics or the Cynics, he can talk of them, and all other philosophical sects, without ill-nature. He is a worshiper of, and a believer in, the Gods, and has a leaning towards superstition. But religion is a beautiful and poetic, as well as a divine thing with him, and there is a genial overflowing of good humor in his strictest moral discourses.

I always read Plutarch with the same pleasure that I listen to Mozart in his finest musical passages, for he delights and exalts me at the same time; and I feel, moreover, that I am in the presence of a master who plays his instrument, and is not played upon by it. He is so calm and central that he seems to live in the hollow of a sphere, where no discord nor perturbations can reach him; and yet one sees well enough, how heartily he throws himself into the arena of life,

and how generously he mixes with men and their affairs. I solve the illusion by referring it, as I intimated above, to the self possession of the philosopher, which gives his wisdom so alien and remote an aspect, and yet so near and practical a character.

Some idea may be formed of the breadth of Plutarch's mind by the great variety of moral subjects on which he wrote. He is at home in the largest and smallest matters, in particulars as well as in generals. Nothing escapes the keen eye of this penetrating philosopher. In the volumes which contain his miscellaneous writings there is no department of life which he does not treat of, no passion which he leaves out of his advice, no virtue which he neglects to extol, and scarcely a human difficulty upon which he has not a wise word to speak. He is a prodigious reader and scholar, and his pages are literally inlaid with the Mosaic names of history. Leaving his '*Lives*' out of our present calculation, his acquaintance with the biographical memoirs of large and small individuals—whether men or women—is surprizing. He seems to have a private information of living and dead characters, such as one would not believe it possible for a man to have, who was not connected with the police of Providence. There is no rhetoric in Plutarch—his matter is always heavier than his words. I do not think that a line of rhapsody can be found in all his books. He is neither a preacher nor an exhorter, but a philosopher who minds his business. If he has to speak in a special manner of Vice and Virtue, he does not grow suddenly hot, and deal in superlatives either of denunciation or blessing, but relies, with calmness and good humor, on his own wisdom in setting forth the nature of the things to be spoken, and in the adaptation of his examples. There is such force and singleness in his reasoning, that it strikes home. He speaks from man to man, and this is the secret of his success, and the immortality of his fame. For there is no essential difference in the cultivated minds of different countries, either in the present or the remoter times, and he who speaks well and truly to one age, speaks to all ages.

Some of my friends object to Plutarch because there is at times a freeness of speech about his pieces which does not, they think, accord well with morality, nor sound well in the mouth of a philosopher. For my own part, if you will give me a good man to start with, I care not what latitude he takes in his discourses, nor on what subject he treats. Indeed, the faults these friends complain of can sit well only on the good and wise man, and I hold Plutarch excused of them. Because they are not his natural garments, but the rags he takes up with for a time, in order that he may display their ugliness. I can call to mind no writer, ancient or modern, whose hatred of vice is at once so high, innocent, and beautiful; and this is not so much manifested by words, as by the unassuming dignity of his deportment whilst displaying the wealth and largeness of his virtue. He is not afraid of handling a foul thing lest he should soil and taint his fingers with it, for he has within him a fountain that can wash away all uncleanness. In speaking of the strange and peculiar vices of the Greeks—which he does in his usual calm and methodical way—his object is to teach the avoidance and not the imitation of them—and we can see that the Sage walks thro' them all quite safely. I do not intend, however, to apologize for Plutarch; for his writings, to all wise persons, are their own best defence. Yet one thing may be said with

justice respecting him, viz. that he wrote at a time when a large free-spokenness upon the secret matters of love—which is the looseness in question—was not thought either unbecoming or immoral. Love in its highest and lowest manifestation, whether in the office of generation or friendship, was with the Greeks, a subject for disquisition, as well as for sanctity and reverence; so that he who worshipt Venus in the temple, was not on that account debarred from speaking of her rites in the household. No doubt the time and company should be chosen when such matters are discust; otherwise, I can see no reason why chaste men should not speak of what are thought to be the most questionable subjects, as well as think about them; nor is it wise to raise objections to such discourse, if it be conducted in a temperate manner. For the passion, organs, and offices of love are as legitimate as religion, or as any other subject. We may make any, even the highest and holiest matter, profane, if we treat it profanely. I hate lewd, wanton, and indecent speech, and always flee my company when I am unfortunate enough to hear it, but I have no sympathy with those canting and sentimental persons who cannot bear to call things by their right names, nor to discuss a subject with their peers, of which they carry the symbols in their own persons. I have sometimes met men of this class whom I have afterwards known to be guilty of the practical sacrifices which they were too fastidious to hear theoretically spoken of. I would have a man *so pure and free that he should be able to speak upon any and all subjects*, with the authority of a prophet and the license of a king;—but I loathe immodesty, and do not wish what I have now said to be construed into a defence of any thing so mean and despicable. I defend nothing but just and lawful speech—the right of the wise and good, not the licentiousness of the bad and ignorant. It is the vice of the age to be mealy-mouthed, and secret-handed; and altho I venerate the sanctities of life and conversation, and respect the æsthetic law, yet I would rather hear Diogenes in his freest humor, than any Praise-God Bare-Bones in his most pious hypocrisy. For manliness is better than godliness, when godliness is not manly. I dislike a narrow and limited, almost as much as I do an untruthful person, and cannot forgive a man whose depths and bounds I have discovered. Universal natures, however, are very rare; and I have only once or twice in my life time, come up with men who were open on all sides, who knew no profanity, and to whom all things were alike sacred. God is jealous of his infinity, and keeps the all-seeing eyes, and the Great-heart of love, for his special favorites. We must not be surprized, therefore, to discover folly and littleness in men, for these qualities constitute the rule of life, whereas breadth and wisdom are the exceptions. If then your companions are wise, you need not fear for your thoughts and opinions, provided only that you utter no nonsense. And as I would chose my company if I wished to speak upon any questionable point of morals, philosophy, or religion, and would dread to open my month in the presence of fools, so I would claim the same right for Plutarch, and bid away from his books all weak and foolish persons. For these persons are incapable of understanding him sufficiently to appreciate the entire argument of his discourses, and so they naturally fall foul of his instances, which are but fragments of them.

The exceptionable papers in Plutarch, to which these remarks apply, and to which the friends I have spoken of more particularly alluded, are his '*Precepts of Wedlock*,' and his '*Treatise of Love*.' And yet I am sure that no modest, and

well regulated person, could read these papers without profit. Indeed, the first mentioned paper is a chaste admonition to Pollianus and Eurydice—two friends of the philosopher—who had just entered the marriage state; and altho there are speeches in it, here and there, too liberal for our modern taste, yet it is as wise a discourse as I can very well conceive of; and if it have not the rich surfeit, and mystical beauty, of Jeremy Taylor's '*Marriage Ring*'—which is a similar writing in its character and tendency—it has in it, at least, all the profound and practical wisdom of the Grecian mind. The conclusion of the paper will justify me in these remarks. "But mine advice unto you, O Eurydice," says Plutarch, "is to be studious always in the notable sayings and moral sentences of sage, wise, and approved men. Have always in your mouth the good words which heretofore, when you were a young maiden, you heard and learned from us; to the end that you may be a joy unto your husband, and be praised and commended by other women, when they shall see you so honorably adorned and beautified, without any cost bestowed upon brooches, tablets, and jewels; for these things you cannot have, save at a high price. But the ornaments and attire of Theano of Cleobuline, of Gorgo the wife of King Leonidas, etc., and of other ladies and gentlewomen so much renowned and trusted heretofore, for their rare virtues, you may have without cost—wherewith if you adorn yourself, you (and your husband) shall both live happily, and also with honor and glory." To this end it was that the '*precepts*' were written, and I for one, cannot find fault with them.

I confess, however, that the Treatise upon Love, which is carried on in the shape of a conversation, is not altogether free from objection, if it were worth while to object. But I chose rather, to let every capable man have his say, than to criticize his saying. There is to me, in all true human thought and speech, a license that is sacred; and in such case, I could not undertake to choke a man with his own words;—nor indeed, if I had the power, should I have a right to do so. I venerate the Guild to which I belong too much to question its charter. The Philosopher and the Saint differ essentially upon the matter above stated; I prefer, however, the forbearance of the former to the dogmatism of the latter. I love freedom too well to be bound by any other law than my own; and the latitude I take myself, I am likewise willing to concede to others. So that if I were never so much disposed, according to my own established way of thinking, to disagree with Plutarch, I could not quarrel with him, seeing that if I had been Plutarch, I should have written as he has done.

Nay I will even go further, and thank my author for his book of love. It is a charming picture of the conversation and manners of the time, and altho I not only do not agree with, but have a downright abhorrence of the sentiments of some of the speeches in the dialogue, yet we should lose a large chapter of Greek life—so far as Plutarch is concerned—if this book were not written. And in reading it we must always bear in mind that Plutarch's object is to paint life as it really was in his time, and not to forge a counterfeit of it. He could afford to do many things, which a lower man could not afford to do; for he was a high and noble moralist; so rooted in the rocks of truth, and matured by experience, that he was well fitted to deal with vice, and to become the champion of virtue. Hence he does not fear to encounter the sophistry and vicious opinions of the so-called philosophers of his time—but, as we see in the book before us, seeks

an occasion to bring some of these together, that he may foil and vanquish them.

I ought, perhaps, to give a short summary of this book, that all may see the reason and opportunity of the argument.

Antobulus, son of Plutarch, is requested by his companions to rehearse a discourse which his father once delivered upon Love. In doing so, he has to set forth the occasion of it, and introduces the history of Ismenodora, a rich and powerful Greek woman, who has become enamoured of a young man named Bacchon. When this history is concluded, a dispute arises between the company present (not between Antobulus and his companions, but between the persons who were with Plutarch at the time the discourse in question was delivered,) as to the right and policy of giving Bacchon to Ismenodora, for Bacchon, it seems, was a friend of the company. Of this dispute Plutarch and his friends were made arbiters. Protogenes and Pisas were opposed to the marriage—and spoke freely against the lawful commerce of love between the sexes, and defended that unnatural alliance which disgraced the old societies. These speeches were answered in a full, beautiful, and conclusive manner by Daphnceus, who vindicates the rites of Venus, and covers his opponents with confusion. And now Plutarch himself interferes, and, as judge between the contending parties, maintains, by many notable examples, that neither wealth, nor the forward affection of a woman to a man, causeth the marriage with her to be culpable, or worthy to be blamed. On a sudden, however, he is interrupted by a messenger, a companion of Pisas, “who galloping hard on horseback from out of the city,” as the text has it, declared that Ismenodora had ravished Bacchon, which, when it was properly translated, meant that she had carried him off—knowing his affection for her, and the opposition of his friends—and arrayed him in wedding garments. The story is well told, and gives us a good glimpse of Greek manners.

We see that women knew how to play a gallant part in those days, as well as in our own; and in this instance, which was no loose intrigue, but a brave and honorable seizure, for matrimonial purposes, I acknowledge my gratification and delight. Ismenodora was not to be cheated out of her love by the friends of Bacchon, whose sole ground of objection to her was her rank and riches—for she was a person of admirable virtue—and therefore she took counsel with her friends—“lusty, young adventurous gallants, who wished well to her love”—and “certain women also, who were inward with her, and most trusty,” and when the innocent Bacchon was passing her door (as he was wont to do every day to the public place of meeting,) her friends laid hands upon him with the most affectionate violence, and bore him into the house, all equipt as he was with his mandillion and doublet. And fearing lest his retreat should be forced, the prudent Ismenodora caused all the doors to be locked—and handed her prisoner over to the women of the household without any show of mercy. These good dames stript the poor youth, and adorned him, as I said, with a wedding robe. And all the servants of the house ran up and down with great noise and merriment, and having decorated the doors and gates of their mistress with ivy and olive branches, they ran off to do the same honors to the house of Bacchon. A ‘minstrel wench’—who was passing and saw that a wedding was in the wind—began to pipe and sing all kinds of amorous ditties, and was no doubt rewarded for her services. As for the citizens of Thespiae, ‘says the text,’ and the strangers who

were there at that time, some of them took up a laughing; others, 'being angry and offended hereat, incited the masters and governors of the public exercises (who indeed have great authority over the youth, and carry a vigilant eye unto them), so that they left the theatres and the exercises, and coming to the door of Ismenodora, fell into hot reasoning and debating of the matter between them.

When the messenger had declared these things, old Zeuxippus (who was present with Plutarch, Protogenes, and the rest of them) "laughed very heartily as my father told the tale," says Antobulus. But Protogenes and Pisas were so enraged that they walked off to the city, resolving that they would, at least, have a say in the matter. Then Plutarch, talking to his friends, delivered his discourse upon the nature and fruits of love, which Antobulus was required to pronounce. And when Plutarch had finished, another messenger came from the city, and invited him, and those who were with him, to the wedding of Ismenodora and Bacchion.

Such is a summary of this famous book, from which it will be seen that Plutarch has contrived to list the attention by his story, and so to prepare the way for a consideration of his graver discourse. In the person of Daphnæus he vindicates the truth of love against the slanderous sophistry of Protogenes and Pisas; and having dismissed all the minor actors, he grows so large with his own thought and utterance, that the previous speakers are thrown out of sight by the majesty of this chief person. There is, however, no assumption of superiority in Plutarch; and, thro'out the discourse, he appeals to, and is interrupted by, his associates. I am amused and charmed with the prattle of the philosopher, whose words run on to the end like the bubbling music of a swift and deep river; and when he has concluded, I feel quite sure that he has paused only for convenience, and not from exhaustion.

I will say no more, however, upon this subject, and have already far exceeded my original intention in this respect. It is enough to know that the cause of virtue has lost nothing, and gained much, by these examples.

We must not expect, however, that Plutarch, in any of his books, shall talk like a puritan divine, or modern evangelical clergyman. The religion of the Greeks was a very different affair to the religion of Christ; and altho the profoundest Grecian minds—such as those of Socrates, Plato, and Plotinus—were closely related to that of the Divine Man who presides over the modern world—yet the religion of the vulgar was a poetic superstition, and that of the majority of the philosophers a deification of the intellect. The moral perfection of man thro' the culture of the intellect, lies indeed at the bottom of the philosophy of Plutarch, as is evident enough from his treatise "Of proceeding in Virtue," and other similar papers. Yet he knows very well the uses of the intellect, and acknowledges it to be the servant of virtue, and not virtue itself. Nor will he allow the Sophists to babble in defence of vice and licentious living, without calling in the divine nature of virtue as the base and constitution of duty, to aid him in their vanquishment. It is interesting to observe how this brave Plutarch, armed at all points, walks firm and solid thro' the world of illusion which he dwelt in. What a strong love of truth, goodness, and heroic character were in him! How he loves to embalm the names, actions, and memorable sayings of wise and valiant persons! No devotee of the middle ages ever burnt incense before the tomb of his saint with greater reverence and devotion, than Plutarch to his noble idols.

I cannot despair over the destinies of man when I think of the virtues of these old and venerable heathens; for they enlarge my faith in human possibility; and altho I cannot say much for the manly progress of my own generation, yet with these antique examples before me, I will hope on for the future.

I am almost discouraged, however, in my literary enterprizes, at the thought of what has already been accomplished in philosophy by the antique sages. Plato and Plutarch have occupied all the ground long ago, so that a modern, if he write at all, must go over it at second hand. There is no virgin soil left for any horses either of the sun or moon to break up; all is old and fruitful. I cannot call to mind a single inch of fallow. Immortality—future rewards and punishments—the nature of the soul—the supersensuous life—God, and man's relation to him—virtue and vice—origin of evil—duty and the practical conduct—liberty—necessity—and all the great questions of time and eternity—have upon them the stamp and seal of these great monopolists of thought. And altho it is very fashionable to depreciate these majestic thinkers, and to heap odious names upon them because they (being Heathens) are not stereotyped in the moulds of Christianity—yet I doubt whether much, if any, true light has since been thrown upon the subjects which they treated of. They were, indeed, the planters of virtue and thought in the spring time of the world, and we small and ungrateful people eat of the harvest, and abuse the husbandmen who sowed it for us.

I confess there are many whims and vagaries in the speculations of the highest minds of old—especially upon subjects connected with the physical sciences, which were but imperfectly known in the elder civilizations. But the reason thereof lies rather in the subjective disposition of those old thinkers, than in any weakness or imbecility of their minds. Even in this day, when the great and almost universal mental tendency is objective and scientific, we are not without our whimwams and foolish fires. But when I remember that Euclid is the father of mathematics—Zeno and Plato of metaphysics—Socrates and Plutarch of morals—and that Aristotle ruled the scholastic world for a thousand years, I am not at all disposed to carp at the heathen fancies. I am often much amused at the manner wherewith modern divines, sermon writers, and authors of religious tracts, speak of the old philosophers. How gravely they babble about the 'darkness' of those luminaries who shone in the roofs of the ancient firmament. An unlettered person, in reading these speeches, cannot but imagine that there was no light or truth in the world until the era of that Bethlehem manger. Surely it would be wiser to preserve a prudent silence upon this subject, than to extol the new wisdom at the expense of the old. Let us be thankful for all good things, nor examine too closely the mouth of the gift horse. I can very well mark the distinction between the laws of philosophy and the gospel of Jesus; and altho I am grateful that faith, in favor of the poor and the ignorant, has been proclaimed to be the Royal-road to Heaven, yet I prefer the discipline of intellect and virtue, and the hard drudgery of practical duty, to a more ready and easy route. I believe it is better for a man to pave his own road, than to accept the offices of another. For every one, at last, must be accountable for his own work, and tho he be never so adroit a shuffler, he cannot escape the final judgment. Religion, as I take it, is the performance of a man's duty in the reverence and love of God—and philosophy has precisely the same mean-

ing. Both produce the same state of being in man as a result; it is the means alone which are different.

It would be better, however, if there were more philosophy in the religious writers of the day, and less eagerness and hurry. I would have every man to be in earnest, but not without measure; and nothing disgusts me more than the inflammatory declamation with which what we call '*sacred literature*' is distorted. There is no necessity for so much heat and ebullition of vaporous feeling; for it is irreverent and indecent to offer hard words to God, as an oblation for the sins of man. The fiery tongues of Pentecost have long since been silent—nor can they be made to speak again by any modern person. Let the truth at all times be spoken with sobriety, and leave the result. If it fall upon stony ground, so much the worse for the stony ground; if upon a right soil, so much the better. It is a poor compliment which we pay to Providence, when, after we have done our best, we cannot leave him to manage his own concerns, but must worry the ear of heaven with importunities for a blessing upon our labor, and fret ourselves when we discover no immediate fruitage. It is the old disease of egotistical men who would be greater and wiser than the master. Philosophy, at least, teaches us to have a higher trust, and better manners.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the arrogance of our Preachers and Divines in assuming that they alone are the lights of the world, and that all the ancients were blind leaders of the blind, I do not think, if a comparison were instituted between them, that it would be at all to the advantage of the former. After reading Plotinus or Seneca, who could listen with patience to the modern drivellers who fill our repositories with their lumber? I have not met with a single religious book—if I except Foster's and Channing's—which pleases me, on this side the era of the commonwealth. And even these exceptions are not of so much moment, that I could not very well spare them. It is certainly different with our poets, and moral and metaphysical writers, who are for the most part freer men, and live in wider latitudes. For poetry and philosophy have no limits, and those who profess them need not, therefore, tie themselves to rules and articles of faith. Neither does it follow on this account, that they must be less religious than the most orthodox manikin who utters his nonsense in the conventicle. I call Plutarch a religious man, and believe that Socrates was a divine person and teacher—and yet they were as large and limitless as nature. It is not worth while, however, to speak further in defence of the old philosophers. The religious idea of their time manifested itself in this philosophic form, and in our time it shows itself in quite a different manner. This seems to be the proper way of ending the business in hand.

But in the midst of all this petty disquisition one larger thought looms up for utterance—which I may put down after this fashion. That man is the originator of all thought, morals, and religion, and that the cultivated minds of one age, being equal to those of another—will arrive at the same results, altho these results must necessarily be modified by the individuality of the thinkers and the form and pressure of their times. I do not mean by this proposition to exclude revelation and supernatural agency—but rather to confirm them; for I hold that these things are inevitable in certain high dispositions of the soul—and that truth flows naturally of heaven into the wise and pure man. At all events I can find no other

words to express my apprehension of the meaning of that divine afflatus which was familiar alike to Plato and Paul, to Swedenborg, to Behmen, and to Fox. I call this ravishment of the soul by truth, a supernatural overshadowing and revelation; if any one chuses to call it by any other name he is welcome, but the fact remains.

Neither do I find so marked and distinctive a difference between the various near and remote religions of the world, as some scholars profess to see. Religion has but one soil to grow in, and that is the common nature of man. It deals always with the highest interests and forms of human life, but it cannot get further than the divine nature of Duty—which in truth is the base and dome of its architecture. All the rest of its teachings about God, heaven, and immortality, are but speculations, and altho in the mouths of divine men these things may consolidate themselves into absolute truths—and so influence the life and inspire the soul with infinite hopes for the future—they are all matters for the inquisition of thought. Nay, when we have done our best in the investigation, we can come to no real soundings or demonstrations of them. Hence in all religions these things are affirmed for the universal belief—and I, for one, allow my faith to guide me with as much humility as I can muster, whenever my intellect forsakes me.

I will now come back from this long wandering to speak once more of Plutarch, who himself could speak of so many things, and sympathize with so large a diversity of character and opinion. As a biographer he is unrivalled—for he has that rare faculty, which no modern man possesses beside Carlyle, of entering into the most secret parts of his subject, and turning all his characters inside out. It is a mark of the very highest order of genius for a man to put off himself, and to assume, as this admirable Plutarch does, all the Protean forms of human life which he has represented with so magical an effect in his books. I cannot help thinking that Plutarch's *Lives* are the best commentary yet written upon the old doctrine of the metempsychosis. His portraits not only overflow with blood, but burn with life. They live and move before us, as if they were here in reality—whereas it is nothing but Plutarch and his Images. Glorious old Image maker, and Heart reader—in whom so many Dædalian and Promethean elements were combined—I wonder what mighty god it was that dwelt in thy venerable body!

I have spoken before of the humor which runs like music thro' all the discourses of Plutarch, and gives such a zest and ravishment to his teachings; and I find that there are likewise touches of tenderness in him, which to me are all the more grateful, because of his usual impassability. In the letter of consolation which he sent to his wife on the death of their little daughter, he deals in high discourse, full of all noble sentiment, yet chastened by the great occasion of his sorrow. We can see that he feels his loss deeply, but he speaks of it with calmness and moderation, and admonishes his wife to bear it, as he knows she will, with reverence and fortitude. "For mine own part," he says, "I conceive and measure in mine own heart this loss according to the nature and greatness thereof, and so I esteem of it accordingly; but if I should find that you took it impatiently, this would be much more grievous unto me, and wound my heart more than the calamity itself that causeth it; and yet I am not begotten and born either of an oak or a rock; whereof you can bear me good witness, knowing that we both together have reared many of our children at home, even with our own hands

and how I *loved this girl most tenderly*." He then goes on to describe those qualities of his little daughter which gave an edge to his fatherly affection—not forgetting her gentleness and sweetness of disposition, the vestal purity of her heart, and her generous self sacrifices in those small things which are great to children. He afterwards rises to the grand height of human argument, and speaks of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul as a 'truth undoubtedly to be believed in'—and so takes comfort for his little one's loss, by the reflection that she is happy and immortal.

I cannot undertake, however, to say more at this time upon Plutarch, altho I confess it would delight me to give an analysis of his best discourses. But before I conclude this long introduction of the immediate matter I have now in hand, I will remark, that Plutarch's treatise entitled 'Why divine justice defereth punishment'—is one of the wealthiest of his 'moral' writings—and about as modern in its divinity as an Unitarian sermon. As to the rest of these Plutarchian discourses, and indeed as to the whole of them, they remind me of an extensive geological remain, wherein I discover the oldest bones of thought, and the fossil wisdom and experience of many ancient civilizations.



THE BANQUET OF THE SEVEN SAGES.

I set out, however, to speak of that fine social discourse which Plutarch has given us under the title of the 'Banquet of the Seven Sages,' and will now address myself to it in good earnest. For it not only contains, as I said before, a picture of Greek life and manners, but a real lesson of wisdom, and we of the present day may learn something from the conduct of this Banquet to our own advantage. For my part, I hold the true banquet in high esteem, and love nothing so much—at fit and convenient times—as the fellowship of the Table; but I soon weary of feasts where there are no graceful and intelligent persons, to set off the provided bounties. I must have the viands stuck about with the sweetest flowers of the fancy to take away the grossness of the repast and make it palatable to me. I am, in this respect, an epicure, not easily satisfied. Beautiful men and women are my delight on all Festive occasions, and fair words from cultivated mouths, make eating at such times a divine employment. I should call the very gods to account in their ambrosial banquets—and charge them with introducing sensuality into Olympus—if I were not well convinced that their feasts are sacraments in honor of Apollo and the Muses. Water is my common beverage, and I take coffee to my pipe after dinner; but on the rare occasion of friendly banquets, I revel in the warm blood of the grape, and am heathen enough to believe in the divinity of Bacchus. At such times I leave temperance in my study as a churl who would sour the rich and flowing intercourse of genial natures, with his crabbed saws and abstemious instances. Nevertheless, temperance is my best friend, nor can she question my allegiance and love. But banquets are antinomian celebrations; and when I drink health to my brother, and meet his eyes, and grasp his hand, I feel my soul loosing from its prison-house, and become wise and glorious. It has seldom happened that I have risen to such beatitude as that I now speak of, for friends are rare, and the symposiaks of friendship are still more so. Yet I can recall one or two occasions of this sort, which I should like very well to repeat. For the rest, they have been but convivial assemblies, and I look back upon them with a very minor pleasure.

Still I must reverence the instinct which prompts men to meet together for the purposes of intercourse and merriment—nor is it the sign of a sound and healthy nature to be over fastidious in obeying even the profanest of our social laws and usages. Geniality and mirth are the elements which keep society sweet—and if we were to drive the generous sentiments beyond the pale of civilization—we should soon be eaten up with bile and morose humors. So that, on the whole, I think it would be better for us to follow the example of the old Scandinavian people, who after their conversion to Christianity, pledged Christ and the Virgin Mary at their banquets, than that we should have no banquets. For wine is symbolical of generosity; and convivial meetings are an announcement of the unspoken law of good faith, reciprocity, and kindness. I like this plain and naked meeting of man with man—this festal holiday of human nature—when all the masks of business, and the bitter pains of life, are thrown off, and humanity asserts its own right, in the persons of these congregated friends and neighbors. And altho

I have previously been speaking of a higher kind of meeting than this, and am now to set forth an antique instance of it—yet I can sympathize with the ignoble as well as with the noble, and do not think the scholars should have all the good things to themselves.

Certainly however, this banquet of the Seven Sages is a rare specimen of high life and conversation in the old times of Greece. It introduces us at once into the best company of Corinth, and we become personally acquainted with the wisest men of the time. The propriety and beauty of the festive arrangements, the free dignity of the host, and the restrained lawlessness and good humor of the philosophic guests, are sufficiently charming and characteristic. I like the manner too, in which Plutarch has introduced the banquet. He represents Diocles, who was present, as relating an account of it to Nicarchus, a friend and associate of his, and takes occasion thereby to inform us of many things which happened by the way. The feast was prepared by Periander, the Tyrant of Corinth—whom Plutarch has here included amongst the Seven Sages—and took place in a great hall, or dining chamber, near to the Temple of Venus—outside the city. Thales, the Sage of Miletus, who refused the golden tripod, was staying in the house of Diocles—and Periander, in conformity with the usage of the time, sent a carriage to the door of Diocles to carry him and Thales to the imperial feast. But the Philosopher, who had learnt the use of his legs in Ionia and Egypt—fell smiling and laughing when he saw the coach, and sent it back again to its owner. “Then he and I,” says Diocles, “put ourselves in our way, and went fair and softly together, on foot, over the fields.” This is a true stroke of the pencil, which no one can mistake for the work of a journeyman; for we heard Thales laugh, and saw him go towards the fields, and can very well appreciate the rude independence of the old Philosopher. There was another, however, who bore them company, named Niloxenus, a messenger from the King of Egypt, who carried with him certain dark riddles—carefully sealed—which he was instructed to deliver to Bias of Pyrene—and if Bias refused to assail and expound them, he was commissioned to lay them before the wisest sages of Greece for interpretation. This messenger had met both Thales and Solon in Egypt, at the Court of Amasis—and was now unexpectedly invited to attend the Banquet of Periander, where all the Sages of Greece were to be present. And so, as they journey along to the appointed place of the festival, Niloxenus cannot help displaying his pleasure and satisfaction that he is about to meet such good company. He enters likewise into a free and hearty conversation with Thales, and tells him that altho Amasis thought very highly of his wisdom, and was astonished at his simple way of measuring the height of the Pyramids—“by setting up a staff only, plumb upright, at the end of the shadow which the Pyramids cast, and by two triangles, which the beams of the sun caused, demonstrating thereby that what proportion there was between the length of both shadows (viz. of the Pyramids and the staff,) the same was between the height of the one and the other”—that Amasis, nevertheless, did not like the freedom of Thales’s speech against Tyrants, and that this was the cause of his disgrace with him. For instance, says Niloxenus, it was reported to the King, that when Molpagoras, a great lord of Ionia, demanded upon a time what strange thing you had seen in your life time, you answered; A Tyrant living to be an old man. And when you were present at

a banquet where the discourse fell upon the subject of wild beasts—and which beast did the most harm—you replied: Of wild beasts a Tyrant, and of tame beasts a flatterer was the most dangerous. To this Thales very coolly replied, that the answer was not his, but a saying of Pittacus—who made it one day in scoffing merrily to Myrsilus; and the good philosopher goes on to say, that for his part he does not so much marvel at an aged Tyrant, as he wonders to see an old Pilot. But as to the fathering of that saying of Pittacus upon him, he is quite unconcerned about the matter. For truly, he adds, I am of the same mind as he; and willing to say as that young man did who flung a stone at a dog, and missing the dog, hit his own step mother, and felled her with it;—"No matter," quoth the young man, "for even so, the stone hath not lighted amiss."

This conversation naturally enough introduces the subject of governments and rulers, upon which Thales has much sensible matter to offer. He stops suddenly short, however, as they come near the Temple of Venus, and begins to speak upon banquets, and the duty of guests to go prepared, as well as of the master to make preparations. For a wise man, he says, who hath wit and understanding, goeth not to a feast, carrying with him his body as a vessel to be filled; but with an intention to pass the time in serious discourse, or in pleasant and merry talk. He has no mercy for the 'talkative busybody,' the 'unmannerly, and untaught neighbor,' who sits at the festive board; and he further declares that such a person mars all the grace of the viands, the flavor of the wine, and the melody of the music. Nay, he even speaks like a man who has suffered from such gross company, and seems to feel the old surfeit rise in his gorge at the recollection of it. Therefore, Chilon (one of the sages whom we shall presently meet) did well and wisely, he says, in refusing but yesterday to attend a feast, until he knew what guests he should meet there. I confess to like this high conservatism and exclusiveness of the old philosophical custom. Wise men are not so common that they can be spared to associate with fools, and mere wine bibbers of wealth and quality. Every man, indeed, should seek his own companions in the sphere of his relationship, and not out of it; and he who having invited the flower and chivalry of his acquaintance, bids likewise to his table, a rude, ignorant, and unmannerly person, puts an affront upon the laws and courtesies of society, and dishonors his true guests. I do not think it necessary that the scholar should invite none but wise men to his board, but I wish to meet no person who has not some gift, grace, or virtue to recommend him. I am for keeping sacred the order of the old nobility of thought; and would have its escutcheon preserved pure from all crosses and interpolations, at the instance of vulgar and ignoble persons. I recognize no other aristocracy than this, and can very readily trace its ancestry beyond the era of the Seven Sages, down to the remote times of Homer and of Veias.

It is not difficult, therefore, to understand the pride of Thales and Chilon, at the thought of mixing with profane men, whose bodies were as vessels that wanted filling, and whose minds were empty of all nobleness and wisdom. Nor could Niloxenus, whom Thales called 'this good gentleman stranger here,' take it as an ill compliment to himself; and so they passed the time away very pleasantly until they came up to the Banqueting House, when Diocles and Niloxenus went straightway to the Baths; but Thales, who had an original way of

doing all things, refused to wash, saying: "I came here anointed already." And that he might not seem to despise the magnificence of Periander, he went to see "the pleasant races, the wrestling places, and the fair grove, which along the sea was very well planted, and kept accordingly." When Thales had satisfied the respect due to his Host, in this particular, he approached the Porch which led into the great Hall, where the servitors were conducting the guests after their ablutions. And now we have another picture, which is as beautiful as any thing in the whole piece, and sticks to my fancy more than any other. Within the Porch, or gallery, sat Anacharsis, the traveler, and before him stood a damsel, plaiting and combing the hair of his head with her hands. But she no sooner saw Thales—the unwashed philosopher—than she ran towards him, and he most willingly and courteously kissed her; and said smiling: "Well done! make that stranger—who of himself is the mildest and gentlest man in the world—to have a pleasant and fair countenance." Whereupon Diocles, who had rejoined Thales, enquired who that pretty maiden was; for upon the approach of Diocles, she returned to Anacharsis. Thales, commending her highly for her wisdom and virtue, answers that she is the famous and renowned Eumetis, daughter of Cleobulus (tyrant of Lindos and Rhodes, and a member of the Greek heptarchy of wisdom), who, on account of her many qualifications both of mind and character, was called by the people Cleobuline. Then Niloxenus, who has heard of Eumetis and her riddles in Egypt, asks Thales if he praises her for those dark questions. "Not at all," says Thales: "for these are but the dice and cockal bones which she disports herself with, to pass away the time with those that encounter her, and are disposed to contend with her. But she has a wonderful courage and a haughty mind; and so politic a head upon her shoulders that it is worthy to govern a state. She has a courteous nature too, and a very sweet behavior." "So it seems," quoth Niloxenus; "but how cometh it to pass that she hath this inward affection and kindness to Anacharsis? that she so lovingly dresseth and trimmeth him?" "Because," quoth Thales, "he is a temperate and sober man; and besides, a great scholar and learned clerk; and because he has told her at large of the manners of the Tartars, and those of other people whom he has visited. And I verily believe even now, whilst she makes so much of the man, stroking his head, plaiting and broidering his hair, she learneth somewhat of him, or discourseth with him about some point of learning."

I think Eumetis did well in thus honoring Anacharsis, and that her way of extracting information from him was very pretty and graceful. He would be but a churl who refused to instruct a maiden with such a beautiful face; so many virtues and accomplishments, such white hands, and so willing and nimble fingers. It does not often fall to the lot, even of the wisest mortals, to be so well served and attended. I would wish for no better handmaiden to take upon her the offices of my toilette; and can readily enough fancy the soothing magnetism of her chaste palms. I do not expect to meet with any Eumetis, however, in this my day and generation; and if I did, it is very probable that she would not find me Anacharsis. I am most amused in this picture with the hearty Platonic kiss which old Thales exacted from the sweet lips of his friend's daughter, as if he had a lawful claim against them; nor do I call to mind a cooler thing in history. I will remember as long as I live (if not for my own, then for

other's benefit), that the lips of a maiden are the only thing that pay toll to wisdom.

When this conversation about the fair Eumetis was ended, and whilst the Philosopher and his little knot of friends were approaching the hall, they were met by an intemperate and boisterous person, who, with flushed cheeks and fiery eyes, was complaining aloud of some discourtesy which had been done him in the Hall of the Banquet. He checked himself, however, when he saw Thales, and began to enter at large upon his grievances and troubles, which amounted to this: That Periander had invited him—Alexidemus, bastard son of Thrasybulus, the Milesian Tyrant—to the forthcoming Banquet, and had fixed his seat lower than even the Æolians and the Islanders, which he took to be an affront put upon his father in the person of him, the Son. How now! quoth Thales; is it so indeed? Can you be advanced or debased, more or less, on account of the seat that is given you? Then you are worse, and more base minded than the Lacedæmonian, who being set by the master of the ceremonies in the lowest place of the quire or dance, was not at all moved thereat, but said to him: "Well done, my Master! I see you know how to make this low place honorable." But this foolish Alexidemus, finding that Thales did not fall in with his humor, and conscious that the lowest place was too high for him, in all other respects save that of his rank, took offence at the bluntness and advice of the philosopher, and after many rude words, went his way as furious as he came.

At this moment a servant came up to Diocles, with a request from Periander that he would come to him immediately, and bring Thales and the stranger along with him. For a strange and monstrous birth had occurred upon his premises which troubled him much, and from which he augured ill omens to himself and his banquet. I must refer the reader to the text for a fuller account of this prodigy, which it would scarcely become me to speak further about in this place. I will only add therefore, that tho Diocles was a physician, and Niloxenus an Egyptian accustomed to 'Mysteries,' yet both of them were alarmed at the sight they were presented with, and that Thales alone laughed over, and resolved it; much to the satisfaction and joy of Periander, who embraced him heartily for his ingenuity in penetrating so dark a mystery, and thus putting his fears and superstitions to the rout; after which they all entered the dining chamber together.

Then Thales, speaking with a loud voice, demanded which was the place that Alexidemus thought so low and dishonorable? And when it was pointed out, he went and sat there himself, taking his friends along with him; and in the true spirit of a well bred gentleman, he said: For my part, I would rather have given any money than that I should have failed to sit at the same board with Ardalus. Now this Ardalus was a Træzenian, by profession a Piper, and a Priest serving the Ardalian Muses, as well as a man otherwise worthy of honor: And the guests knowing the reason why Alexidemus refused to dine with them—viz. because he would not sit with pipers, and men of low origin, whom he thought were beneath him—could not help appreciating the graceful conduct and speech of Thales.

Now it seems that old Æsop was likewise present at this Banquet, having been sent by his master Cræsus, on some errand of '*dark questions*' I suppose, both to Periander, and the oracle of Delphos. The quaint Fabulist sat at the feet of

Solon; and when Thales had done speaking, he, the Fabulist, ventured an allegory, in which it was pretty clear that Alexidemus was lampooned in the character of an Ass's foal. Whereupon Chilo, in his short blunt way, told Æsop that he had drawn his own likeness. And whilst this hearty running fire of wit and good humor was going on, Melisia, the wife of Periander, and that fair Eumetis whom we saw awhile ago combing the hair of Anacharsis in the Porch, entered silently, and sat down at the same bench with the host. Then Thales addressed Diocles, who sat next above Bias, and asked him how it came to pass that he did not make Bias acquainted with the mission of Niloxenus of Naucrattia, who "is come a second time beyond sea from his Lord the King, with new questions, and riddles for him to assail, to the end that he (Bias) may take knowledge of them whilst he is sober." Then Bias, not at all disconcerted by the railery of Thales, answered: It had been the King's old fashion for a long time, to try and affright him with such admonitions and advertisements as these; but he (Bias) knew full well that as Bacchus otherwise was a wise and powerful god, so in regard of his wisdom he was surnamed *Lysius*; that is, one capable of unfolding and undoing the knots of all difficulties; and therefore he told Thales not to trouble himself with any fears of his failing from too much drink; for, he adds, "If I be full of him (Bacchus) I shall be quite hearty, and able to maintain the combat when I am put to dispute."

Out of respect to his guests, Periander had prepared a plain and simple repast for them, and had put away his usual "dainty-viands, and exquisite cates, costly perfumes, precious ointments, confitures, and march pains, brought from foreign and far countries." For he "took a glory among these Sages and wise men, in sobriety, frugality, and slender provision." He concealed likewise, all superfluous and rich furniture, and his wife's attire was of the plainest material and ornament. Periander wished to make every one at home, to show that he esteemed all his wealth as cheap, in the presence of wise and virtuous persons. And in looking over the Hall, Diocles "thought in his mind that to make a feast and give entertainment to such persons, putteth a man to no greater cost and expense, but rather easeth him of some charges;" and I myself am of the same opinion. It is my custom, indeed, to treat my friends in the freest and homeliest manner; and never to make anything of eating and drinking. I set before them such fare as I have, and bid them welcome, without any apology. It is different with acquaintances, and those vulgar rich persons who occasionally beset men of my condition; for these are mostly incapable of wise discourse and true communion with you, and come only for the bread and wine, which they eat out of ceremony and formality, and so spoil the sacrament. Every man of sense and breeding however, will, when occasion requires it, receive such persons with politeness, and pocket his annoyance; altho I am often ashamed to think how I succumb to such base housekeeping. We should contrive as much as possible to keep clear of acquaintances, and low minded people, who would think Thales himself poor, if he did not keep a costly house and a well furnished table. I am as free as most men from the slavery of custom and society, but am sometimes put in thralldom in spite of myself. It is the penalty which we pay for our foolish civilization, and I grudge the tax. If I had my choice, I would rather live with Diogenes, in his

Tub, than suffer any restraint at such ignoble hands. Give me manhood and independence before all other things. I cannot spare my friends, but I do not want to be held in bondage, even by them. I love them well enough to suffer imprisonment for them, and there are one or two men for whom, if I know myself, I could willingly die; but I should resist any of their encroachments upon my liberty of thought, speech, and action. And yet, as I said, I am no more a free man than my neighbors. Even in that liberty of which I have just spoken, I am ordinarily a bondsman; hemmed in on all sides by the necessity of policy and the arbitrary and degrading laws of society. It is not worth while, however, to kick against the pricks. I am safe at least in my study, and speak freely to my books; for they always welcome, and never betray me.

To come back from this digression: Let us take a hint from the conduct of the Banquet of the Seven Sages, in the management of our own feasts and tables. It is not the viands, but the conversation of the host and his guests, which gives relish to festive gatherings. One could scarcely do without flowers and fruits, bread, water, wine, and music, on such occasions; but these are sufficient. We do not want to surfeit, but to satisfy ourselves; and altho I have no superstition about the use of animal food, I think a wise and beautiful company would be more obedient to the spirit, by following the fare I have prescribed, than by indulging in a grosser repast. The Greeks understood this, and the beauties of behavior as well; for when the tables, at the Banquet of the Sages, were removed, Melisia, the wife of Periander, rose, and dealt chaplets of flowers around to the guests, with such grace and loveliness of manner that she might have passed for Flora herself. In these modern days, unless with high and poetic natures, it would look, perhaps, a little like aping the antique if we were to adopt this custom universally after eating; but I cannot persuade myself that it is not in reality as fit and appropriate now, as it was in the early time we are here considering. I like the Grace too, and the rendering of thanks which were offered to the gods after meat; when each person poured out his libation of wine, and drank it in silence; whilst the minstrel women, having sung awhile after grace, according to the vows of the guests, departed out of the room. For this is redolent of poetic and ancient manners, fresh from the May-time of the world's history, when the gods were divine and young.

When the minstrel women were gone, Ardalus, the Piper and Priest, called to Anacharsis by name, and demanded of him, whether among the Scythians there were any such 'singing women,' and 'minstrel wenches,' that could play upon wind instruments? To which Anacharsis replied "No! nor so much as vines." And as Ardalus replied again, "But yet there are some gods among them, are there not?" "Yes"! quoth he, "there are; and those who understand the speech and language of men: but yet the Scythians are not of the same mind as the Greeks, who altho they think themselves to speak more freely and elegantly than the Scythians, yet hold opinion that the gods take more pleasure to hear the sound of bones and wood, whereof their flutes and hautboies are made, than the voice of man." "But my good friend," quoth Æsop, "what would you say, if you knew that these pipe makers cast away the bones of young hinds, calves, and fawns, and choose before them asses' bones, saying, forsooth, that they make a better

sound?" Whereupon Cleobuline made one of her riddles touching a Phrygian flute, which I will quote here as a curiosity, as I find it translated.

Of braying ass	Did force the ear,
When he dead was,	With sound so clear,
The long shank bone	Upright anone,
Of mighty stag	
With horns to brag	
As hard as stone.	

By which the fair Sphynx intended, I suppose, to show how wonderful it was that "an ass, which is otherwise the most blockish and absurd beast of every other, most remote from all sweet harmony of music, should yield a bone so slick, so smooth and proper, to make thereof a most musical instrument." Then Niloxenus joined in the discourse, and said: "This is the reason that the inhabitants of the city of Busiris, reproach us of Naucratis, because we have already taken two ass-bones to make our pipes withal; and as for them, it is not lawful to hear so much as the sound of a trumpet, because it somewhat resembles the braying of an ass; and you all know that the ass is infamous and odious to the Egyptians, because of Typhon." Upon which this well bred company held their peace. Then Periander, perceiving that Niloxenus desired to speak, but did not like to intrude his discourse upon the guests, said aloud, "My Masters, I like very well the custom of cities and head magistrates, in that they give audience and despatch unto all strangers, before their own citizens; and therefore methinks it were well that for a time, both you and I forbear our speeches, which are so familiar, to give access and audience, as it were in a solemn council and assembly of estate, unto those questions and demands which our good friend here hath brought out of Egypt, viz. these which are moved from the King to Bias; and Bias, I doubt not, will confer with you about the same." Then Bias seconding the request of Periander, Niloxenus delivered unto him (Bias) the letters of the King of Egypt, and desired to have them read aloud before all the company. These letters are remarkable, as showing the grave frivolities in which kings indulged during the old times of Egypt and Greece. The introduction and substance of the letters are as follows: Amasis, the King of the Egyptians, unto Bias, the wisest sage of all the Greeks, sendeth greeting. So it is, that the King of the Æthiopians is entered into contention with me, as touching wisdom. And being in all other propositions *put down by me*, and found my *inferior*, he hath imposed upon me a commandment very strange, wonderful, and hard to be performed, willing me forsooth to *drink up the whole sea*. Now if I may compass the solution of this dark question, I shall *gain thereby many towns, villages, and cities of his*: but in case I cannot assail the same, *I must yield to him all my cities within the country Elephantine*. Amasis, wishes therefore, to have the benefit of Bias's wisdom, and if he cannot resolve the riddle, it is to be submitted to all the Sages of Greece. But Bias, makes very light of the question, and with his usual freedom of speech, wonders how Amasis can undertake to drink so large a quantity of salt water to in so small an accession to his territories. Whereupon Niloxenus laughs utly; praying at the same time that Bias will show him how it is to be done.

Then Bias says, let Amasis send word to the Æthiopian King to stay the course of all the rivers that discharge themselves into the sea, until he hath drank up, in the mean time, all the water that is in the sea at present; for of that only his demand and commandment is to be understood, and not of the sea that shall be hereafter. Niloxenus is so delighted at these words of Bias, that he immediately embraces and kisses him; for in the Greek days, kissing was not confined to an interchange of lips between the sexes, but was a mark of respect and good feeling between man and man, as well as of love between man and woman; altho I, for my part, never could understand this custom, and have a great horror of beard wagging to beard. Chilo, however, who was the only one of the company that was not pleased with the ingenious speech of Bias, turned short upon Niloxenus, and bade him, in a friendly way, to sail home immediately before his master had drunk up all the sea, and tell him to puzzle himself no more about such '*dark questions*,' but rather how he may make his authority (now brackish and unpleasant) to be sweet and potable to his subjects; for in these latter feats, Bias, he continued, is a most cunning workman and singular master; which when King Amasis should well and thoroly learn of him, he would no longer need the golden basin to wash his feet in, whereby he now keeps the Egyptians in awe and obedience; for they would then serve him willingly, and love him affectionately. At this point of the discourse, Periander proposes that each person present should give his opinion in full, for the benefit of King Amasis; and Chilo, with that beautiful deference which is characteristic of wise men, appeals to Solon to begin the speech, "not only because he is, of all, our ancient, and hath the highest place of the table; but because he beareth the greatest and most absolute office, being the man who ordained and established the laws of Athens." Then Solon, after a short pause, declares it as his opinion, that a sovereign prince can take no means to make himself more glorious, than by turning his monarchy or absolute government into a democratic or popular state, in communicating his sovereign authority indifferently to his subjects. After which Bias: That a prince could not do better for his own honor than to be the first man that submitted himself to the positive laws of his country. And Thales said: I repute the prince and ruler happy who liveth to old age, and dieth by a natural death: *Provided only that he be wise*, added Anacharsis. And that he repose no confidence in any one about his person, said Cleobulus. Or, followed Pittacus: If a prince could so nurture and school his subjects, that they should not fear him, but for his sake. Chilo thought that a prince should amuse his mind with no mortal and transitory things, but meditate only upon that which was eternal and immortal.

Periander was then requested to give his opinion; but he was confounded by the variety of *sentiments* which the speakers had uttered, and with a countenance "composed to sadness and severity," he answered: "I will tell you what I think of these sentences thus delivered by these my lords; that they are enough to fright a man of judgment and understanding, from all sovereign rule and government." A conclusion in which I very heartily coincide; altho I like the boldness and independence of the sages, who could speak thus in the presence of a king. For of all things there is no art so difficult as that of government; nor can it ever be attained by the study even of the most learned theories. It can come by practice alone; and the wise man will soon learn to adapt his laws to

the character and circumstances of the community over which he is called upon to preside. To start with any theory, either of democracy or monarchy, and attempt to mould an unprepared people to the idea of these governments, would fail of necessity. A good despot, with absolute power in his hands, and absolute means of enforcing his commands, might certainly do much for a people; but it is at all times better to educate the people up to the idea, than to force it upon them without preparation. Civilization is a slow growth; and must be carefully tended thro' every stage of its development; and a form of government that is well adapted to one people, may be, and for the most part is, quite unsuited to another. Hence, one need not be surprised that Periander was a little startled, and perhaps vexed, at the opposite sentiments which the Sages uttered upon the subject of government. *Æsop*, however, who saw the vexation of the host—and always “loved to be cross and finding fault”—was for discussing the subject afresh; whereupon Solon, “*laying his hand upon his head*,” and smiling at the pertinacity of the Fabulist, gently and efficiently rebuked him; until Periander, laughing heartily at the turn the conversation had taken, recalled the attention of his guests to the ‘dark questions’ contained in the letters of King Amasis. And Niloxenus, accepting the hint thus given him, proceeded to read the questions which Amasis had sent to the King of *Æthiopia*, with the answers attached, which were as follows:—What is most ancient? Time. What is most wise? Truth. What most beautiful? The light. What most common? Death. What most profitable? God. What most hurtful? The Devil. What most mighty? Fortune. What most easy? The thing that pleaseth. Now when these answers were read, they all remained silent for a time; when Thales demanded of Niloxenus what his master the King thought of them. To which he replied that he liked some, but had objection to others. And yet, said Thales, they are all reprehensible, and betray much error and grossness of ignorance; for how can it be held that Time is the eldest thing that is, considering that one part thereof is past already; another present; and a third yet to come? for the future time that is to follow us must be esteemed younger than all men, or all things which are present. To say again, that Verity is wisdom, is as much as to say that the eye and the light are one. Furthermore, if he reputed the light to be a fair thing, as no doubt it is, how came he to forget the Sun? Moreover as touching his answers of God and the devil, they are very audacious and dangerous. But concerning Fortune there is no probability or likelihood of truth therein; for if she were so powerful (as he says) how cometh that she turneth and changeth so easily as she doth? Neither is death the commonest thing in the world; for common it is not to the *living*. Thales then answers the questions in this way: What is most ancient? God; for he never had a beginning nor nativity. What is greatest? Place; for as the world containeth all things else, so place containeth it. What is fairest? The world. And why? because whatsoever is disposed in lovely order, is a part thereof. What is wisest? Time; for it hath found all things already devised, and will find out all inventions hereafter. What is most common? Hope; for it remaineth still with them who have nothing else. What most profitable? Virtue; in that it maketh all things commodious, according as they are used. What is most hurtful? Vice; for it marreth all good things beside, wheresoever it is.

What is most mighty? Necessity; for that only is invincible. What is most easy? That which agreeth with nature. Now, when all the company had approved and highly commended the answers of Thales; these be questions indeed, (quothe Cleodemus unto Niloxenus) meet for kings and princes both to propose and to assail. But as for that barbarous King of Æthiopia who enjoined King Amasis to drink up the sea, he deserves as short an answer as that which Pittacus made to King Alyattes, who when he demanded somewhat of the Lesbians by his arrogant and proud letters, had no other answer returned him from Pittacus but this: That he should eat onions and hot bread; upon which words Periander inferred and said: I assure you Cleodemus, it *hath been the manner in old time among the ancient Greeks to propose one unto another such questions as these*. For we have by report, that in times past the most skilful and excellent poets which were in those days, met at the funerals and obsequies of Amphidamus within the city of Colchis; and that the curious verses which the said poets provided were so hard to be judged of, that the judges were held in perplexity, not liking to give sentence between two such renowned persons as Homer and Hesiod. And what difference, asked Cleodemus, who had no respect for 'dark questions,' is there between these questions and the riddles put forth by Eumetis? It is all very well for her to puzzle women with them, but no man of understanding would stoop to answer them. Then Eumetis turned her beautiful face, suffused all over with blushes, to Cleodemus, and would fain have answered the rude old sage, but was evidently prevented by her maidenly modesty. Whereupon Æsop took up her quarrel. Nay, quoth he, were it not more ridiculous not to be able to answer such questions? viz. such a riddle as this, which she put forth unto us a little before supper:

A man I saw, with help of fire,
Who set a piece of brass
Fast to a man, so as it seemed
To him it soldered was.

Now tell me, if you can, continued Æsop, with all your cunning, what this should be? Not I, answered Cleodemus, neither do I mean to beat my brains about for the knowlege of it. And yet, said Æsop, *there is no man knoweth this thing better, and useth it more than you*, and if you deny it, I will call to witness your ventoses and cupping boxes. This speech made Cleodemus laugh, for he was a physician and believed in bleeding.

Then Mnesiphilus, the Athenian, a friend and follower of Solon, addressed Periander from his seat, and desired that the discourse might not be confined to the rich and noble persons of the company, but that it should go round like a cup of wine. He proposed, therefore, that the subject of rulers and government should be continued, and that Solon should be the first speaker. This was agreed to, and Solon began: You have heard what is my opinion upon the government of a commonwealth, and yet if you please to hear me again, I will now say, that in my judgment, that city is right well governed, and maintaineth best the popular estate and liberty, wherein those very persons who have not been wronged and oppressed, do prosecute the laws upon an oppressor and wrong doer, yea and seek to punish him, no less than the party himself who hath sustained the injury and outrage. After him Bias opened thus: That the popular government

was best, wherein all the inhabitants feared the laws, as much as a rigorous tyrant. Thales followed next and said: That he reputed such a commonwealth best ordered which had in it neither too wealthy, nor yet over poor citizens. And Anacharsis declared: That that city was best governed wherein, all other things being equally determined among the inhabitants, the better condition was measured by virtue, and the worse by vice. Cleobulus affirmed that the police of that city was simply best, the citizens whereof did more dread dishonor than the law; and Pittacus in his turn said: That he accounted a state passing well governed in which wicked men might not bear any authority, but good men only. Chilo thought that state best governed wherein the people gave greatest care unto the laws, and hearkened least unto orators. Periander was the last person who spoke, and gave his judgment for an aristocratic government; meaning thereby a senate of wise and noble persons as rulers of a state.

When this conversation was ended, Diocles invited the opinion of the company upon the government of a Household, for, said he, few men are called to govern a kingdom, but all men have a household to manage or mismanage. Whereupon Æsop laughed, and dissented; especially, quoth he, if you include Anacharsis in the account; for he has no house, and glories in the fact; living in his own chariot, as the sun doth, and driveth now to one side, and now to the other, of heaven. And even in this respect, said Anacharsis, interrupting him, the sun only is free, or at least more at liberty and his own disposal than any other of all the gods, commanding all, and not commanded by any. And therefore, he reigneth indeed, and having the reins in his own hand, conducteth his own chariot himself; but methinks that you, O Æsop! never conceived the grandeur and beauty of the sun, how excellent and admirable his chariot is, or you would never in bawd and by way of merry jest have compared it to ours: furthermore, it seems that you take a house to be these *cloisters covered with red tile*, and walled with clay or earth; which is as much as to say that a tortoise is the shell, and not the living creature which is in it; and therefore I do not wonder that you mocked Solon upon a time, when he having viewed the palace of King Cræsus, richly furnished and sumptuously adorned, deemed not the owner and lord thereof to be stately and happily lodged; but desired to see and behold the good parts that were within him, rather than the goods which were about him. And herein, it seemeth unto me, that you have forgotten your own tale of the fox, who being come to contest and debate with the leopard, which of the two was beset with more colors and diverse spots, required of the judge between them that he should not regard and consider so much the outward painting of the skin, as the variety of the spirit and soul within. But you, Æsop, look only to the workmanship of cutters in stone, and of masons, esteeming that only to be the house, and not that which is domestic and within; to wit, children, wife, friend, and servitors; unto whom being wise, sober, and of good conditions, the father of the family and householder, communicating and imparting that which he hath (even tho he were in a bird's nest, and emmet's hole), may avouch that he dwelleth in a good and blessed house.

After this payment of compound interest to Æsop, for his laugh at the travelling habits of Anacharsis, Solon followed in the same strain and said: that house, in my opinion, is best, the goods wherein were neither gotten by unjust and

indirect means, nor breed any fear, doubt, or suspicion for the keeping, nor repentance for the spending of them. Bias said, he held that family best, the master whereof was the same in-doors as he was (for fear of the law) out of doors. Then Thales : wherein the master may live at most ease and greatest leisure. And Cleobulus : wherein there be more persons that love, than fear the master. Next, Pittacus delivered his mind and said : that he took that to be the best house, wherein there was no desire of superfluities, nor miss of necessities. After him came Chilo with his sentence : that a house ought as much as possible to resemble a city or state, governed by the absolute commandment of a king ; adding moreover that which Lycurgus once answered unto a person, who advised him to establish a popular government in the city of Sparta : begin (said he) first thyself ; and ordain a popular estate in thy own house ; where every one may be as great a lord and master as another.

In such manner did these old Sages of Greece discourse at the Banquet of Periander. No subject came amiss to them, and every thing was treated in a free and generous style. I mark, too, that every man delivered his thoughts in turn, and there was none of that confusion and scrambling of speech amongst them, which is so characteristic of our modern companies. Bias was silent whilst Solon was speaking, and Solon always deferred to Bias. It is an example worthy of imitation. I am likewise struck with the shortness and pith of the sentences uttered on this occasion. There is no attempt at fine speaking, but each person observes the Spartan rule, and puts much wisdom into few words. On the subject of household government, many pertinent and admirable things were said by these philosophers, altho I do not think they have exhausted the theme and burden of it. To us of the present day, this subject is of immense importance ; and a valued friend of mine has promised before long to summon to his table the wisest persons he is acquainted with, to discuss this and other matters bearing upon social politics. There is so much yet to be said upon household government, that it would be worth while to write a new *Emelius*. It is at all events certain, that the real reform wanted amongst us, is an inward and social, rather than outward and political one. And I like that answer of Lycurgus, (which I have quoted above) to the foolish person that importuned him to establish a popular government in Sparta ; for it was a wise and just rebuke to him, and might very well be used by us to show the absurdity of those democratic notions which have taken the modern world by storm, and turned it upside down. A man's house is his realm ; and he is king of all the people in it. But fancy an equality between the groom and his master ; the scullery wench and her mistress ! A true democracy can only exist, whether in the state or the household, where each person understands and practices his *duties* ; for where there are no *duties* there can be no *rights*. Let us study our duties, therefore, and in the meanwhile, with our Republic in the distance, let us hold our peace about reform.

Now when Chilo had finished speaking, the fair Eumetis and Melissa, who were the only ladies present at the Banquet, rose and left the Hall, as is the custom amongst us at convivial meetings. Then Periander taking a great cup in his hand, drank to Chilon, and Chilon likewise, in order, to Bias. Then Ardalus stood up, and addressing *Æsop*, said : will you not allow the cup to pass to us,

seeing that in other parts of the table it is handed round from hand to hand as if it were the can of Bathycles? For it seems that Æsop was in no drinking humor, nor Solon either; for his cup had long stood untasted before him. Whereupon Pittacus calling unto Mnesiphilus (the Athenian) by name, asked him how it was that Solon refused to drink, thus going against his own poems, in which he declares he takes delight in the sports of Venus, and the inspirations of Bacehus and music. To which Anacharsis replied, that it was for fear of Pittacus, and the severe and rigorous laws which he had made against drunkenness, which ordained that a fault committed by a drunken person should incur a double penalty, and be fined *twice* as much as if it had been done whilst he was sober. In answer to this good humored taunt, Pittacus replied that Anacharsis, at all events, cared nothing for the statute he had quoted; for I remember, said he, how drunk you got at the house of my brother Lybis, last year; and how uproariously you demanded the prize, and called for the garland and the crown. And why not, said Anacharsis, considering that a reward was proposed to him that drank most? And if I were overcharged with wine, and drunk first, should I not by right claim the prize and reward of victory? Or else tell me what other end there is in drinking lustily, than to be drunk? Then Pittacus laughed heartily at the coolness and ingenuity of Anacharsis; and old Æsop delivered himself of this fable. A wolf once saw a company of shepherds eating a sheep, in their cottage; and walking up to the door he said to them: O what a stir and outcry would you have raised against me, if I had done as you have done. Then Chilon said that Æsop, whose mouth had been stopt awhile ago, had now fully revenged himself; and as he had taken the words out of the mouth of Mnesiphilus, who was appealed to in order that he might answer why Solon refused to drink, it was clearly the turn of the Athenian to speak, who discoursed as follows: I know well that it is the opinion of Solon, that the proper work of every art and faculty, as well divine as human, was rather the effect and thing wrought by it, than that whereby it was effected; and the end thereof, rather than the means tending thereto. In like manner would the muses take great indignation, and not without good cause, if we should think that their works were either harps, lutes, pipes, and such instruments of music; and not the reformation and institution of men's manners; the dulcing and appeasing of their passions who delight in song, harmony, and musical accord. And even so we must confess that the work of Venus, is not carnal company and meddling of two bodies; nor of Bacchus, winebibbing and drunkenness, but rather mirth and solace, affectionate love, mutual amity and conversation, which are procured unto us thereby; for these are the works which Plato calleth divine and heavenly; and these, he said, he desired and pursued when he was aged and well steeped in years. For I assure you Venus is the work-mistress of mutual concord, solace, and benevolence between men and women, mingling and melting as it were, together with the bodies their souls also, by the means of pleasure. Bacchus also, in many who before had no great familiarity together, softens the hardness of their manners, and induces good friendship.

This and similar conversation, leads the guests back again to the subject of Housekeeping, which Cleobulus says is not so difficult for a wise man as for a fool; inasmuch as the former is easily satisfied, and the latter never. He then

relates a story which he had heard his mother tell in his young days. That the Moon once prayed her mother to make her a petticoat fit and proportioned to her body. Why how is it possible (quoth her mother), that I should knit or weave one to sit well about thee, considering that I see thee one while full, another while croissant or in the wane, and pointed with tips of horns, and sometimes again half round? And this tale very clearly points its own moral in the matter of housekeeping; for the wise man is always the same in his requirements, whilst the fool varies with the moon's changes. The other guests then take part in the conversation, and the subject of diet is discussed at large. Solon is of opinion that as the greatest and most sovereign good of man is to have no need at all of nourishment, so the next good thing unto it, is to require the least possible nourishment. But Cleodemus, as a physician who, notwithstanding his philosophy, has a dash of the epicure in him, cannot agree to the proposition of Solon, especially quoth he, when the table is laid and furnished with meat! Moreover there is religion in his Epicureanism, for he adds, to take away the viands, is as much as to subvert the altar and sacrifice unto the gods, and overthrow all amity and hospitality among men. Remove the board, and you ruin the house; you abolish the tutelar deity of Vesta, the fire which keeps the house; the amiable custom of drinking together out of one bowl and cup; the laudable manner of feasting friends; the kind fashion of entertaining strangers, and all reciprocal hospitality, and mutual usage of the guests ... all the sweetness of human life and society, solace and passion, apart from business and affairs, whereof the need of sustenance, and the preparation thereunto belonging, yieldeth most matter and affordeth the greatest part.

These are serious considerations, not to be trifled with in the opinion of the speaker; nor are these all; for he extends his enquiries far and near; to the ruin it would be to agriculture if no corn were sown, no oxen grown; and, in short, I agree with him and demur to Solon.

Diocles, however, follows in the wake of Cleodemus, and speaks very learnedly in defence of the belly, and then challenges Solon to dispute the point, which he does in a very wise and transcendental fashion. Nay, he calls the inner mechanism of a man's body the '*hell of it*,' and would do without his liver and bowels. He would be a god indeed, and have no trouble with his appetites. He even suggests the cutting off of such organs as breed appetite and every thing that is dishonest; organs which more resemble the "instruments of a cook and vessels of the kitchen (to wit: chopping knives, cauldrons, pots and kettles, and in part are like the utensils of a mill, of a chimney, oven or furnace, etc.,)" than any thing else. The good Sage might have been useful when God made the first man; but seeing that the body is already furnished in that particular manner which we call human, I think it will be wise in us to make the best of our condition.

Before Solon had finished his speech and had done glorying in the chaplets of flowers which were placed upon the heads of the guests, and in the spiritual delight which conversation affords compared with the selfish pleasures of eating and drinking, Georgias, brother of Periander, entered the Banquet Hall; having just returned from Tenarus, whither he had been sent to the oracle upon more errands of '*dark questions*.' Whereupon all the guests saluted and welcomed

him; but Periander kissed him and made him sit down upon the bed side, where they two conversed together upon certain incredible news which Georgias had brought back from his travels; and which Periander caused presently to be made known to his guests. The story is interesting and beautiful, and well worthy of a place in these pages. A certain harper, named Arion, went down to the sea in a ship, being summoned to Corinth by Periander, on urgent business. The mariners conspired against his life, and he was informed of their intention by the pilot, who pitied his misfortune, but could not help him in it. Finding himself thus destitute of succor, Arion resolved to adorn his body with those ornaments which he used to put on when he played his harp for a prize in the public theatres; that so his life robes might serve him for his funeral weeds. In this manner he came upon deck, and stood upon the poop of the ship, desiring that he might chaunt a hymn to Apollo Pythius for the safety of himself, the ship, and all those fellow passengers who were in it. And after he had sounded certain invocations to the sea gods, he sung the canticle before mentioned; and whilst he was in the middle of his song the sun went down, and seemed to settle within the sea, and with that they began to discover Peloponesus. Then the mariners, who could no longer stay nor tarry for the dark night, came towards him, to kill him. And when he saw their naked swords drawn, and beheld how the pilot covered his face, that he might not see so cruel a deed done, he threw himself over board, and leapt as far as he could into the sea from the ship. To his great joy and amazement, he found himself supported and carried along on the backs of innumerable Dolphins. He was not, quoth Georgias, so desirous of living, as that he might arrive safely to shore, that the world might know he was favored by the gods; and that he reposed a sure belief and firm reliance upon them, beholding as he did the sky full of stars, the moon arising pure and clear with exceeding brightness, and the whole sea about him smooth and calm; so that he thought within himself *that the Divine Justice had not one eye alone, but as many eyes as there were stars in heaven, and that God beheld all about, whatsoever was done by land or sea.* At last Arion was thrown on shore, close to the place where Georgias was celebrating his religious festivities in honor of Neptune. After Arion had informed Georgias of these things, the latter enquired where the ship from which he was cast would land? And learning that it would land at Corinth, he hastened thither with all speed, and caused the mariners and passengers to be made prisoners. When Georgias had made an end of this recital, Æsop bade them laugh at his Jays and Crows no more: but Solon said these things concern the gods, and surpass our apprehension. And after some further conversation, during which similar prodigies to that related by Georgias were cited, Solon rose and said: let us now give ear and credit to the most wise Poet Homer, whose counsel this is: that night having surprised us, it is time to obey her and end our speeches. They then gave thanks, in pouring out wine and offering it to the Muses, Neptune, and Amphitrite; and in this graceful and reverent manner they broke up the Banquet.

'CONSIDER THE LILIES HOW THEY GROW.'

SAY not to the mourner
 'Thou mourn'st wrongfully.'
 Say not to the scorner
 'There's a God on high.'
 Leave the seed unseemly
 To the sun and rain;
 Let the stream flow onward
 To the smiling plain.

Would we reach the stature
 Of the God-like man?
 We must learn from nature—
 Meditate her plan.
 Is the seed not strengthened
 In its earthy bed?
 Is the stream not deepened
 By the rain-cloud fed?

Peaceful thrō the valley
 Yet that stream shall flow;
 From that seed rich blossoms—
 Precious fruit—shall grow:
 Calmly wait the day-break
 Ere from Him it part,
 God shall yield the Blessing
 To the wrestling heart.

K. B.

THE MISSION OF TRACTS.

By the Editor of 'The People.'

More can be done thro' the Press, than by any other means. Lecturing and Preaching are great things, but not the greatest. They can do *something* that the press cannot; but the press can do *much* which they cannot do. Tracts can go everywhere: Tracts never blush: Tracts know no fear: Tracts never stammer: Tracts never stick fast: Tracts never lose their temper: Tracts never tire: Tracts never die: Tracts can be multiplied without end by the press: Tracts can travel at little expense: They want nothing to eat: They require no lodgings: They run up and down like the angels of God, blessing all, giving to all, and asking no gift in return. You can print tracts of all sizes, on all subjects, and in all languages. Tracts can be read in all places, and at all hours. They can talk to one as well as a multitude, and to a multitude as well as one. They require no public room to tell their story in. They can tell it in the kitchen or the shop, in the parlor or the closet, in the railway carriage or in the omnibus, on the broad highway or in the footpath thro' the fields. And they dread no tumultuous interruption: They take no note of scoffs, or jeers, or taunts; of noisy folly, or malignant rage: They bear all things, endure all things, suffer all things, and take harm from nothing. They can talk even when the din is so great as to drown all other voices. And they stop when they are bid, or, at least, when they have done. They never continue talking after they have told their tale. No one can betray them into hasty or random expressions. And they will wait men's time, and suit themselves to men's occasions and conveniences. They will break off at any moment, and begin again at any point where they broke off. And tho they will not always answer questions, they will tell their story twice, or thrice, or four times over, if you wish them. They can be made to speak on every subject, and on every subject they can be made to speak wisely and well. They can, in short, be made the vehicles of all truth, the teachers and reformers of all classes, the regenerators and benefactors of all lands.

The Friends of Truth should give this subject their attention. I feel persuaded that the importance of the Press, as a means of spreading simple Gospel Truth, and promoting simple Christian Piety, is not yet fully understood. At any rate, the press has never yet been employed as it ought to be, in this great work. Luther wrote and publisht no less than eleven hundred works, in a few years, most of them small tracts, or single sheets. He publisht, at one time, from two to three hundred a year. It was the *multiplication* of these Tracts and Books by the press, and their plentiful *distribution* among the multitudes, that gave power to the reformer's principles, that shook the power of the Popedom, and worked so remarkable a reformation. It was chiefly by means of a plentiful supply of tracts, sold cheap or freely given away, that the early Quakers shook the nation, and (in spite of some excesses in their conduct, and some mysteries and errors in their opinions) almost frightened the priests and sectarians out of their wits. It was chiefly by a plentiful supply of cheap tracts, that Wesley gained such immense influence over the masses of our countrymen and worked such happy wonders in the land. It was chiefly by means of tracts that Joseph Livesey, and some of his fellow-workers, roused the country on the subject of teetotalism, and gained for the principle such a firm and general lodging in the souls of the community. Livesey did not lecture so much; but his tracts, the fair expounders of

his principles, were always speaking. Livesey did not visit one place in a hundred; but his tracts went everywhere. Livesey could speak only English, but his tracts were soon made to speak both Welsh and German. They made others become lecturers, and supplied the lecturers with facts and arguments. So, by Tracts mainly, must the principles of a pure and practical Christianity be spread thro'out the world. Tracts have already done good without end, and they may easily be made to do still greater good. Let tracts be freely circulated, and they will rouse the whole country; they will shake the foundations of every corruption in the land, and bring people in multitudes from darkness to light, from superstition, and error, and sin, to the wisdom, and purity, and blessedness of the Gospel of Christ. They will not only set people a-thinking, but a-talking too. They will raise up lecturers, and help to qualify them for their work. They will bring about a reform which will bless all ages, and spread purity, and freedom, and peace, thro' all the countries of the earth.

MAXIMS.

V.

If speaking of the Truth is not your rule and constant practice,
You'll find, in case of sudden need (and trust me this a fact is),
That so unusual attempt no very easy act is.

VI.

Men, when their time of clearness cometh by,
Contract the range of their activity.

VII.

Many men's only sense is silence.

VIII.

Men Barabbas despise, but Jesus hate and kill,
For they are wrong, if he is right, he good if they are ill.

IX.

Your reverence you may not misapply,
Without a sin 'gainst nature's majesty;
Revere our gracious God, mankind, yourself,
But never titles, pedigrees, or pelf.

A PAGE OF EPIGRAMS.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Said Play to Work, 'our tax on food
Is useful, tho I say it:'
'To you it may be,' Work replied,
'Or why force me to pay it?'

'John's *three for two*'s a wise exchange,'
Said Rent to Tithe at Holy Grange;
Much wond'ring why John wonder'd
How less for more could help the poor,
And being robb'd, the plunder'd.

Tho Take's a rogue, and Give's a fool,
Yet Give and Take mean Good for Good:
Thus, Mine for Thine, is blessing doubled;
It's pence for pins, it's cloth for wool;
It's hay for steel,—*it's work for food!*
With two enrich'd, and no one troubled.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL IN DARFIELD CHURCH YARD.

Man draws his fleeting breath
In doubt and fear,
Tho Life forever blooms,
And smiling ev'n on tombs,
Bids Beauty say to Death,
'What dost *thou* here?'

OF THE 'TIROSH' OF THE HEBREWS.

PREFATORY OBSERVATIONS BY THE EDITOR.

WE are much mistaken if Dr. Kitto be the actual author of the crude Note on which our correspondent remarks. Altho the avowed editor of 'the Pictorial Bible,' he has probably entrusted his responsibility in these and other matters of a supposed minor importance, to some Sub-editor really undeserving the confidence reposed in him, and who appears to us indeed, equally ignorant and bigoted on 'the Wine Question'—a mere blind disciple of established notions. The odium, however, cannot be shifted to another, but must be borne by the ostensible editor; and the offence is a grave one, combining not merely bad criticism on the part of the writer, but positive *misdirection* as regards the principles of others.

The writer of the Notes in question, *has not taken even ordinary pains to understand the position and views which he opposes.* For our own part, we solemnly affirm, that amidst all the controversies that we have been concerned in during the last thirteen years, we are not conscious of ever having violated the first condition of all honest criticism, which is, *thoroly to understand the doctrine you oppose.* We are, therefore, not more 'severe' with others in our requirements, than with ourself.

From the very high esteem we entertain for Dr. Kitto and his Works, we cannot avoid feeling vexed and annoyed at the puerilities which have crept into the Notes concerning *tirosk*, etc. We would gladly pass over these spots in his generally excellent work, if *duty* permitted. But, in this case, we cannot do so.

For, *first*, the question itself is not only highly interesting as a critical one, but extremely important in a practical view—because, so long as we allow the pernicious assumption that *God's Word* has sanctioned intoxicating drinks, to be propt up by the far-fetched criticisms of a mill-horse divinity, so long will the multitude who blindly follow in the beaten track, have an excuse for closing their eyes to the clear evidence of God's Work as to the evil nature and tendency of such drinks. The lessons of Physiology are repudiated, and put aside, by a false philology.

Secondly, Dr. Kitto must recollect that our organ is the only general, literary one, *really open* for the correction of such criticisms. He himself, we are aware, has been badly rewarded for his fairness and candor in other days, on this very point: a pseudo, persecuting, and sinful 'Orthodoxy,' has constrained him to be less free than his nature prompts—but this is only an additional reason for the TRUTH-SEEKER's speaking out all the more fearlessly, irrespective alike of personal friendship or partizan ferocity. It is precisely because the sham 'Religious Magazines,' but really the periodicals of Priestcraft, have been shut to Many-sided-Truth, and systematically striven to put down the discussion of this and other topics whereon they wish an eternal darkness to rest, that our own organ was commenced.

"The very crudity—not to say absurdity—of the Notes which have appeared in this edition of 'the Pictorial Bible,' on the Wines of Scripture—shows that Dr. Kitto would insert *anything* to prevent Scripture pleading for Teetotalism."

This is the language of as candid and considerate a christian scholar as we happen to know, and we record it here as the opinion of others, in order that Dr. Kitto may look, not to

any temporary success which compromise with popular opinion and sectarian interests may confer, but to his permanent reputation as a scholar, and his lasting use as a commentator and critic. Unquestionably the Notes referred to sadly impair the value of a truly noble work. We wish they had not been there, and hope yet to see them *expunged* from some future edition.

Referring to Micah vi. 15, the same learned correspondent adds:—

"Archbishop Newcome seems to have been a man of very sound judgment; and had the word *tirosh* ever been presented to him and Dr. Lowth in the positions in which *Tirosh lo Yayin*, yourself, and Mr. Mearns have held it up. I do not doubt that *they* would have adopted the *solid* interpretation in every passage. Newcome's variation from '*new (wine)*' to '*the grape of the choice (wine)*,' is an evidence of his tendency that way; and shows that he would have emancipated himself from the merely current meaning, had he possessed more light, just as Lowth *did* in giving to *shechar* the meaning of '*Palin Wine*'—'*the sweetest-wine*,' as he paraphrases it."

Nay, even Dr. Kitto himself, in former years, saw clearly the true state of the case, and we are amazed that he should have allowed his long since recorded opinion to be *stultified* by the puerile and proofless Notes in question. We will quote from one of the earliest and best of his works:—

"VINE. Considering this [October] as the month of vintage, we have chosen under it to notice the subject somewhat at large. In this notice we shall make due use of the various scriptural allusions to the vine and to its produce; which are so numerous as amply to evince the extent and importance of its ancient cultivation, and that Palestine was formerly, as to some extent it still is, a land of *corn* and the *grape*.

One preliminary observation is needful, with respect to the comparative infrequency of the mention of grapes and raisins—the solid produce of the vine, as compared with wine, the liquid preparation—in our version of the Scriptures. The fact is, that of the two words both rendered invariably by wine in our version, it is more than probable that one (תִּירוֹשׁ, TIROSH) *never* does denote the liquid produce of the Vine, and that the other (יַיִן, YAYIN), which is of more common occurrence, must be frequently understood of the *grape* rather than of wine." (*Physical History of Palestine*, chap. vii. p. ccxxiv.)

Here, he says, 'the FACT is more than probable that *tirosh* never does denote' wine; but in the Notes he appears as saying, that the *general* meaning is plainly that of wine! and as arguing that in *no* text does *tirosh* denote any thing *but* wine! Pray, what can have so soon altered the *facts*? In truth the facts are *not* altered; it is only the critic who writes with a disordered eye, and sees the facts in an *inverted* order.

The writer of the Note affirms, very positively, that in the text of Micah vi. 15, *tirosh* is a POETICAL FRAGMENT of a phrase!—that it does not really mean *tirosh* itself, but refers to the italicised words '*grape of the tirosh*' (or new wine) omitted!—in other words, that the real thing meant is, by '*a license common in Hebrew Poetry*,' actually left out, after the manner of the good folk, who say '*the Kettle boils*,' meaning *the water in the Kettle*.

We think we have fairly stated the theory, and even, in the absence of any Hebrew illustration, given a *reversed* one from the *English*!

This 'poetical-license' theory, however, remains to be applied, for, as the matter now stands, it would only get aid of this *one* text out of *thirty-eight*, most of which, we fancy, would obstinately resist its application. In short, it would be found impossible to *boil the water* in the kettle. It will be recollected, however, that in the passage in question, the Annotator admits that *grapes* were the *things* referred to—only he wishes to have the use of the word *elsewhere*, for 'wine.' Well, then, if the context, elsewhere, does sustain him, we shall not object.

As it seems to us, however, the more the meaning of *New-wine* is sought to be imposed

upon *tirosh*—no matter on what hypothesis—the more will this matter get involved in confusion. The only way in which Dr. Kitto can have any chance of supporting the notions of his sub-editor, will be by *the production of such articles* as he and Dr. Henderson fancy to exist. If either of them have a commercial friend trading to the Levant, we suggest the *importation* thrō him of *two small boxes of such grapes* as the Note assumes to exist: viz.—

1st. Of the sort of grapes which, on being pressed, yield a wine that will *always retain the attribute of 'newness'!*

2nd. Of those grapes which, on pressure, give forth a *wine already fermented and old*, as if a year had past over it!!

At present we are so incredulous concerning the existence of such funny fruit, that, we candidly avow, nothing short of seeing, tasting, and testing, can remove our scepticism. Nevertheless, the Notes represent *tirosh* as being 'new-wine' just pressed out, and *also* as being *fermented* and therefore *old-new* wine!

If the 'new-wine' had not the marvelous power of *keeping-new*, then its name implies both falsehood and folly. What greater absurdity, indeed, than the round about invention of a *poetical-phrase*, aided by some remarkable *license* or other, to *describe a necessary fact of every day occurrence?* Do not all grapes yield 'new-wine' to begin with? Just as all hens, which lay eggs at all, lay *fresh-eggs*. Only fancy a Poultry-breeder advertizing various kinds of egg-laying birds for sale, and finishing thus:

"Half a dozen choice TIROSHegian hens."

The curiosity of some purchaser is excited, and he asks, what kind are those? O, responds the seller, those are hens that lay a *certain kind* of eggs! What kind? asks the buyer? *Fresh* eggs! answers the man. Ah! the enquirer might reply; those are not a *VERY* extraordinary kind certainly; but can you sell me some hens that lay *old* eggs?

Finally, we should require Dr. Kitto to produce a *few* clear instances of 'the common license of Hebrew Poetry' which is so quietly assumed to exist, in order to convince us that the annotator is not himself taking a very unwarrantable 'license' with the language of the Bible. Ed.

'The Pictorial Bible. Edited by JOHN KITTO, D.D.' Note on Micah vi. 15. Standard Edition. 1848.

The subject of this Note was just attracting attention when the first edition of the *Pictorial Bible* appeared, tho its editor seems not then to have been acquainted with it; at least he makes no allusion to it. In his new edition, however, he does notice several passages of scripture, the interpretation of which is affected by the sense he may attach to *tirosh*. But we regret to say, that he does not seem to have examined the question very carefully. In his *Physical History of Palestine* he expressed his opinion in favor of the view that this term denotes a *solid*. In his note on Genesis xxvii. 28, he inclines to the rendering 'new wine'; and in that on Micah vi. 15, he refers to the previous one for a statement of his later view. The attention of our readers having already been directed to his former statement, * we now proceed to notice the latter. Dr. Kitto observes:—

"It is much questioned, whether *tirosh* means anything else, *wherever it occurs*, than the solid products of the vine."

Let the reader mark this, and see how completely the writer immediately overlooks it.

"The present text is *that* which is regarded by those who take this view, as *the one* which establishes beyond doubt the point for which they contend."

* TRUTH-SEEKER. First Series. Vol. iii. p. 128.

The italics are ours, and we have used them to assist the reader in detecting the fallacy of Dr. Kitto's subsequent remarks. He represents this as the one text on which the whole argument for the solid interpretation hangs! Nothing could be more unfair. It is indeed a very strong proof of the soundness of our view,—a kind of key-text,—but many other texts *must* be placed on the same side, and there is not one really opposed to it.

"The meaning of a word must be determined by the general sense which may be collected from the great body of the examples in which it occurs."^b

Well; and the great body *is* in favor of a solid. He continues:—

"If in the great number of cases the word can only mean a description of wine, the present text must be read in conformity with them, and cannot be regarded, on any just rule of criticism, as a sufficient authority for a different signification."

Now, 'in the great number of cases,' the word *cannot* mean a description of wine, and a decided negative being thus put on the first part of this hypothetical proposition the argument becomes useless.

"In other cases, when a word in a particular text seems at the first view opposed to that which it obviously bears in many others, we do not feel authorized to turn all the texts from their obvious sense to meet the interpretation which this one text seems to sanction; but we conclude that our interpretation of this one text must be wrong, since it contradicts the prevailing sense of many passages, and we apply ourselves to seek another interpretation which shall be consistent with them."

This principle of interpretation, unfortunately for our author, demands a decision against himself. Let us hear the language of Micah vi. 15—"Thou shalt tread the olive, but thou shalt not anoint thee with oil; and [thou shalt tread] the *grapes* (not *sweet wine*, as in the English version), but shalt not drink wine." Biblical critics had previously noticed the fact that *grapes* are here intended, as evident from the circumstance that they are said to be pressed in order to yield wine. Had this been the only passage where the word occurred, Dr. Kitto would never have thought of another explanation of it, but he is led astray by an incorrect impression regarding its meaning elsewhere. Isaiah speaks of a remnant of the faithful being preserved in degenerate times as a good 'grape is found in the cluster'—(Isaiah lxv. 8, compare 2 Esdras ix. 21). The same prophet speaks of *the grapes* as withering, rather than the wine mourning (Ch. xxiv. 7). In the book of Judges, the vine is represented as saying parabolically of its fruit,—'Should I leave my *grapes*?' (Ch. ix. 13). Isaac promised to the sons of Jacob, a land 'of corn and *the grape*' (Gen. xxvii. 28, 37). Isaiah predicted a time when the Israelites would no longer be exposed to the hostile incursions of their enemies who had often devoured their corn, and sucked their luscious *grapes*, as well as drunk the wine which had been pressed from them (Ch. lxii. 8). Speaking by Hosea, Jehovah threatens to take away from his people their growing produce, 'corn in the time thereof, and *grapes* in the season thereof' (Ch. ii. 9);

^b We demur to this pretended canon of criticism: it is only the *general meaning* of a word which can be determined by the *general usage* (or induction)—not the *universal*. The general use of *vinum* clearly determines its general sense to be 'liquid-wine'—yet it is *EQUALLY CLEAR* that its *occasional use* determines that it had also the *occasional sense* of '*grapes*,' '*syrups*,' and '*jellies*.' The *general use* of the word 'Man' determines its *special sense* as 'Masculine Man'; yet its *occasional use* also clearly shows that it has a *generic sense* which includes 'Woman.' If any passage is *clear* in itself, no other passages can over-ride its *particular sense*—however great their number. It is only in 'doubtful,' or 'indefinite' cases, that the sense of the majority ought to sway us: in other cases it would be critical tyranny—mob rule—and as such an infringement of 'the rights of *passages*,' as the enforcing of the opinions of the majority upon the minority would be of the rights of *persons*. Ed.

and again, he complains that 'wine and *vine-fruit*' have taken away the heart (Ch. iv. 11.) In the Proverbs of Solomon it is promised to him who honors the Lord with his substance, 'Thy presses shall have abundance of *grapes*' (Ch. iii. 10). When oil is mentioned in the English version, we are frequently to understand olives, or 'orchard fruit' in general. We have an instance of this when Moses declared to the Israelites—God will bless 'the fruit of thy land, thy corn, and thy *vine-fruit*, and thine orchard-fruit'—not wine and oil (Deut. vii. 18); and again, 'I will give rain in his due season, that thou mayest gather in thy corn, and thy *vine-fruit*, and thine orchard-fruit' (Deut. xi. 14); and the same law-giver predicted that, if they should ever abandon the worship of God, he would give them into the power of their enemies, who, said he, 'shall eat the fruit of thy land,' and not 'leave thee either corn, or *vine-fruit*, or orchard-fruit' (Deut. xxviii. 51). The prophet Joel, speaking of a time of famine, says, 'the corn is wasted, the *grapes* are dried up, the olives fade' (Ch. i. 10). Haggai speaks of the corn, *vine-fruit*, and orchard-fruit, as that which the ground bringeth forth (Ch. i. 11). The law enjoined that whatsoever was first ripe in the land of Canaan—the 'first-fruits of orchard-fruit, *vine-fruit*, and corn-fruit' (Numb. xviii. 12, 13) should be given to the Priests and Levites; the offerer, too, was to 'eat' the tithe of his 'corn, *grapes*, and olives,' before the Lord (Deut. xii. 17). In the time of Hezekiah,—the reforming monarch,—the people 'brought in abundance, the first-fruits of corn, *grapes*, orchard-fruit, and dates,'^c which are called 'the increase of the field,' at the end of harvest, and they laid them '*in heaps*' (2 Chron. xxxi. 5, 6). Nehemiah enjoined the restored tribes to bring to the Levites the 'first-fruits of their corn, and of all manner of trees,—of *vine-fruit* and orchard-fruit' (Neh. x. 37, 39). It thus appears, that the fruit of all kinds of trees was presented before the Lord,—a thing which the law did not enjoin, *unless the terms had the comprehensive signification we contend for*. If tithe of 'wine' and 'oil' only were to be presented, then the priests would get none of the delicious fruit of the vine in its most valued state—as grapes and raisins; and the law might easily have been evaded by drying the grapes.

In the verses above quoted, we have put the word corresponding to the Hebrew in *Italics*, so that the mere English reader is fully competent to determine the meaning of the term there used. The only other passages where it occurs are the following: Deut. xiv. 23, xviii. 4, xxxiii. 28; 2 Kings xviii. 32; 2 Chron. xxxii. 28; Neh. v. 11, xiii. 5; Ps. iv. 7; Is. xxxvi. 17; Jer. xxxi. 12; Hos. vii. 14, ix. 2; Joel ii. 19; and Zech. ix. 17; and by examining these, aided by our remarks, the reader may judge for himself. Professor Gesenius, whose Hebrew Lexicon has raised him to the highest eminence as a word-explainer, assigns to this term the signification of a solid in some passages; and he has thrown out the hint, which the fullest investigation will only confirm, that '*yitzhar* [orchard-fruit] seems to differ from *shemen* [oil], as *tirosk* [VINE-FRUIT] from *gayin* [WINE].'

With reference to Micah vi. 15, Dr. Kitto says:

"In the present case we easily obtain an interpretation conformable to the others, by supposing that the word 'grape' has, by a license common in Hebrew poetry, been omitted, and if we supply it, a sense entirely conformable to that which is generally assigned to the word *Tirosk* is obtained."

But here he assumes the 'prevailing sense' to be conformable to the majority of texts, and our view not so—an assumption already disproved.—Newcome and Henderson saw the impropriety of the common version, and therefore introduced the word 'grape' into their respective translations. Dr. Kitto is right, however, in tracing the presence of their erroneous impression regarding the general meaning of the term, but wrong in supposing

^c See the margin of the English Bible.

that impression to be correct. We think it important to notice such translations as those of Newcome and Henderson, for these writers evidently felt constrained, by the text itself, to give a solid interpretation, notwithstanding their prejudice in favor of a liquid.

Altogether we are much disappointed with Dr. Kitto's discussion of this topic. His view is fixed, so far as the present edition of the *Pictorial Bible* is concerned; yet we are not without hope that mature reconsideration of it will change his opinion, and lead him to avow the change in a new edition of his *Physical History of Palestine*. We have often had reason to admire his candor, and we hope his consideration of this subject will be characteristic.

P.

SONG OF THE EARTH SPIRITS.

 THE Night hath its stars,
The Day hath its gloom;
By the slimiest waters
Some blossoms will bloom.
There is ever a mingling
Of Evil and Good;
By the waste of the reaper,
The gleaner hath food.

But men cry 'It is naught!'
And unheeding pass by,
For the spirit is dormant,
And filmy the eye.
Who selecteth, rejecteth?
God smileth on all,—
On the wide spreading banian,
The weed by the wall.

To the Open Soul
The winds in the grove,
The rain on the casement,
Are voices of love;
The sowing—the flowering—
The ripening—the death—
But the changes of vesture,
While God is beneath.

K. B.

‘THE FUTURE APOSTACY.’

MUCH is the title of a remarkable pamphlet recently published at Norwich—remarkable for its utter and astute worthlessness. Solomon did not live in the modern days of Theological Fantasies, or he would never have said that there is ‘Nothing new under the sun.’ We do not believe that the sun ever shone on any age so rich and original in theological *novelties* and *nonsense* as this of ours, when every-day is bringing forth some new theological *thing*—some wild and monstrous madness. It is our boast, as Theosophist and Teetotaler, that we base our *Religion* upon the Common-sense and Reason of the Race, as revealed thro’ the *old* and Great Teachers of the World, and attested by *our own* consciousness,—and our *Practice* upon the primeval institutes, alike of scripture and creation.

Not long ago, a Mr. Murray, a Scotch-church missionary in Canada, published a tractate attempting to *prove* that the prediction of Zechariah,—“*Corn* shall make the young men cheerful, and (tirosh) *grapes* the maids,”—was an eight century anticipation of the discovery of the art of distilling!—‘distilled spirits’ being selected as one of the peculiar and choicest blessings of the gospel-age in countries where the vine is not indigenous! He very coolly ‘*adds* to the words of the Book’ of the prophet, perverting the text thus:—‘*Corn-spirit* shall make the young men cheerful, and *grape-wine* the maids’!!

The author before us is a person, and the pamphlet a production, of the same genus. Tho Mr. Govett is the pope of a little sect himself—having formerly been a minister of the Established-Church, which, we should suppose, has *gained* a ‘loss’ by his secession—and tho he is besides, as we are told, ‘a good sort of a man,’ if not a *wise* one,—we would fain hope that the tract *cannot* be influential. If, however, any brother is stumbled by it, his stumbling will be a most decisive and deplorable proof of his imbecility.

Let us be just, however, and award to the author *all* that is his due. On some of the topics he treats of, he does appear pretty well informed. This, however, renders his gross, strange, and criminal *misrepresentation of facts* all the less excusable. Whether this mischievous misrepresentation arises from malicious design, or from some unfortunate obliquity of vision, we do not pretend to know: nor, indeed, do we care, as far as the question itself is concerned.—The ‘Future Apostacy,’ according to this new hypothesis, was to take *three* steps towards its consummation, which, he says, it has now done! 1st., The initial Apostacy was *forbidding to marry*! 2nd., The medial Apostacy was *drinking only water*!! (Teetotalism.) And 3rd., the final Apostacy—(the very *tail* of the Beast, however paradoxical)—was *abstaining from the flesh of every Beast*!!! (Vegetarianism.) This, in plain English, is the sum and substance of his ‘faith’ in this affair! and certainly our readers will agree with us in thinking, that if Mr. Govett had been gifted with the most ordinary share of common-sense, he could never have inflicted *upon himself* the cruel exposure of his own weakness which this pamphlet contains.

Our author’s remarks are founded on that passage in the 1st. Epistle of Paul to Timothy, extending from the 14th verse of chap. ii, to the 8th verse of ch. iv; and he recognizes in the Temperance Movement of the present day the Great Apostacy predicted by the apostle! He contends that Romanism is *not* the apostacy described in the passage, and, in opposition to the great body of Protestant Divines, insists that the church of Rome actually holds the doctrines which the Apostate is here represented as rejecting.

Having shown who is *not* the Apostate, he next goes on to describe who *is*. But his model portrait is a sort of mongrel—a *composite* abstraction—in fact, a ‘*fancy portrait*’ of which there is no real, single, original. He picks out a feature here, and a limb there, just to suit the needs of his *argument* or his *art*, and thus makes a ‘Man of Wax.’ And, if feature or form be wrong, well, like the Witches of old, our wizard applies the image to the fire of his theological laboratory, and straightway the part is melted down, or moulded up, until the desired shape is obtained! Thus, he is compelled to admit that Teetotalism is not a *perfect image* of the apostacy—that the practice of water-drinking, somehow, does not fit, i. e. *fulfil*, the prediction! Clearly enough, Teetotalers *do* get married—and if we may speak for the majority of our brethren, love their wives ‘right well’ besides!—and clearly enough also, as any one who ever attended a teetotal marriage feast must know, it is not from *meats* at all that they abstain, but from *intoxicating drink*. Well! these may be difficulties to ordinary men, but not at all to Mr. Govett. He can finish his effigy very nicely, and *make it fit*—by stuffing out. And if that will not serve, he can resort to a still bolder expedient—(for *he is* a bold man; we will not say on the principle that ‘Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread’)—and he can either put the finishing touches to an old prophecy, or vent a little original one of his own. At p. 38, he thus predicts:—

“Teetotalism *will* join itself with the other Gnostic principles now afloat, and *will* then be consolidated into one fearful system, destructive of all faith in Christianity, ensuring the perdition of the soul.”

Thus, we say, does he give *vent* to his vaticinations, for, of course, we do not believe that he is *inspired* by any thing at all but windy fantasies.

Let us now notice the chief of our author’s statements somewhat more fully. Speaking of wine, he says:—

“It was, it is evident, the common-drink of the country: and the Spirit of God requires of the elders, deacons, and deaconesses, *only that they shall not take it to excess*; thus manifesting that it was a fermented liquor: 1 Tim. iii. 3, 8, 11; Titus, i. 7; ii. 3. To the Saints in general: Eph. v. 18.”—P. 20.

The carelessness of thought and expression in this passage betrays both a shallow and confused mind. Mr. Govett speaks of ‘the common drink of the country.’ What country? we ask. Does he mean the Island of Crete, and the province of Asia Minor in which the city of Ephesus was situated?—for the texts which he quotes relate to all *these* places; or does he really mean to assert that *these* countries are only *one* country? Or does he mean Palestine, from an oversight? forgetting that it is not *the only* country referred to in the Bible. A writer who sets himself to run-a-muck against the Teetotalers, ought to be very accurate and precise in his criticism: the water-drinker, and true ‘Gnostic,’ cannot endure muddiness and confusion, for his beverage and his brain are equally lucid. A drinking-critic, therefore, should never write except in his *lucid* intervals.

Let us suppose that our author means Palestine, by ‘the country.’ We affirm, then, most positively, that it is not true of that, or perhaps *any other* vine-growing country, that the terms for ‘wine,’ are applied *exclusively* to ‘fermented liquor.’ The wide oriental term for wine, *sherap* (syrup), clearly enough informs us of the *nature* of many of the wines of the East. In Palestine, indeed, *the greatest part* of the juice of the grape is used in an unfermented state—the natives *boiling it down* to one third, or one half, at the season of the vintage, for the express purpose of *preserving* its natural elements unchanged. That to this article terms for wine are frequently applied in the Old Testament scriptures, does not admit of doubt, with impartial and reasonable enquirers. The reader will find sufficient evidence of this fact, in Mr. Mearns’ cheap and admirable volume, ‘*the Olive*

Vine, and Palm, published by Houlston and Stoneman, London, and which has an excellent 'Introduction' by Dr. Kitto.

Let us suppose that our critic means, not Palestine, but either Crete or Asia Minor, by 'the country.' We still deny that a caution against 'excess' in wine, proves the wine 'fermented'. Nor is our denial founded on the general principle that 'excess' is not confined to bad, or intoxicating agents alone, but extends both to solids and liquids, both to innocent and fermented liquors. As for instance, 'much honey is not good,' does not prove 'honey' to be intoxicating. Neither does 'be not given to much wine,' prove wine to be intoxicating. The wine referred to *might* be fermented certainly, but we say, *that* does not *prove* it to be so. But we deny the assumption of Mr. Govett on *particular* grounds.

A paragraph or two from a somewhat more impartial and intelligent source than that of the Norwich 'Plymouth-Brother,' will decide this matter in the judgment of our readers. We quote from Professor Ramsay, M. A., article *vinum*, in Dr. Smith's celebrated 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman antiquities.'

"The *lora*, or *vinum operarium* of the Romans, was, along with *sapa*, *drefutum*, and *passum* [three sorts of BOILED-WINE], the DRINK OF ELDERLY WOMEN. (See Athen. x. p. 440.)"

What a striking commentary this, on the advice of Paul—"The aged women, likewise, not given to MUCH wine" (Tit. ii. 3).¹ Yet, says Mr. Govett, the wine *must* have been fermented, because they are *only* warned against excess! We retort the argument *a fortiori*, and say—as Paul *only* speaks against the *excessive use*, the article itself must have been *good* in its limited use, and, therefore, *not* that intoxicating 'wine' which is essentially 'a mocker'! Again:

"*Passum*, or *Raisin-Wine*, was made from grapes dried in the sun until they had lost half their weight.....The stalks and stones were removed, the raisins were steeped in *must* or good wine, and then trodden.....The *passum* of crete was most prized. (Mart. xiii. 106; Juv. S. xiv. 270.)"

The probabilities of the case, therefore, are quite against our author. He strives, however, to strengthen his argument from this passage, by an attempt to weaken one of ours founded on another passage of Paul's, where the word *παρρησιος*, *paroinos*, occurs. In a note, p. 20, 21, Mr. Govett remarks that he has "seen a *teetotal* perversion of the word." Such are the courteous and convincing terms in which he writes of those who dare to differ from his Popeship; and which have disposed us to give him a more thoro castigation than any modest and tolerant antagonist would receive. Mr Govett, like all the class of Popelings, endeavors to make up for his weakness in argument, by bold and baseless assertions. The 'perversion' of the word he refers to, is "as tho it signified that the person of whom it was spoken, was *not to be in the company of wine*." He adds—"I beg to deny that such is *ever* the sense, either in classic authors, or as given in lexicons." He moreover asserts, that it means "acting improperly under the influence of wine"; and that "the sense of *παρρησιος* is that of 'beyond,' not 'beside of'."

Our author, of course, may deny whatever he pleases, but how does *his denial* affect the correctness of the teetotal interpretation? He appeals to 'classic authors' with great confidence; but is he *so* ignorant as not to know, that such an appeal is by no means conclusive? Is he not aware of *the fact* (or shall we *prove* it to him?), that a word may have, *and often has*, a meaning in the New Testament, different from what it has in classic

* Paul says nothing of the young women, for the very conclusive reason, that, in his day, *wine in general* was prohibited to the Greek women under thirty; after that age, they were, as we have seen, allowed *teetotal wines*.

authors? Does he not know that the Greek of one is that of a peculiar province and period, and that the other extends over many provinces and many ages during which hundreds of words were undergoing changes? If he does know this, why *conceal* it, and make an appeal which is worthless?

Then, concerning Lexicons, he is at his old ambiguity. Does he mean *classic Lexicons*? If so, they are of little authority in this matter, except as to their *facts*, which may be useful for the purposes of illustration. Does he mean *Lexicons of the New Testament*? If so, then we beg to give a plump denial to his assertion, that the *teetotal* sense of *paroinos* is never given in Lexicons. It is a barefaced falsehood.

Take Dr. Robinson's *Lexicon of the Greek New Testament*—generally acknowledged to be the very best extant. What do we find the *primary* signification of the word here asserted to be?

"By wine, i. e. spoken of what takes place *by* or over wine, revelry"; and "in N. T. of persons, i. q. *given to wine*, pp. sitting long *by wine*."

In the New Testament, then, according to Professor Robinson, this word signifies '*by wine*,' which is identical in signification with the '*teetotal* perversion'—'*in company with wine*.' The phrase '*sitting long*' is a supplement, and marked accordingly; i. e. it is a notion of the Lexiconist himself, not a philological fact.

Concerning *waga*, what does Professor Robinson affirm to be its sense in composition?

"1, Nearness, proximity, *near by*. 2, motion or direction *near to, to, by*. 3, motion by or past any place, a going beyond."

Mr. Govett has not put the *last* sense first, which would be bad enough, but he has tried to palm upon the public the *third* sense of the word as the *only* one!—which is a still more aggravated attempt at imposition. What he calls the '*teetotal* perversion,' is, Prof. Robinson being witness, the original and true meaning. *Me paroinos*, says the apostle, '*not near wine*'—'*not by it*,'—'*not in its company*.'

The other text cited by our author seems little more to his purpose. "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be *filled* with the Spirit." (Eph. v. 18.)

The apostle, however, does not say, *Drink a little wine but avoid excess*, which our author apparently supposes him to mean. The word *asoria*, *asōtia*, signifies *danger* rather than '*excess*'; and, as it seems to us, the apostle *warns* them against the use of *that* wine '*wherein* is danger' indeed, recommending them rather to be '*filled with the spirit*' *wherein* was no danger, since it is *good only*.^b We cannot for a moment suppose, that the logical, philosophic Paul, would be inspired to utter such a puerility as this:—'*Be not drunk with wine, for in drunkenness there is danger*!' Every child knows that already; Paul would rather have said, '*Be not drunk at all—with anything, wine or not—for drunkenness is a damning sin*.' Why, as people generally understand this text, the words '*with wine*' should be at all introduced—why the softened term '*danger*' should be used

^b Macknight's Note is good:—"Here the apostle condemns the Bacchanalian rites, of which the Heathen were immoderately fond. In the worship of Bacchus, his votaries made themselves mad with wine, as Ovid informs us, *Met. l. iii. v. 536. Est nota insania vino*: And in their madness they ran about the streets and fields, committing all sorts of extravagancies."—Is it not a plain fact, then, that in the use of such wine, there *was* danger?—danger of madness, murder, or impurity?

Paul, in this passage does, in fact, only reiterate an accepted doctrine of the ancient world. Solomon had long before said, '*Wine is a mocker*'; and the Homerii had spoken of '*Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind*.'

Was Paul less wise and observant than either? The Alexandrian Jews, in the Septuagint, had also rendered Solomon's saying in keeping with our view—'*Wine is an intemperate thing*.'

of a vile 'excess' itself, when *the danger was* that they should *fall* into that excess,—and what, on that supposition, the rest of the text means,—we cannot at all understand.—But let the known facts of History, Experience, and Physiology be allowed to illustrate the text, and how just and beautiful it becomes:—

"*Be not drenched with the wine* used at the Bacchanal feasts of the Heathen, *wherein is danger* both to body and to soul, danger of falling into many evil lusts, disgraceful and destructive to your character as christians, *but rather seek to be filled with the spirit of Love*, wherein is no danger, no principle leading to excess or sin."

Our author also alludes to 1 Tim. v. 23, as "especially worthy of notice." But here again, and seemingly with design, he misrepresents the apostle. He says:—

"As Timothy before was in the habit of drinking water only, Paul recommends him to take wine, as conveying with it benefit."

Mr. Govett here concedes two important facts, which place this prescription out of the category of *beverage-use*: viz., 1st. That Timothy was to take only 'a little wine; and, 2nd. That he was to take it for a specially-restricted purpose,—i.e. for his 'stomach's sake and frequent infirmities.' Whatever, therefore, was *the kind* of wine recommended, and which would be well-understood at the time, his recommendation can, on no just principle of reasoning, be adduced in defence of the habitual use of intoxicating drinks by persons in health.

This text is cited as a collateral support to Mr. Govett's hypothesis (or rather hydrothesis) of cold-water constituting the vital essence of the grand Apostacy! To us it furnishes an ample refutation of the entire fancy. Bishop Timothy, it is confessed, was a thoro-going teetotaler; (and so was Titus, as we have seen, if he literally obeyed Paul's injunction.) How can we conceive that Paul should write in this way to his beloved *Teetotal Son*, Timothy, who, according to this book, was hatching the veritable *egg* of the grand apostacy—write not only without saying that this water-drinking was wrong in principle, but, as to the wine, actually *limit* its quantity, and *restrict* the occasion of its use to one single and temporary condition! Not only is there no *direct* and *distinct* denunciation of this *germ of evil*, water-drinking, but either by his warnings, or ambiguous brevities concerning wine, Paul really promotes the principle which, according to Mr. Govett, he predicted as 'the Grand Apostacy'! In other words, our assailant does what he can to rank Paul amongst those Prophets who take care to fulfil their own predictions! Excellent Mr. Govett! truly no 'Gnostic' thou, but rather 'Ignostic.'

'Enough, Enough!'—our readers are probably saying. We agree with them, and therefore shall briefly dismiss our author, now and for ever. We pass over the undiluted nonsense of pages 35-38, where he answers himself, by the very absurdity and extravagance of his reasoning. His whole argument rests on the stale and oft-refuted assertion, that 'wine' in the Bible *always* denotes 'intoxicating wine'!—He says, that Jesus made and drank 'wine'; and when we refuse to permit him to *add* the word 'intoxicating' to the scripture words, he exclaims that 'we are *legging the question*,' whereas he is himself the *beggar*.

Tho we have no great hopes of our author, nevertheless, in parting with him, we sincerely and earnestly wish that he may yet be led to sounder views of the Teachings of Sacred Scripture.

F. R. L.

1848 !

OR PARISIAN MEMORANDA

OF THE THIRD FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

NO. I. THE POET ON THE REPUBLIC.

[Written in the time of the Provisional Government.]

CALL thou young Child of Progress, and the womb
Of Destiny, whose after pains and throes
Still quicken ! Tho red blood is in thy bloom,
Yet it is beautiful ; to God it flows,
For 'twas the tyrant shed it and thy foes,—
As erst swart Herod stained the blue sea-water
Of Galilee, with purest crimson streams
Of innocent life, in his insanest slaughter,
Seeking the death of the young Christ whose beams
Rayed yet undimmed above his ivory brow,
To shine salvation on a land of schemes,
To make him upright, who doth cringe and bow,
To bring down heaven upon this world below,
And realize the poet's rainbow dreams ;
So even now, in vain the tyrant's slaughter,
In vain his steel armed files, his well drilled swords,
His cannon-charged forts ; tho Judah's daughter
Bewails her children, by the light of words
The tyranny hath fallen, Christ is saved,
In spite of Herod's crimson stained hordes
He is our Master—only he, who braved
Tyrants of old, and unto him we bow,
The King of Kings, our only ruler now !
Let Liberty forget her teacher never ?
Salute we Christ ? Live the Republic ever !

Live the Republic ! May its life be fed
With Nature's purest juice of vital being,
With Nature's kindest sap thro'out it spread
In a fair stream, all fluid and agreeing,
With beauteous form and spiral growth of grace ?
So may its tree of Liberty be green ?
So may its roots grow in a pleasant place ?

So may its trunk rise silvery and serene ?
 So may its branches fill heaven's concave space ?
 So may each leaf shine in the sunny scene ?
 So may no ragged roots, nor gnarled knots,
 Warp its straight bole, or in contortion wild
 Twist its fine branches, or with cankerous spots
 Darken its clear bark where the light is mild ;
 But its large roots spread deep amid the soil,
 Knee deep in grass, and richly black as earth
 From which the golden grain springs up with toil,
 From which the amber harvests have rare birth,
 While in green groups of grace, its leaves above
 Cluster and curl and spread an emerald sky,
 Amid which wings of myriad-lives, in love
 And all the extasy of being fly,
 Beauteously rich as purple ring of dove,
 And soaring up to the blue heaven on high :
 For such the tree of liberty, whose life
 Is of the sap of God—the juice divine
 Which vitalizeth all good growth, and, rife
 With fluid form, makes matter hard combine.
 And life limb lushly large : for such the tree
 That France hath planted—may it ever be ?

Live the Republic ! Thrice the Car of Change
 Hath rolled o'er France. Three times the star of the state
 Hath quick revolved as the high planets range.
 Three-fold hath been the web of work that fate
 Hath woven, to declare it will not bate
 One fraction of its dire account with kings ;
 And now, O God of Grace ! wilt thou not grant
 That men no more be tempted that the things
 They have made their idols, they shall idols see,
 And while their palpitating bosoms pant
 They shall know thee their king, and only Thee ?
 Grant this, O God ! by all the Host of Harms
 Kingcraft hath warred with, by the Sky of Sighs
 Its slaves have worshipt under, by the Arms
 Of Art it hath forged subtle, by the Eyes
 Of Error it hath blinded, by the Soul
 Of Slavery it hath damned, and by the Cross
 Of Curses it hath raised with scurvy scowl,
 That minds might be its minions, and their loss
 Become its gain, as they mistook the tree
 Of thy slain son on sainted Calvary,
 Who came to save mankind and not enslave,
 Who died to show us to be goodly brave,

And lives to break our bonds and set us free,
 And join all true hearts in fraternity.
 Then let us not be tempted more, O Lord!
 Or we shall even rise as rebels to thee,
 And turn again on Saturn his son's sword,
 Or set Prometheus from his rough rock free;
 Even I, weak worm! whose web is wearing fast
 Out of this life into another, dare
 Defiance to the highest tyrant cast
 If thou wert he; but O Great God, I bare
 My head unto thee, for tho dim and drear
 Even I can see thy providence, and mark
 Of thy design within this lower sphere,
 Glad glimpses thro' an outline grim and stark.
 A third time France ariseth. Heaven is clear!
 Live the Republic! God I thee revere.

Live the Republic! She hath lives to live,
 Solemn and strong, and swift and soft and tender,
 The brain which to her body thought doth give
 Hath works and pulses which all glory render.
 There poet-thought is rhyming jarring things,
 Marrying to metre matter, chiming sweet
 Harsh discords into concord, as with rings
 Of music-sound and verses' echoing feet.^a
 There he who watched the stars in heaven revolve,
 Now watches revolution on the earth,
 Sees suns flame out in comets and dissolve,
 And marks the nebulous planet have its birth.^b
 There he the patriarch is, of sons the sire.^c
 There he who wished the ocean should become
 The *free* road of the world, rules ocean higher;^d
 And they who raised the surge now calm the foam.
 And lastly he, not least, who suffered long
 The woe of the weak, the pittance of the poor,
 In love victorious, in experience strong,
 Now opes to labor, wealth's unbolted door.^e
 Then let us fear not, thou hast lives to live
 Thou young Republic! tho thy mother's pain
 Still quickens, thou wilt balmy solace give
 Unto her milky bosom which tears stain,
 Tho smiles be on her face; for thy young frame
 Is brim with purest juice, and God hath given
 Thy life a mission. Live then unto fame!
 Live unto Good, to Truth, to Love, to Heaven?

^a Lamartine. ^b Arago. ^c Dupont de L'Eure. ^d Cremieux. ^e Louis Blanc.

Live, O thou young Republic! Let France be
The first born of the sons of Liberty?
First of the Federation of the Free!

Live the Republic! As the mountains echo
Each other thro' the Pyrenean heights
Discoursing thunder, while the heavens chequer
With glancing lightnings and red polar lights:
As Etna speaks Vesuvius in a flame;
As Mont Blanc talks unto the lesser mountains,
While chill Ben Nevis trembles at a name,
And fires volcanic spout from Alpine fountains
In flamy fluid, flowing, flooding, gushing,
Leaping precipitately with wild laughter
Down ridgy rocks, o'er caverns hoar, and rushing
In waves o'er all the vales, waves following after;
While even Hecla catches fire, and thunder
Reverberates from her icy mouth of iron,
And near and far, above, around, and under,
Clap follows clap, and flames the heavens environ:
So France speaks to the nations, and they answer;
Rome fills her tribune with dilated form,
Austria offended cuts from her breast its cancer,
The Switzer rocks re-echo back the storm,
Russia's head palzies, and her fingers strive
For something in the dark, and Allemeine
From her heart to all her members is alive,
While dread thrones shake, and crowns are heated pain;
And even in Albion, severed by the ocean
From God's great earthquake, tho' the living be dumb,
The dead do speak; amid the vast commotion
Milton and Hampden heave against the tomb;
I hear the bones of Cromwell rattling under
As they would join again; I see the hands
Of Sydney, Pym, and Vane, waving in wonder
From out the portals of the spectre lands
So ghostly white, as graves ope with the thunder,
And the dim fates point onward with their wands;
Then let the Living live! Let France among
The nations, be the cradle of a young
And giant world, gigantic in its good;
Another Hercules to strangle snakes
Even as an infant, and to turn the flood
Of the rivers in due courses with right stakes
When grown to manhood; and, oh! may it be
The miracle prophecy, the revealed wonder,
Pure as a city built of ivory,

That, made as a model which no one can sunder,
 All masons make from, clear as a crystal sea.
 Live the Republic! Let France only be
 The *first born* of the Sons of Liberty!
 Freedom its hallowed course has but began;
 We may depart in peace who such rays see;
All hail, the glorious Commonwealth of Man!
All hail, earth's Federation of the Free!

NO. II. THE PRESS OF PARIS.

[April, 1848.]

JOURNALISM in France, far more than in any other country, has developed that intellectual national power which has been well termed the Fourth Estate. The newspaper press of Paris, even before the commencement of the Revolution in February, had obtained an influence that ranked its editors among the noblesse of France, opened to them the salons of the elite, or raised them up the steps of statesmanship, from the theory of politics to the administration of policy. All our contemporaries in France who have been notable politicians, have also been distinguished journalists. M. Thiers wrote in the *Constitutionnel* and afterwards founded the *National*, with the co-operation of the celebrated Armand Carrel; it was in the offices of this latter paper that all the journalists of Paris signed that collective protest which was so important a fact among the events of July, '30. So also in the offices of the *Reforme*, most of the operations of February '48, were concocted. In fact, the majority of the Provisional Government were journalists.

LAMARTINE was a journalist. He established the *Bien Publique*, in which he opposed the Guizot Government as timorous and unpoetic, and eloquently supported the measures of 'the Social Party,' of which he was the chief. In this journal appeared his finest articles in favor of the abolition of the punishment of death. In its columns his pen wept words on the miserable condition of the Proletarian. Thro' it, his plans of international policy were developed, and his magnificent ideas on the colonization of the east, brilliantly advocated. In a few words, the *Bien Publique* was political, only in opposition to those politicians who neglected social subjects, and, absorbed in party, entirely passed over such important questions as the condition of the laborer, the philosophy of punishment, the integrity of international relations, and the necessity of a right course and system of colonization.

LEDRU ROLLIN was a journalist, as well as a barrister. He has written for the press in the closet, as well as defended it at the bar. The *Journal du Palais*, came forth under his patronage. In this paper he appeared as a law reformer. It was a general repertory of subjects of legal legislation. He contributed an immense quantity of papers on the history of law, on legislation generally, on the rights of inventors and authors, and on the influence upon law of the French School of the nineteenth century. As a deputy, and the leader of the extreme Left, his organ has been the well known *Reforme*, one of the most advanced of the old Radical papers.

ARMAND MARRAST, also one of the secretaries of the Provisional Government,

was the successor of Armand Carrel, in the chief editorship of the *National*. Previously to this, he had edited the *Tribune* in co-operation with M. Cavaignac. The *Tribune* was a journal frankly Republican, and for attacking what it termed the prostitution of the Chambers, was fined 10,000 francs; its director being condemned to three years imprisonment. After the death of Carrel in the duel with Girardin, Marrast became the high priest of the *National*. In the first public ceremony which preceded the grander festivals of the new Republic, funeral homage was rendered to Armand Carrel. Over his tomb, so full of solemn recollections for Republican France, Marrast leaned, when Girardin came forward and embraced the successor of the man he had slain! It was a sacred sight—a sweetly sad episode amid a mass of other revolutionary reconciliations.

FLOCON, another of the secretaries of the provisional administration, was first attached to the *Courier Francais*, as a reporter, and ultimately became one of its principal editors. From thence he passed to the *Tribune*, and from thence to the *National*. Lastly, he founded the *Reforme*, in co-operation with Ledru-Rollin, and of this paper he still remains the editor.

LOUIS BLANC first contributed articles to a provincial paper, the *Propagateur du Pas du Calais*. Encouraged in his youthful attempts, he then sought in Paris for a wider field as a journalist. He bore with him an introduction to one of the Editors of the *National*, but after having many times called upon him without obtaining an interview, his eye happened to notice (in the same street) the office of the *Bon Sens*. For some minutes his modesty and his youth caused him to hesitate on entering. At length an accident forced him on, and the result was a profitable engagement, which ended in his becoming Editor of the *Bon Sens*. While thus engaged he also occasionally contributed to the *National*. A new proprietary being determined to change the political tendencies of the *Bon Sens*, in favor of conservative opinions, Louis Blanc, and all his editorial staff, most honorably retired. He then established on his own account the *Revue du Progrès*, in which appeared his most eminent writings as a journalist.

M. CARNOT, the provisional minister of public instruction and religion, was a talented and frequent writer in the St. Simonian papers. He was also one of the editors of the *Revue Encyclopédique*.

ALBERT, *Ouvrier*, was also the Editor of the *Glanceuse* at Lyons, and the founder in Paris of *L'Atelier*, a journal edited exclusively by working men, and devoted to the amelioration of the condition of the industrial classes.

We may now form some idea of the influence of journalism in promoting the late revolution, and of the gracious acknowledgement of this influence by the insurrectionary People, in the appointment of *its representatives* to the provisional government. The time is fast coming, when, as Plato prophesied, philosophers will be the only princes. The mission of the pulpit has been corrupted, and the preaching of the press is now most often the truer homily, the better proclamation of the Word. The interest of the working author, the working artist, the farm laborer, and the journeyman mechanic, are one and the same. The head-worker and the hand-worker are brothers in position. The mental laborer and the material workman have like wrongs and rights, wants and wishes. Each is a producer. Each, in the present societary state, can only work efficiently—with the consent of capital. The interest of both is subjugated by the capitalist.

It is the interest of both, then, to obtain the rights of industry, to change a social state in which each is tyrannized over, and to construct a new order in which the producer shall have a fair share of the produce. The mental mechanic, the literary laborer, is thus the true, and even self-interested, Leader of the general Working-Masses, in the struggle for liberal institutions and an organization of industry. The late Revolution in France, during its pure primitive impulse, has acknowledged gloriously this fact, by making its journalists its government.

[May, 1848.]

The two chief journals of the Republic are the *National* and the *Reforme*. Each of these important papers has had its representatives in the Provisional Government, has them in the National Assembly, and thro'out all France. The *National* is the organ of the *Blue* Republic, the simply *political* revolution. The *Reforme* represents the *Red* Republic, the political and industrial revolution. The first would be content with Republican Regulations, in their merest formal sense. The second requires better Industrial Institutions, as a fit expression of a revolution in favor of the working classes. The political economy of the *National* knows no other system than *laissez-faire* competition, salaries and capital still distinct from labor. Its tendency is thus radically contrary to the end of the revolution—the amelioration of the condition of the proletariat—the abolition of the system of making money out of man! The English press, in representing the *National* as moderate, and the *Reforme* as ultra, gives no true idea of the case. The question is not one of moderatism and ultraism, a quarrel of ambitious precedence: it is a difference of Ideas, not to be settled by violence, but by reflection. It is a diversity of political economy—a diversity which now divides the whole civilized world.

The *Presse* has held the next most important position among the old Parisian papers. Its editor is the celebrated Emile de Girardin. Immediately after the Revolution, a new business arrangement, in accordance with the new industrial ideas, was adopted by those engaged on the *Presse*. Its editors, reporters, compositors, and other workmen, agreed to receive their salaries in dividends, in the ratio of the sale of the paper.—Girardin is suspected of being a Carlist by the ultra-republicans. Others state that he was piqued at not being included in the list of the members of the Provisional Government. Certain it is, he wrote so acrimoniously against some of their acts, that a tumultuous assembly collected around his office to demand an explanation of his conduct. He addressed them, and they dispersed. It is due however to say, that the Clubs altogether disapproved of this proceeding, and unanimously passed resolutions in favor of the freedom of the press. For the rest, Girardin is a man of undoubted talent. His articles on social reforms breathe a beautiful and pacific spirit, and even his criticisms are always worthy of consideration.

The *Democratic Pacifique* is the daily organ of the Phalansterians, the disciples of Charles Fourier. Their doctrine is joint stock association, with dividends in unequal 12ths for three classes, representing capital, talent, and labor. Its chief editor is Victor Considerant—a member of the assembly. It has hitherto been supported by an annual subscription, but since the revolution its circulation is considerably increased.

The *Vrais République* is another daily paper of talent and influence; established since the Revolution. It is sincerely republican, and fully accords with industrial re-organization as the social end of the late political change. Its chief editor is J. Thoré, whose collaborators are Pierre Leroux (the truly christian character of whose writings is not entirely unknown in England), George Sand, and Barbès.

The *Peuple Constituant* is the journal of Lamennais, who is assisted in its editorship by Pascal Duprat. Lamennais has advanced in political idea. In a late paper he has admitted that "all riches come originally from the earth. It is the patrimony of the human race, the common heritage which is transmitted from generation to generation." He appears to incline to an agrarian law.

The *Siecle*, the *Constitutionnelle*, the *Moniteur*, the *Courier Français*, and others of the old papers of Paris, need little description. It is sufficient to say that those that were royalist, now profess moderate republicanism, or, more truly, agree to the change of forms, while they are far from accepting the principle of the Revolution, in its social consequences.

Raspail, edits *L'Ami du Peuple*, and is as Radical in his politics as in his chemistry. The communists have three principal papers—*Le Représentant du Peuple*—in which Prudhomme, the author of the celebrated pamphlet, 'What is Property?' develops his views—*La Fraternité*, conducted by workmen, and *Le Populaire*, the organ of Cabet's Icarian Emigrants.

Some idea may be gained of the activity of the Press of Paris, by the following fact. Without speaking of religious, scientific, artistic, literary, and industrial publications, no less than twenty-four new political journals were started in the French metropolis, within a month after the late Revolution, besides those already named. Spirit of old Faust! what revolutions hast thou not witnessed from those old wood types with which thou first printed. Ever the Press and Progress go hand in hand. Oh, that the journalist would become an eternalist—that he might do his work so well to day, that it should last for the future!



MOONLIGHT.

Is deepest midnight, and each silent star
 Looks down into the wave. I've waited long
 For this calm breathing time.—I knew that song
 Nor lofty thought would come amid the jar
 Of noisy words—and now I sit afar,
 Peaceful, altho the crushing strokes of fate
 Have bowed me down. Yet once again I wait
 To hear what saith the Spirit. Ever near
 The Inspirer's voice, were we but in fit mood to hear.

This moon how beautiful! Her peaceful rays
 Lighting the mighty waters. Deep, deep down
 Beneath the shadow of the hills, her crown
 Of jewels is reflected! Let me gaze
 'Till I drink comfort—utter songs of praise,
 Perchance with faltering lips, yet more divine
 Than Sense rejoicing o'er its corn and wine
 Hath ever uttered. As yon clouds above,
 So let the clouds of earth glow with the smile of love.

Yes, not in vain this beauty, this still hour,
 These holy aspirations! I have caught
 That ray of insight that my spirit sought
 Vainly till now. Is not this peerless dower,
 This smile of peace that silver's wave and bower,
 The guerdon of Devotion? Far on high,
 This moon that gazes on Divinity,
 Sees not the shades of Earth: These make the night,
 But with the Sun of Truth is Everlasting Light.

K. B.



THE
TRUTH-SEEKER.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

BY JAMES HOLE.

LECTURE III.—SURPLUS LABORERS, ECONOMISTS, AND THE POOR LAW.

IT WAS a necessary consequence of the breaking up of the feudal system, and of the mutual ties which bound the lord and serf, that very different laws must henceforth regulate the share which the laborer should receive of the joint results of labor and capital. As soon as the hirer of labor was free to buy his labor where he liked, and the seller of labor to sell it where he best could, the law of supply and demand came into operation, and the price of labor (wages) must then be regulated by the number of laborers wanting work compared with the means or capital of those who wanted the services of the laborer. At first the effects of this transition were not very obvious to those who experienced them, and for a lengthened period, society struggled to reconcile the gradually increasing freedom from vassalage, with the advantages which the feudal system had secured. Owing to the large number of those who were landed proprietors, and the comparative scarcity of laborers, coupled with the powerful influence of the associations contracted under the old system, this attempt for a time succeeded. When, however, the small freeholds became more and more absorbed into large estates, the class who subsisted by labor increased in numbers, and in proportion as their claims to employment and maintenance from the landholders became less and less a matter of right on their part and of duty on his, the relation of employer and employed resolved itself into a simple bargain between the two interests. The Legislature sometimes attempted to keep matters on their old footing, by enacting laws for the regulation of wages; and it was not till a comparatively late period, and after multitudes of repeated failures, that the conviction became general, that laws to keep up or to depress wages must prove abortive. Under the feudal relationship, such a thing as vast numbers of people, without the means of maintenance, could not well exist, unless from some sudden and unforeseen calamity destroying the

means of subsistence. They had a hold upon the soil, and if they wished to increase their stores, they had simply to work harder, and economise more than previously.

As however the soil in this country was gradually appropriated into a few hands, the maintenance of the laborer no longer depended so much on the extent and fertility of the soil whereon he and his master dwelt, as upon the means which his master had at command, and was willing to use, in the purchase of his services. Competition (i. e. the mere relative *power* of the two) would regulate the bargain between the parties, and if the total means for employing labor were less than equal to the entire number wanting employment, not only would wages be low, but some must actually die, or be supported from the bounty of their fellows.

In the previous lecture we stated the injustice of the competitive principle under such an arrangement—a principle which divides the wealth produced jointly by capitalist and laborer, not according to the real share each had in production, but according to the abundance or scarcity of laborers as compared with the existing capital, or wages found for employing them. The question now meets us, how is the surplus labor to be dealt with? How shall we diminish the disproportion between the extent of employment and the number of laborers?

Two modes have been proposed. The first is to diminish population down to the means of subsistence, by deferring the period of marriage, and limiting the number of births. This theory has found great favor in the eyes of what is called the new school of political economists, including in it Malthus, Ricardo, M'Culloch, James Mill, Chalmers, and John Stuart Mill. This absurd proposal had its origin in the doctrine that the soil's return to human labor continually diminished in amount as man was driven by the pressure of population, to cultivate lands of less and less fertility, and that therefore, a time must come when the cultivation of the soil could not secure the cultivator's own subsistence, still less a subsistence for those employed in producing the less essential articles of consumption. Happily for mankind, the doctrine on which the over-population theory is based, is untrue. Tho soils differ in fertility in reference to the production of a single article, say for example, wheat, yet the progress of agricultural knowledge has shown that by adapting the crop to the soil, that difference is in a great degree nullified; while chemistry, by showing that a great variety of substances contain the constituent elements adapted for the support of life, renders man less dependant on any single article. Hence, the power of man to earn a subsistence from the soil is continually multiplying. With the immense powers which chemistry and mechanics can bring to agriculture, over-population from deficient return to labor, is more remote than it was 4,000 years ago.

But even if mankind had only the little knowledge and rude implements of the infancy of the world, the population question might safely be postponed for many milleniums. That portion of the earth's surface which is populated to any thing approaching its capability of supporting its inhabitants, is a very small space compared with the vast tracts scarcely trodden by the foot of man. Thousands of square miles of the richest and loveliest parts of the earth, capable of supporting hundreds of millions of people, are lying desert. What then becomes of this nightmare of over-population? With the undeveloped capabilities of the

earth and of man's genius, it may be predicted that the speculations as to over-population will occupy the same position in the future history of literature, which the discussions of a former period, as to how many angels could stand on the point of a needle, do to us in the present.

If the over-population theory were merely harmless, we might laugh at it. But its effect is to throw a doubt over every effort to raise the condition of the wage-receiver. Thro its perverting medium many persons look upon war and pestilence as blessings, which

Thin the heavy air, make clear
The dense and dangerous atmosphere
O'er laden with humanity—

and think it an act of true wisdom and charity, to refuse relief to the paupers. It is of such that the poet of the Poor, Charles Mackay, speaks :

If each poor couple, boors and clowns,
Or dirty artizans of towns,
Would, when they wed, produce but two
To take their place in season due,
Philosophy might spare its frowns ;

But this not chancing, he declares
The rich alone should live in pairs,
And for their sake each other man
Consume as little as he can,
And die unmated in his cares.

He thinks, while sympathy is sure,
That mendicancy is the cure
For pauperism ; that its not right
To mulct the rich in their despite,
But that the poor should feed the poor.

This said, he clasps his fingers ten,
And sniffs th' applause of voice and pen,
Bows placidly, goes home to dine,
And wastes the food, in pomp and wine,
Of half a hundred better men.

When, however, there is no fund to employ the surplus laborer, what is to be done with him? enquires the economist. 'If you relieve him, you protract and aggravate the evil.' That depends upon the mode of relief, whether productive or nonproductive. *True*, if you supply his necessities, without caring whether an additional amount of wealth is created to sustain his consumption; *false*, if you relieve him setting him to such work as will *reproduce* what he consumes in the process.

Before the economists assumed, that to cure pauperism, relief must be refused,—or, that to raise wages, we must diminish population,—they were bound to look at the other side, and see *if it were not possible to create capital* for the employment

and support of the surplus population. Such an attempt may be full of difficulties; we know nothing worth attaining which is not so. But whatever the difficulties, we know of none comparable to those which attend an opposite procedure.

In the first place, we have never met with any economist of the new school who fairly answered the argument so obvious to every one, that the institution of marriage is not an arbitrary enactment of human laws, but a law written in the constitution of mankind by the presiding mind of the universe, and, like all such laws, incapable of being broken without incurring certain penalties. Yet the economists treat the whole affair as a 'luxury' which may or may not be enjoyed at will, and capable of being regulated by legislation. To hear them talk, one would imagine that the sexual instinct was a human invention, instead of a law of man's physical and moral nature.

"Who" says John Stuart Mill,^a one of the best of the school, "meets with the smallest condemnation; or rather, who does not meet with sympathy and benevolence, for any amount of evil which he may have brought upon himself and those dependent on him, by this species of incontinence? While a man who is intemperate in drink, is discountenanced and despised by all who profess to be moral people, is it not to this hour the favorite recommendation for any parochial office bestowed by popular election, to have a large family, and to be unable to maintain them? Do not the candidates placard their intemperance on walls, and publish it thro' the town in circulars?"

It would have been well if so accurate a reasoner had defined this term 'intemperance.' Notwithstanding his wish that the subject should be freely spoken of, he ventures not to throw aside the 'spurious delicacy' involving this question, and we get nothing save inuendo. What is intemperance? How is it to be measured? This analogy is false. We do not term a man intemperate who drinks only *when* and *what* a healthy nature requires. Intemperance is, that which exceeds this limit, and whether with or without the means to support the noxious indulgence, does not make it more or less intemperance, tho in the latter case it adds the crime of dishonesty. It is a new element in the doctrine of morals, that virtues and vices may interchange characters, according to the length of purse in the agents, or in truth, according to the insane and unjust limit put to the means of subsistence. Fancy a code of Ethics, which, under the head of intemperance and gluttony, should specify the number of bottles of wine or quantity of sauces, that men of a certain income might indulge in! Assuredly the reproductive instinct may, like any other, be abused. But it is a question of quite other laws than political economy,—the laws of physiology and morals,—to determine what is and what is not intemperance.^b

When we hear such men denouncing Marriage, as "a degrading slavery to a brute instinct in one of the persons concerned, and most commonly in the other hopeless submission to a revolting abuse of power,"—we are strongly tempted to wish that these gentlemen had been present at the creation, so that the mis-

^a Political Economy, Vol. i, page 441.

^b Of course it will be understood that these observations apply only to such doctrines when recommended as the remedy for *Social* evils, as low wages and pauperism. We take it to be the less of two evils, and therefore to be preferred, to defer the question of marriage under the present arrangement of society.

take of endowing mankind with passions *ten years too soon*, might have been avoided. Regardless of the physiological necessity, and high moral uses of marriage, they would, if not blot it out entirely, at least exclude it from the majority. The perfection of such a system would be attained by filling the world with wealth, and annihilating every soul in it.

Owing to the spread of this doctrine, the evil of celibacy, and the crime of prostitution are increasing. With some, a small number it is true, the best years and holiest affections of the heart are sacrificed, to make way for an incurable selfishness. But a larger class of our young men make up for the late period to which *prudence* commands them to defer the period of marriage, by vicious indulgence. Let the economists say without shuffling or evasion, and clothing their meaning in dark phrases, whether, if the period of marriage is to be deferred, they imagine chastity is to be preserved? 'That it is possible,' says John Stuart Mill, "to delay marriage, and to live in abstinence while unmarried, most people are willing to allow."—No physiologist will allow it. There is no nation, or tolerably extensive class of people, that has deferred the period of marriage, whether from economical or religious motives, where the results have not presented the grossest immorality. Nor do we want testimony on this subject.^c It comes home to every one's experience. The belief alluded to is the talk of jugglers, a make-believe and a lie. It is to such that Mephistophiles's words apply—

It seems chaste hearts may not forego
That which chaste ears may never know.

The evils, physical and moral, of the over-population dogma, are not its only ones. When we consider the social and family feelings involved, we must become sensible that many of the charms of life would be taken away. The artizan doubles and redoubles his toils, he deprives himself of the enjoyments of single life and feels himself rewarded by the society of his wife and little ones. Home is still a happiness to him, tho factories and fire water have made sad havoc there. Yet he must give up the domestic fireside for the solitude of the lodging house; he must forego the dearest relationships for ten to fifteen years of his existence, in order to guard against a contingency which cannot occur for thousands of years to come! Would not the laborer before he makes such a sacrifice, be right in demanding that the resources of his country should be made fully available. When there is no room here, let him go elsewhere. When the last square mile has been compelled to yield its produce, let those whose affair it is, take heed of plans for the prevention of over-population.

The true remedy is not to depress population down to capital, which is neither

^c We would counsel those liberal persons, who devote money and time to the suppression of prostitution, to ponder this *prudential* doctrine, and its effects. They will discover that, for every single brand which they pluck from the fire, there is a social machinery, boldly backed by a false social theory, which hurls in fresh victims by thousands. Let them reflect on the strength of the sexual instinct on the one hand, and on the other of a state of society, which forbids the reflective and the humane to marry, lest they should entail poverty on themselves and offspring. Haply they may come to the conclusion, that their present efforts are like checking an inundation with buckets, and look a little deeper at a system of society which thus proclaims itself rotten at the core.

politic nor possible, but to raise capital up to population. This is the problem to which every, but especially the British, government, should pay earnest and immediate attention. How to find productive employment for that portion of the population for whom no wages-fund exists. It is a question which cannot, will not be evaded. Before wages can be raised to any extent, the surplus laborers, whose competition keeps wages down, must in some way be taken from the labor *market* (tho not from the labor-*field*). It is also essential to any elevation of the great mass of laborers from the condition of mere appendages to the capital of the minority. The rapidly increasing amount of pauperism is attracting the attention of the most indifferent. Even the fact that every tenth person in England is a pauper gives no adequate idea of the deficiency of employment. Numbers of workmen will toil for the most inadequate wage, while others will share the pittance of their neighbors, relatives, and friends, before they will submit to the degradation of the workhouse or the infliction of the stone-heap. Perhaps an eighth of our population might be fairly called 'surplus,' according to the rule of Political Economists, to whom they are a very troublesome 'surplus' indeed! What is to be done with them? Two or three plans have been suggested. The most original and ironical one is that by Thomas Carlyle:—

"The old Spartans went out and hunted down their Helots, and speared and spitted them, when they grew too numerous. With our improved fashions of hunting, Herr Hofrath, now, after the invention of fire arms and standing armies, how much easier were such a hunt! Perhaps in the most thickly-peopled country, some three days annually might suffice to shoot all the able bodied paupers that had accumulated within the year. Let Governments think of this; the expenses were trifling, nay, the very carcasses would pay it. Have them salted and barrelled; could not you victual therewith, if not Army and Navy, yet richly such infirm paupers, in workhouses and elsewhere, as enlightened Charity, dreading no evil of them, might see good to keep alive?"

Scarcely superior to this impracticable plan, is that of 'letting them alone,' 'leaving them to their own resources, etc.' French Political Economy triumphantly snapt its fingers at 'Red Republicanism,' and announced *this* as the cure for pauperism. But, alas! it was compelled to administer secret relief, and organize the surplus into an army. The economical creed of the *bourgeoisie* forbade them to organize industrially the surplus industry, and therefore it equipped them as warriors—an employment it justly supposed not liable to the slightest imputation of being useful. Another plan is, to ship them off, out of the road. A time will doubtless come, when the whole of the land in this country which can be cultivated, *will be* in complete cultivation. But that time is not yet. There are millions of acres in Great Britain untouched, and millions more in very imperfect cultivation. Nevertheless, as it is always desirable to leave a margin, it would be well that those with capital, a strong constitution fitted to encounter the hardships of a settler's life, and the requisite knowledge of agriculture, should have such advantages placed before them by means of systematic colonization, and a wise organization of their resources, as to make it worth their while to break the associations of home. It cannot, however, be expected that, as emigration is now conducted, such people, who are the only class fit to emigrate, will not rather

Bear the ills they have
Than fly to those they know not of.

If the government would arrange for large numbers of such to go together, so as to obviate the painful loneliness, and to remove immense obstacles which meet the solitary settler, during the first years, a much more extensive emigration of this class would follow.

Unfortunately however this is *not* the class, whom it behoves us to get rid of. The repeal of the laws affecting the inheritance of land in this country, would render enough of it available, to absorb all the surplus agriculturalists, whether with or without capital, for many years to come. Our most unmanageable surplus, is the half million able bodied paupers,^d and a vast number of manufacturing operatives all but paupers, whom successive improvements in machinery, have deprived of employment, Hand Loom Weavers, Bradford Woolcombers, Leicester Stocking Weavers, Nottingham Lace makers, and the like, who, to use the phrase of the economists, have never been 'absorbed'—and we fear never will be. Added to these, every trade can furnish a quantity of unemployed workmen more or less large, altogether making perhaps an eighth of the population of this country, who squeeze a bare subsistence out of the rest, diminish the profits of capital, and the possibility of future accumulation, by reducing the consumption of the wage-receivers. It is this class, who, as Fielding said, "starve, and freeze, and rot, among themselves, but beg, and steal, and rob, among their betters." They inhabit the cellars and pigstyes, dignified with the name of dwellings, which from so large a part of our manufacturing towns. They suffer the evils of savage life, its hardships and uncertainty, without its freedom and its virtues, while of civilization they know nothing except its vices. To bid this class emigrate, in the present sense of that term, would, in many instances, be tantamount to a sentence of death, and with the greater part, be utterly impossible to carry out.

If therefore the remedy suggested by Carlyle, in happy ridicule of certain modern doctrines, be rejected—if 'letting the paupers alone' to die off quietly, or transporting them to meet a similar fate in another country, be equally impracticable,—the fourth alternative is, that the state shall *provide employment* for

^d Number of Paupers relieved in 592 Unions up to Lady-day 1847.

In door	...	...	...	...	...	226,499
Out door	...	..	...	...	...	1,224,544
Estimated to have been relieved under the local acts and other places not under the New Poor law.						} 250,000
						<u>1,721,043</u>
Number of adult able- bodied Paupers	}	In door	...	...	123,224	
		Out door	...	...	439,131	
						<u>562,355</u>

Total amount received for the relief of the Poor £7,117,352

them. One might suppose, that this would naturally have presented itself as the very *first* alternative, with the evident and equitable proviso, that the state, undertaking to provide subsistence for the unemployed laborer, should, at the same time, adopt practical methods of causing him to return an *equivalent* by his labor. But contrary to this very natural presumption, the legislative assemblies of two of the most enlightened nations of Europe, France and England, have decided that the pauper has a right to subsistence from the state, but no right to labor as the *means* of subsistence. To those, who, in strict logical consistency with the *laissez faire* principle, deny both these rights—who would have the pauper to perish unless maintained by private charity,—we have not a word to say. Their iron theory would either decimate society, or involve a perpetually recurring contest between those who have and those who have not wealth. So long as the deficiency of employment is comparatively small, this let-alone doctrine is useless; and when that deficiency is large, who would have the hardihood to carry it out? With those who admit the principle of state interference for rescuing the unemployed laborer from the fate which would otherwise await him, the case is different. The question is narrowed here, as to what kind of interference is expedient, or possible. Those who deny the duty of the state to provide labor, do so mainly on the ground that the state *cannot* provide employment without *substituting* greater evils than it removes. Such a conclusion, however, is not warranted by the premisses from which it is deduced; and, on the contrary, we shall exhibit the grounds for a very different conclusion.

The most important part of the History of the English poor laws dates from the year 1601, when the celebrated act of the 43rd of Elizabeth * was passed. This law had two objects; 1st, the relief of the impotent poor, and, 2nd, the employment of the able-bodied and idle. To the relief by the state of the first of these classes, the objectors are few. Among those few, however, is the late Dr. Chalmers, who objects that the law cannot create the moral feeling of charity by compelling the individual to part with so much material wealth. It would be equally just to object to the employment of soldiers, that 6d. per day cannot purchase patriotism; or to the physician's medicine, that the fee rather than benevolence, was the condition of his applying curative agents. The main end of poor relief is to abate suffering, not to arouse charity, and for this object, the organized machinery of a public tax is obviously superior to private voluntary contributions. It is fairer, because it compels the mean and selfish, equally with the benevolent, to bear their share of a common burden. It is more humane, because it prevents the dreadful risk of any human creature perishing for want. It is more discriminating, because it makes it the special business of some parties to sift true from false claimants. And it is more economical, both as regards time and money, on the well under-

* The 43rd Elizabeth remained for many years a dead letter, no assessments being made, but the height to which vagrancy attained caused the 13 Car. 2. cap 12. to be passed in 1662. This law provided, that any person who should reside in a parish forty days should thereby obtain a settlement, and thus would become chargeable to it, in the event of his becoming destitute. It became an important portion of the duties of an overseer to prevent the laborer from obtaining a settlement. For a picture, said to be exaggerated, of the atrocious treatment to which the poor were subjected in consequence, see an interesting extract from Dr. Burns' History of the Poor laws (1764), quoted in the Poor law Report 1843, 101.

stood principle of division of labor, to which the relief of the poor is no exception.¹ These advantages have led to most forms of local relief having become organized, even where the law has made no provision.

In the early days of English pauperism, notwithstanding the very clear distinction between the pauper incapable of working, and the pauper *unable* to obtain work, the two were placed on one footing. It is true that from 1601 to 1722, a period of 121 years, the law required, in every parish, the church-wardens and overseers, with the consent of the justices, not only to raise money for the impotent, but likewise a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other necessary ware and stuff, with which to set poor persons to work, having no means of maintenance. The act did not contemplate the bestowal of relief except in return for work, or give any power to hire or purchase workhouses. But as there was no organization for providing work, those whose business it was to distribute relief, frequently found it easier to give relief without work. As might have been foreseen, the most extensive abuses prevailed. The amount of poor rates increased very rapidly, and the sense of self-reliance and responsibility in the laborer declined. As the evil grew, the subject excited attention. Numberless were the proposals made for setting the able-bodied paupers to work. Among others, one Stanley, as early as 1646, proposed the establishment of workhouses. He complained that "the poor may be whipt to death and branded for rogues, and so become felons by the law, and the next time hanged for vagrancy, before any private man will set them to work, or provide houses for labor, and stock and materials for them." Other proposals were made in 1650, in a tract entitled "a clear and evident way for enriching the nation of England and Ireland, and setting very great numbers of poor to work." Again, Sir Josiah Child (before 1669), saw the radical error of the laws in leaving it to the care of every parish to maintain their own poor, and he proposed that London, Westminster, Southwark, and all the places within the bills of mortality, should be associated into one Province, and the relief and employment of the poor entrusted to a corporation specially chosen for the purpose. Sir F. Eden, whose work on the state of the poor contains a full and fair statement of these plans, mentions other proposals in 1673, 1677, and 1678. The latter was that of a Mr. Firmin, who practically and to some extent successfully carried out his view of the mode of preventing pauperism by providing employment. He was baffled by an obstacle which has been destructive to many later plans,—the want of a market for the commodity produced. A private individual of ordinary fortune could not reasonably be expected to attain an object which demands the most ample resources. In 1683 Sir Matthew Hale justly complained of the absence of any provision for the employment of paupers. Speaking of the relief of the poor, he says, "the plaster is not so large as the sore! There are many poor people, who are able to work if they had it, and had it at reasonable wages, by which they could support themselves and families. He proposed a plan for remedying the deficiencies

¹ The sums annually extorted from the citizens of Munich, by beggars alone, exclusive of private charities, amounted to more than three times the sums given to the support of the institution established by Count Rumford, which by maintaining them all, entirely suppressed mendicancy. Rumford's Essays, Vol. i. page 121.

of the act of Elizabeth. Two of the main features of his proposal, were the combination of several parishes into one; and the collection of 4 or 5 years rates at once or twice, in order to raise capital for setting the poor to work. He anticipated many objections, of which one was, that "many idle people would rather beg than work." To this he replies, that the establishment of workhouses will render working more profitable than begging, and that the educating of children in industrious habits will remove their propensity to become beggars. The objection founded upon the smallness of the capital for employing the poor, when probably ten times the amount was required by single trades in the same line, Sir Matthew admitted the force of, but contends that it "would be a great help to the poor in time of scarcity of work." Sir M. Hale, like most who have attempted to remove pauperism since his time, treats it almost as if it were an accident, a temporary condition of affairs no way to be dreaded, and demanding but a temporary remedy. The idea of raising the labor fund *very much above* what was sufficient to satisfy the mere necessary wants of the laborer, seems scarcely ever to have occurred to them, still less that of the laborer being capable of *creating and owning* the capital which employed him. Another objection urged, was, "that private manufacturers, who endeavor, for their own interest, to make the most of their trade, often meet with great losses, which impair their stocks; and that a public concern, which cannot be expected to be managed with such prudence, must often be in the same condition." He admitted, that even the stock itself might be annihilated in five or six years, but the nation would be re-paid by the industrious education of the poor. But why, we ask, should a concern carried on for the benefit of the public, be less efficiently conducted than one for private advantage? Obviously, if the primary checks and conditions were the same, the same results would follow. That it is not possible to secure those conditions in the management of a public concern which ensure the success of a private one, is a mere assumption, very convenient we dare say, but not very correct.

If the stimulus of interest in the managers be an element, consult it. If skill, energy, and perseverance, be desirable qualities, are they not all obtainable by paying the proper price for them? That this is so, is evidenced by the Banks, Railways, and other vast associations, of the present day. It is also proved by the management of the Post Office, the grandest and most perfect organization hitherto accomplished, except for purposes of folly, fanaticism, or mischief. If it be said that public bodies are fallible, and may be deceived in the choice of agents, we reply that this charge appertains to every thing human; the same thing happens repeatedly to private capitalists, with whom the chances of failure are quite as great. What is wanting, is the feeling that the thing *must* be done; which once awakened, the obstacles to its accomplishment will disperse like the morning mists. The profitable employment of the poor, once felt to be as stern a necessity as the creation of a Railroad, ten thousand busy intellects will devote themselves to surmount all difficulties in the former as in the latter case. It is the bugbear of 'failure' which does so much mischief; for with *faith* only can men move mountains. Social experiments must fail before they can succeed, just as much as the child must often fall before he can walk well. Failure supplies the ashes out of which the glorious Phoenix of Success must

arise. If any man dreams that society is to be organized *at once*, or when organized, not susceptible to continual changes, we apprehend he has studied history little, and human nature less. The fallacy of Sir Matthew Hale lay in conceiving of the employment of paupers as a *public* concern only. But this, instead of being its primary, is its secondary character. Altho, as a public benefit, it offers ample reasons why society should undertake the task, yet in reality, and in order to the successful working out of *any* scheme of employment, the interest of the laborer himself, and of the conductors of that labor, should be primarily consulted. They should have the greatest stake in the success or failure of the undertaking. Toward the successful production of wealth, Political Economy truly says, 'the greatest stimulus is the advantages which the producer will probably receive in return.' Yet precisely in that case where, *above all others*, it was necessary to offer such a stimulus, it has ever been the least regarded. So long as the notion prevails, that the laborer is not to work *for his own benefit*, but, in some sort, like the slave, for the benefit of another, how can just views ever prevail on this subject? Hence an old objection, suggested by Sir Matthew, against his own plan, is likely to be repeated to day, namely, that the setting up of a public trade, will only make workmen more independent, and therefore less solicitous of employment with private traders. Supposing it possible to employ the pauper productively, this might be carried out to an extent that would absorb all the surplus labor in the country. Every additional draft from the class of laborers, by diminishing the competition among them, would raise the general standard of comfort, and doubtless render the employed laborer less dependent on the private capitalist. So far from this being an objection to the plan, it will, to all generous and truly enlightened men, be its main recommendation. Forgetting, for one moment, the common and equal rights of men, which do not permit of one class being permanently elevated and another permanently depressed—looking at it simply as a question for the capitalist himself, we ask, whether it would not be an immense and invaluable exchange, if he could transform his present mingled fear and contempt of the laborers, and their jealous hate of him, into a relationship of equality and fraternity? When we reflect on the indissoluble tie which binds our neighbor's fate to our own, we are tempted to pity the infatuation which sacrifices *men* in the pursuit of money—which knows not how poor are the greatest gauds of life without sympathizing minds to share them, which cannot perceive that the finest parks, or horses, or dogs, or chiseled statues, or painted canvass, however good in their way, are of infinitely less value than the men and women near us—which feels not that *these living immortal statues*, are beings whose love or hatred, virtues or vices, divinity or degradation, we *must* share, whether we will or not, and which regards them simply as the basis of this business calculation—'Given, a human being, how to extract the largest amount of work, with the smallest amount of wage?' Alas! that any man, still more any class of men, should have their souls so vulgarized by the atmosphere of selfishness and exclusiveness, as to imagine that *the mass* of mankind were born to be naked and miserable, in order that a few might be richly decorated and exalted, in which few of course they always include themselves. Happily they cannot stop the progress of society—happily, Humanity will roll on in its resistless development in spite of them, and the stern

leveler of all distinctions, in due season, will remove these obstructives to make room for wiser men.

From the period last named, the ideas of society with reference to the relief of the poor, seem to have turned more and more in the direction of finding them *productive* employment. The thought naturally occurred, that if the vast number of unemployed laborers, who *must* be kept whether employed or not, could be *usefully* employed, they might become a source of profit to the nation, instead of expense and annoyance. But the good which might have arisen from the acceptance of this principle, was in a great measure nullified by the belief, then general and still common, that poverty was rather the result of idle or vicious habits, than of any real deficiency of employment. An act for the relief of the poor passed in 1674, and several later acts, while authorizing the erection of Workhouses, virtually made them Houses of Correction for vagrants. The first likely attempt to cure pauperism by removing its causes, was made at Bristol, chiefly thro' the active exertions of Mr. John Cary, a merchant of that City. An act was obtained in 1696, for erecting hospitals and workhouses there, for the better employing and maintaining the poor.* It transferred the management of the poor from the overseers, in isolated parishes, to a collective Board of Guardians, as in the modern Unions; and it gave to that board a power to build or hire workhouses, and to appoint *paid officers*. This was at least a step in the right direction. Cary writes of it thus:—

"The success hath answered our expectations; we are freed from beggars, our old people are comfortably provided for, our boys and girls are educated to sobriety, and brought up to delight in labor, our young children are well looked after, and not spoiled by the neglect of ill nurses; and the face of our city is so changed already, that we have great reason to hope these young plants will produce a virtuous and laborious generation, with whom immorality and profaneness may find little encouragement; nor do our hopes appear to be groundless; for among 300 persons now under our charge within doors, there is neither cursing nor swearing, nor profane language to be heard, tho many of them were bred up in all manner of vice, which neither Bridewell nor whipping could frighten them from; because, returning to their bad company for want of employment, they were rather made worse than bettered by those corrections; whereas the change we have wrought in them is by fair means. We have a Bridewell, stocks, and whipping-post, always in their sight, but never had occasion to make use of either."†

This plan, however, was not remunerative, of which the reason is apparent enough. We are told, in an account of the Bristol paupers, that they "tried them upon a great many sorts of work." This was blunder one, since the primary condition of efficient labor, is continued application to *one* business, and especially to that in which the individual has been trained. We are next told, that as soon "as they come to do anything tolerably well, that they might have been assisting to the younger and less practised, they went off to sea, or were apprenticed in the city; by which means the public so far benefited, tho the corporation bore the expense of the charge of teaching them, and of all the tools with which they were to work, and of the materials for it." Here was blunder second. The

* For a very interesting account of this, see Eden's *State of the Poor*, Vol. i. p. 275, note.

† Eden's *State of the Poor*, vol. i. p. 281.

useful results of the plan being diffused, were less palpable than the cost of it, which, unlike the benefit, could be estimated by pounds, shillings and pence. It is one of the evils of entrusting the management of the poor to *local* corporations, that they are more apt to regard their own immediate interests than the public weal. The Bristol one did not belie this characteristic. Instead of rectifying the defects of their plan, they "laid aside their projects of labor, and set themselves to find out those who had no right of settlement in this city, sending them away to the places to which they belonged." No matter who suffers, provided *we* don't! The remedy it behoved them to adopt was, first, to give the pauper the greatest possible inducement to become an independent, self-supporting laborer, and second, to take care that this object was attained in such a way as to be manifest to those who advanced the funds. That inducement was *simply to secure to the pauper the results of his labor*. But they acted on the fatal maxim, 'once a pauper always a pauper,' and instead of attempting to *cure* the evil, they only tried to transfer its burden from their own shoulders to those of other people. Nevertheless the beginning of the Bristol workhouse was prosperous so far as to diminish rates (all the payers cared about), and hence attracted attention elsewhere. Within two years of its establishment, the authorities at Exeter, Hereford, Colchester, Kingston on Hull, and Shaftesbury, were empowered to erect workhouses, and these establishments were soon after extended to Lynn, Sudbury, Gloucester, Plymouth, Norwich, and other places. In 1722, an act called Sir Ed. Knatchbull's, authorized the establishment of workhouses generally. This may be considered as the second epoch in the history of the English Poor Laws.

These efforts for the establishment of a somewhat better mode of employing paupers, met with strenuous opposition, and on a ground which still presents one of the greatest obstacles to the organization of pauper labor. It arises from the partly real, and partly imaginary, danger of the commodities produced by the paupers coming into competition with those produced by the independent laborer. A bill which actually passed the Commons, but was rejected by the Lords, drew from the celebrated De Foe in 1704, an address entitled 'Giving alms no Charity.' He says :—

"Suppose a workhouse for the employment of poor children sets them to spinning of worsted. For every skein of worsted these poor children spin, there must be a skein the less spun by some poor person or family that spun it before; suppose the manufacture for making baize to be erected in Bishopgate Street, unless the makers of this baize can find out at the same time a trade or consumption for more baize than were before, for every piece of baize so made in London there must be a piece the less made at Colchester."

He appeals to the House of Commons whether this can be called employing the poor.

"Since it is only transposing manufactures from Colchester to London, and taking the bread out of the mouths of the poor of Essex, to put it into the mouths of the poor of Middlesex."¹

It is difficult to reconcile this reasoning, so generally admitted by the economists, with their usual argument on the machinery question, viz., that commodities cannot be too plentiful. As the paupers have to be kept, whether they

¹ Eden's State of the Poor, vol. i. p. 261.

produce something or nothing, one would imagine that whatever they produce would be *clear gain* to the community, as much as if the addition had been caused by mechanical improvements. Whether a hitherto useless pauper, or an improved stocking frame, throw an additional pair of stockings into the market, the effect must be pretty much the same, so far as the displacement of labor is concerned. It is but a confirmation of the view which cannot be too much insisted on, that *true* political economy must concern itself quite as much with the *distribution* of wealth as its *production*. It is not enough to increase production, unless it be shown how the laborer is to secure *his share* therein. But a greater danger than that which De Foe pointed out, might arise from the employment of paupers, viz., that of taxing the capitalist to produce commodities which will enter into competition with his own. This was one of the fatal defects of the French National Workshops. If the commodities produced therein were sold at a higher rate than in the open market, there would be no buyers, and the affair must soon come to a dead-lock. If the commodities were sold at equal or lower rates than the market price, the capitalist would be taxed to maintain a competitor who sometimes would drive him out of the market, and often disarrange his calculations. The difficulty is to find an independent market for the commodities produced by the organized labor, or, to quote again the expression of De Foe,

- "If these worthy Gentlemen, who show themselves so forward to relieve and employ the poor, will find out some new trade, some new market, where the goods they make shall be sold, where none of the same goods were sold before; if they will send them to any place where they shall not interfere with the rest of that manufacture, or with some other made in England; then indeed they do something worthy of themselves, and they may employ the poor to the same glorious advantage as Queen Elizabeth did, to whom this nation, as a trading country, owes its peculiar greatness."^j

Sir F. Eden falls into the same mistake. ^k He says:—

"It is *impossible* to provide a national fund for setting the poor to work in any species of employment, without, in some degree, injuring those who are engaged in similar undertakings. If, for instance, a parish workhouse undertakes the manufacture of mops, ropes, and sacking; those who before subsisted by means of these trades, are sure to be sufferers. Whether mops are made by the private manufacturer, or by the parish children, no more will be sold than the public have occasion for. [What say the advocates of machinery and competition to this?] The managers of the workhouse, however, without being able to increase the demand, can generally obtain a preference, and a certain sale for their goods, by selling them rather below the market price. The concern, tho a losing one, is carried on by the contributions of the purchasers, and a poor industrious manufacturer will perhaps often have the mortification to reflect, that, in contributing his portion of poor rates, he is helping the parish to undo him."

Sir F. Eden then goes on to talk of the regular accumulations of capital, as if there were naturally some regular proportionate connection between population and capital, or as if *human will* had nothing at all to do with the matter!

Now, it does not demand the wisdom of a Solomon to find out the required

^j Eden's State of the Poor, vol. i. p. 262.

^k Ibid p. 467.

new market where none of the goods were sold before, and where the commodities produced shall neither interfere with the same manufacture, nor any other made in England. *Let the pauper consume his own produce*, and the required market is at once found. That which constitutes a pauper is absence of *food, clothing, and home*, and yet we are puzzled what to do with the results of his labor! They cannot, it is true, feed themselves with the stones they break, nor clothe themselves with oakum. Even if productively employed, they should not be employed in one or two commodities, otherwise they glut the market. This would be but to copy the present absurd procedure of society, where commodities are thrown into the market without the slightest regard to the extent of consumption. A classification and adaptation of the various branches of production, according to the *wants* of the consumers, is essential, and this demands but the same skill that is exhibited in every large manufactory, or even in the commissariat of an army, or the victualing of a ship of war. That which led to the formation of workhouses, as in the case of Bristol, was the notion that they might be rendered an useful *source of wealth* to the community. But in the attempt to realize the scheme, there was not a single condition preserved to warrant the most sanguine in anticipating their ultimate success. It is important to remember this, because the failure of all efforts to employ paupers profitably, has been constantly urged by the Poor-law-commissioners, as a reason for declining the attempt. Indeed, those efforts were never intended to succeed. If *now* there is a terror of the operative becoming too *independent*, how much more would such a feeling influence the actions of landlords and capitalists a century and a half ago! The workhouses were then as now, penal establishments. There was insufficient capital for the purposes of profitable production. There was no superintendence worthy of the name, and the superintendent's interest was opposed to the interest of those who employed him. The pauper, when employed at all, was mostly set to some strange business, for which his previous habits gave him no fitness. But had the entire machinery been rightly adapted to the professed object, his condition would still have resembled that of the slave, since he was not permitted to participate in the results. Pauper and slave are both deprived of hope. No industry, however great,—no application, however unremitting,—would add a comfort to their lot, or purchase their manumission. Like beasts they must toil the allotted number of hours, like beasts receive their daily measured quota of food, and, worse than beasts, be denied the intercourse of friendship and the joys of family. In one respect, the condition of the slave is superior to that of the pauper—the slave is conscious of being kept for his *use*, while the pauper feels he is eating the rations of a grudging charity.

These defects, with others we shall hereafter allude to, were fatal to workhouses, as a source of national wealth. But some of these very defects which unfitted them for becoming productive establishments, constituted their merits in another important element of pauper repression, and one which the first projectors of workhouses had not anticipated. The penal character of the workhouse deterred applicants for relief, and most of the places where workhouses were established experienced a reduction in their poor rates, of from 25 to 65 per cent. Part of this reduction is attributable to the cheaper cost of living consequent on a number of persons dwelling together, but the greater part was owing to the

workhouse acting as *tests* of destitution, and preventing applications except from the most degraded and destitute. It was, in fact, a carrying out of the same principle as that enforced by the New Poor Law Bill of 1834, but without the systematic and general extension which centralization enabled the New Poor Law Commissioners to effect. Had the system been generally applied, of restricting the relief to the able bodied within the workhouses, notwithstanding their defective management and arrangement, and the want of central superintendence, many of the evils which resulted would have been avoided. All that portion of pauperism capable of being deterred from facing the dispensers of the fund by the fear of the partial imprisonment accompanying it, would at least have been prevented, altho the *source* of pauperism, the deficiency of the wages' fund, would still have remained. This extension of the workhouse system, however, was not destined to take place at that time.

The second epoch in our Poor Laws, embracing a period of 73 years, terminated in 1795 by the passing of Sir William Young's act; from this date to 1834, a period of 39 years, constitutes the third era, and the most disastrous of any. The act of 1795 authorized justices of the peace to order relief to poor persons at their own houses. The cause of this absurd, and, as it proved, most injurious law, had its origin in the high prices of 1795, and succeeding years. The motive for this law was probably not so disinterested as might be supposed; it is stated to have originated from an apprehension that the high prices would raise wages to a height from which it would be difficult to lower them when the cause for it had ceased; or, that during the high prices, the laborers might have had to undergo privations to which it would be *unsafe* to expose them. The object was generally effected by the magistrates forming a scale of relief, graduated according to the price of bread, and the extent of the family of the claimant for relief. This placed the idle and industrious on one footing, because the difference of wages was made up by the parish. It was *the realization* of that which the ignorant and distorted imagination of modern selfishness ascribes to *Communism*! But, unlike communism, it offered no inducement to the exertion of skill and industry; whether in the shape of increase of products, in the self-respect of the individual, in the approbation of his fellows, or in the sentiment of duty,—but exactly the reverse of all these. It did not discriminate its objects, and thus it taught the laborer to look upon relief as a permanent right, quite apart from his necessities. The most fiendish ingenuity could not have devised a system more calculated to destroy the welfare of every class, but especially of the laboring class, of society. It was calculated in every way to deteriorate the poor laborer. It offered a premium to extravagance and idleness, and gave a direct discouragement to the practice of the opposite virtues. The principles of management enforced, varied with the varying dispositions of magistrates and overseers. From the want of efficient superintendence, the work performed had seldom either the positive merit of being productive, or the negative one of serving as a test. Sometimes the pauper laborers were compelled to give up a certain portion of their time, by confining them in a gravel pit, or they were directed to sit at a certain spot and do nothing, or they were obliged to attend a roll call several times a day.¹ In other places, what was called the

¹ Poor Law Commissioners' Report 1834, p. 20.

Round'sman system, or that by which the paupers were distributed among the farmers, prevailed; they were sold by auction, "the old and infirm at from 1s. 6d. to 3s. per week, the unemployed at 5s. per week."^m In some places the "*employed* was pledged to set himself at no necessary or essential occupation."ⁿ

In those cases where labor was demanded, the superintendents of it were not remunerated, and had much to gain and little to lose by extravagant liberality; moreover, they had to give away other people's money, and not their own. The pauper had no incentive to exertion, so long as the parish made up his earnings to the requisite amount, putting him equally on a footing with the industrious laborer. The farmer, altho he paid in rates what he should have paid in wages, and secured inefficiency by his bargain, fancied that he saved by the system, because he could throw part of the cost of keeping his laborers upon other people. The honest industrious laborer found the incentives greater for wrong than for well doing. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that, under such a system, the poor rates increased enormously. In 23 years the rates rose from £3,000,000 to £7,870,801. Such was the pecuniary cost of pauperism under this system. Nor was this the only loss. That which the wonderful progress of machinery (in giving great opportunities of amassing wealth, and thus stimulating Mammon-worship) was doing in the towns to destroy the social character, and ruin the domestic happiness of the operative, was quite as effectually done in the agricultural districts by the old poor law. Those mutual offices of attention and kindness which the savage pays to his kindred, in suffering,—which even brutes have been known to manifest,—became questions of barter under the withering influence of parish pay. Mr. Cowell, speaking on this subject, justly remarks, that the pressure of the sum annually raised upon the rate-payers, and its progressive increase, was an insignificant evil compared with its effects on the morals and happiness of the laborer.

"A person must converse with paupers—must enter workhouses, and examine the inmates; must attend at the parish pay table, before he can form a just conception of the moral debasement which is the offspring of the present system; he must hear the pauper threaten to abandon his wife and family unless more money is allowed him—threaten to abandon an aged and bed ridden mother, to turn her out of his house and lay her down at the overseer's door, unless he is paid for giving her shelter; he must hear parents threatening to follow the same course with regard to their sick children; he must see mothers coming to receive the reward of their daughter's ignominy, and witness women in cottages quietly pointing out, without even the question being asked, which are their children by their husband, and which by other men previous to marriage; and when he finds that he can scarcely step into a town or parish in any country without meeting with some instance or other of this character, he will no longer consider the pecuniary pressure on the rate payers as the first in the class of evils which the poor laws have entailed on the community."^o

These sad results, however, are no part of our present enquiry, which concerns the validity of the objection, that paupers cannot be profitably employed. We

^m Ibid, p. 32.

ⁿ Ibid, p. 33.

^o Ibid, p. 97.

have now seen that there never was machinery efficient for the purpose, or embracing those conditions which common sense would prescribe as essential to success. For example :—The poor rate returns for the year ending 25th March 1832, state that out of £7,036,968 expended in that year for the relief of the poor, less than £354,000, or scarcely one twentieth part, was paid for work, including work on the roads, and in the workhouses. ² Again, with respect to the management of the poor, we put it to any man in the remotest degree acquainted with the conduct of any manufacturer, whether every principle on which success depends was not entirely *reversed*? What should we say of a capitalist who should change his managers sometimes two or three times a year, who should not remunerate them at all, but leave them to pay themselves by what they could embezzle out of the general fund, who should not have the slightest motive for attention to their duties, but many incentives to misconduct, men “who have to give, or to refuse, public money to their own workmen, dependents, customers, debtors, relatives, friends, and neighbors; who are exposed to every form of solicitation and threat, who are rewarded for profusion with ease and popularity, and punished for economy by labor, odium, and danger to their properties, and even their persons?” ³ What sane person *could* expect other than disastrous results from *such* a misorganization? Yet this was the management to which the pauper laborer was subjected.

The fourth Epoch in the history of English pauperism, commenced with the passing of the New Poor Law Bill, which received the Royal assent August 14th, 1834. It provided a central authority of three Commissioners, who, with the aid of nine Assistant Commissioners, were to control the whole administration of Poor relief, and whose acts were to have the force of Laws. The great and most unpopular feature of the law under which they acted, was the compelling of relief to the able bodied pauper, under conditions which should render its acceptance undesirable, unless suffering under extreme destitution. This was done by refusing relief except on the condition of confinement in the workhouse. The carrying out of this measure excited a universal burst of indignation. Tory and Radical papers vied in their abuse of the tyranny of ‘the three kings of Somerset House.’ As the commissioners themselves remark, ⁴ the demand of the public was for poor law horrors, and an accommodating literature found the supply. The organization of labor, the birth cry of the French Republic, is now passing thro’ the same ordeal. Nevertheless, the poor law bill was successful, and immeasurably superior to the old one, in many respects. It compelled *relief* and *wages*, which the old system totally confounded, to re-assume their respective characters. It prevented the reduction of the whole laboring population to the condition of parish-pay receivers. It saved an immense amount of litigation and legal expenses. It economized the maintenance of the indoor paupers by means of the workhouse. It systematized the poor relief of the country, so that there were no longer as many systems of relief as there were parishes. It enforced a system of clear and uniform accounts. These, and other less important benefits, it undoubtedly conferred. But here its advan-

² Poor Law Commissioners’ Report, 1834, p. 36. ³ Ibid.

⁴ Report for 1839, p. 28.

tages cease. The great cause of pauperism, namely the deficiency of the wages-fund, was left untouched, except so far as the training of pauper children, and the emigration of paupers, have a tendency to diminish the disparity of the two elements. It was assumed that the State could not create, and therefore ought not to attempt to create, *a fund for the support of paupers by means of pauper labor*. The labor provided was not meant to be productive, it was intended merely as a *test*. But the Commissioners shall speak for themselves:—

“The work to be provided for paupers should be of a laborious and undesirable nature itself, and the remuneration less than would be paid for work of equal quantity—if performed by independent laborers, and further, *such* work should not be of the kind in which the independent laborers; of the district are ordinarily employed, neither should it be much regarded as to its profitable results; but it should be viewed merely as a condition on which that relief which their necessities require, and which the law allows, is to be administered to paupers.”

“The Commissioners consider that the question whether the work performed by paupers is profitable in a pecuniary sense, is altogether secondary to the main question, namely, whether as a condition of obtaining relief, it operates to discourage pauperism. From misapprehension on this point, it has been sometimes attempted to obtain a profit for the parish, *not only by cultivating parish farms, but by setting up various sorts of manufactures, to be carried on by pauper labor*. Such efforts have always proved abortive, and have invariably entailed a loss upon the parish, as well as caused injury to the independent laborer, by interfering with the labor market.” *

If the treatment experienced by the unemployed laborer, was, as a consequence of these views, harsh and cruel in the extreme, it by no means follows that the men who promulgated them were hard-hearted, or uncaring for the interests of the working classes, as is commonly supposed. No man can read the reports of the Poor Law Commissioners without feeling that most of them had a strong sympathy for the people, and that, like the cool and skilful surgeon, they inflicted (as they thought) temporary pain, in order to eradicate that gangrene of society—pauperism. As, under the influence of principles diabolical in their nature, but conscientiously held, affectionate mothers have betrayed their doubting children to the fangs of the murderous inquisition, so, under the influence of the false dogma that it was neither desirable nor possible for the state to provide profitable employment for the unemployed, they were tied to the alternative of compelling the unemployed to find it for themselves. The real success of the attempt was great enough to lead the Commissioners to flatter themselves that they were in the right track, while the apparent success was even still greater. This was owing to the fact already stated, that a large portion of the poor-rates were *in reality* wages. The employer paid little wages, and the parish made up the difference. The temptation to the employer was, that he thus made others contribute to the maintenance of his own laborers; the inducement to the laborer was, that while he could seldom secure work on other conditions, his idleness, or inefficiency, was as well remunerated as his industry and ability would have been. Under the new arrangement the fund which was nominally poor relief, but really

* Report of Poor Law Commissioners for 1836, p. 45. Ditto on the amendment of the Poor Law, 1839, p. 45.

wages, re-assumed its proper character of wages, while, in addition, the idle were impelled to labor, and the improvident to economize. This effected a reduction in the parochial rates of not less than 36 per cent. within three years of the passing of the act. Hence, if we may use such an expression, 36 per cent. of the theory of the Commissioners was true, since 36 per cent. more money than was needful had been paid under the mal-administration of the old system. But then, what became of the remaining sixty-four per cent. of the theory? It was entirely false. Had the doctrine on which it was based been true, pauperism ought to have diminished to zero—a result actually anticipated by the Commissioners themselves, except as respects the aged and impotent. But what was the fact? Why, that from that very year 1837, the fund has gradually risen from its then minimum of £5,412,933 up to £7,117,352 in 1847, which is nearly equal to its amount in the period of its greatest abuse and mal-administration. The Poor Law Bill, besides, was passed at a juncture most favorable to its success, viz, while food was low and an unusual activity prevailed in the manufacturing districts. The system of intimidating poverty has, therefore, *not* proved successful. The rates have risen to the old misery-mark, and the recourse to an irksome *new*, New Poor law-Bill, might possibly be dangerous. Twice has relief been prohibited save in the workhouse.* The first act of the kind was repealed, and the second is incapable of being carried out, from the sheer want of 'bastiles' and barracks, for so large an army of *unorganized* laborers. The workhouse test is not applied to a sixth of the applicants for relief. A grand mistake lay at the basis of poor-law-legislation. It made provision for compelling *one-third* of the paupers for whom employment really existed, to have recourse to, and be paid by, that employment. But it blundered in overlooking the other *two-thirds*, for whom no employment exists. It went only so far as to provide a test (that is, either labor at the stone heap, or imprisonment) which, it was presumed, nobody would submit to so long as he could obtain *other* employment. Now, the meaning of a test is, an experiment to ascertain the presence of a certain phenomenon; in this case whether the applicant for relief be *really unable* to find employment. Well, the test is applied, the experiment is made; and it appears that half-a-million of men really do want employment, *but for whom no employment exists*.

Common sense would say, that the desired fact being ascertained by testing, the test should cease, and the *remedy* begin. But mark the logic of *laissez-faire*-ism. *It identifies the test with the remedy*, that is to say, it ascertains the disease but does not attempt its cure. The disproportion between capital and labor it treats as a crime, and thrusts the politically-diseased 'surplus' laborer into 'a gaol without guilt.' In truth, the disproportion between the wages fund and labor, is 'the crime' of *society*, not of the surplus laborer. His only fault has been, that, in the scramble for wealth, he was too weak, or too ignorant, to secure his share. The great error which has pervaded the attempts to remove pauperism, was, the omission to remove the causes which led to it. The object aimed at, was to throw the laborer on his own resources; forgetting to enquire whether any such existed, and in case there were none, the attempt to remove pauperism must

* 9th George 1, C. 7, and the New Poor Law Act of 1834.

† By 36 George 3. C. 28.

be futile. It is one thing to refuse relief,—it is another and a very different thing to cure pauperism. The fallacy of the new poor law legislation consisted in confounding these two things so essentially different. No efforts were spared to frighten pauperism, but pauperism was not to be frightened. Vast as were the powers of the commissioners, they could not cow hungry bellies into silence. All the varied talent and extensive experience which they possessed themselves, or could command thro' the means placed at their disposal, have been baffled, and pauperism is nearly as rife to day, as it was when England was poorer by hundreds of millions of pounds. With the unfortunate dogma that it was not desirable to interfere with the relation of capital and labor, men by nature and education inclined to be humane, were compelled, in order to drive the pauper laborer 'to rely on his own resources,' to have recourse to refinements of cruelty which made the shooting and pickling plan of Thomas Carlyle, the child-eating recommended by Dean Swift, and the painless extinction doctrine of Marcus, no such very extravagant expedients. We need not ask whether the plan of intimidating poverty has proved a failure. At the present moment the rates are as high, and press more heavily than in the worst days of pauper mismanagement. The excuse cannot be pleaded, that the funds are dispensed extravagantly; for the pittance given as out door relief, will scarcely keep body and soul together. It does little beyond avoiding the odium, without removing the guilt, of killing them off by slow starvation. Even the sum now bestowed as out door relief would provide a far larger amount of comfort, if it were a combined expenditure, as in the workhouses, than spent by dribblets in the purchase of infinitesimal quantities of the various articles of food.

Nor has the poor law diminished begging and vagrancy. Groups of able-bodied men perambulate the streets, singing some doleful ditty, or attend from door to door with lucifer matches or other articles, as pretexts for asking charity. Hundreds, again, are passed thro' the vagrant office, after having received a single night's lodging, and are turned out of the town, to visit some new place, again to partake of the vagrant's fare, again to be turned out, until habit has made it familiar, and the transition to depredations and theft is easily accomplished.

Vain indeed are the efforts of philanthropists to cure the evils arising from poverty, till the remedy for poverty itself be found. In vain to appeal to the starving prostitute to quit the paths of vice, she cannot afford to be virtuous—she wants bread! The other day, the benevolent Lord Ashley collected the thieves together. Among various questions asked them, was this, "Are you all willing to give up thieving and go to work?" The whole 138 who were present replied in the affirmative. As the *Manchester Examiner* truly said,

"One hundred and thirty-eight of our fellow-creatures, in the prime of manhood, thieves by trade, self-acknowledged felons, ready to abandon their unlawful pursuits, and in this Christian, moral, liberal, and enlightened age, actually incapable of discovering how to be honest—and live! Out of 372, 278 had received no education, and their times of imprisonment varied from one to twenty-seven times, while two forgot how many times they had been incarcerated. What was to be said to the 207 confessed and convicted rogues then there? 'Mutual aid' was what his lordship most recommended—self-reliance, self-sacrifice, a relinquishing of their old practices, and new resolves for the future. 'But

how,' said they, 'are we to live till our next meeting? We must steal or die.' One of the party arose and said, 'My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, prayer is very good, but it will not fill an empty stomach.' There was a general response of 'Hear, hear!' and the directors of the meeting, we are told, 'were in considerable difficulty'."

No doubt! They ask for bread, and we give them a stone. Even let-alone-ism may find, that it is not 'buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market,' to pay for judges, gaols, and hangmen, instead of providing good education and the means of employment.

Under a well organized system of employment, mendicancy would be an impossibility. The removal of beggars by the police would be rendered unnecessary, because the public would feel that proper relief existed. Their sympathies would be on the side of the law, instead of being against it, from the feeling that the relief is inadequate, and in many instances unattainable.

It is a disgrace to the good sense of the English nation, that such a vast number of unemployed laborers, capable of at least maintaining themselves, capable of adding to the wealth of the country, and becoming worthy and reputable members of society, should be doing nothing, worse than nothing, work which is not work, but a make-believe and a sham, work by which they get demoralized in character, and drag down the independent laborer on whose wages they subsist to a position little better than their own.

It is shocking to reflect that the worth of a man was greater in those feudal days when the Saxon Serf wore the brass collar of his Norman Master, than is the value of that man who at the test-heap lazily earns his few pence per day. There is a frightful absurdity in the thought, that a Southern Slave-holder will go to an immense expense in the purchasing of a slave, that this slave must be dragged from the interior of Africa, must escape the cruisers employed in the suppression of the traffic, must be transported at an immense expense before he reaches the slave mart, seeing that half or two-thirds perish by the way, and yet his labor will repay all this outlay, and the expense of feeding and maintaining him, to the planter—while a pauper Englishman is not only not worth his keep, but is actually a burden in the way.

"A full formed horse," says Thomas Carlyle, "will, in any market, bring from twenty to as high as two hundred Friedrich's d'or: such is his worth to the world. A full-formed man is not only worth nothing to the world, but the world could afford him a round sum would he simply engage to go and hang himself. Nevertheless, which of the two was the more cunningly devised article, even as an Engine? Good Heaven! A white European Man, standing on his two legs, with his two five fingered Hands at his shackle bones, and miraculous Head on his shoulders, is worth I should say from fifty to a hundred horses."

Even where the laborer's own misconduct has brought him to poverty, it may generally be traced to society having permitted him to grow up without culture; a savage amid civilization. But, admitting that his poverty is a crime, and a crime of his own creating, it has yet to be shown that the principle of *Coercion* will remedy the evil. We are fast giving up the theory of revenge as part of our criminal jurisprudence. Why retain it in our poor laws? All the circumstances which usually call forth the better principles of man's nature,—kindly treatment,

intelligent training, the desire of securing and increasing his advantages,—are withheld. Even brutes must have some kind treatment, something more than the whip. Thus, this accursed theory of leaving capital and labor to a so-called free-conflict, has driven Christians to consider as the appropriate usage of a large portion of humanity, treatment which could not succeed if tried upon a dog! But even if this treatment were applied to the wilful pauper alone, it would be intelligible, if unwise. Against him the fiat might go forth—"He that will not work, neither shall he eat." But to him who *would* work, if he could get it, *what apology can be made for thus felonizing him?* By what right do you claim to punish him with coarse diet, imprisonment, and disgusting or useless labor? It is impertinent to reply that population exceeds the *means* of subsistence. What is meant by *means*? Does it signify that portion of capital which capitalists are able or willing to use in the employment of laborers? True, but what then? It by no means follows that the capabilities of creating wealth for those who are without, are wanting. In this sense, 'means' *do* exist in plenty, and it demands but human will, using appropriate skill and energy, to render them available. To the consideration of those means we propose to devote the next lecture. Let us however no more tolerate the dogma of 'over-population,' and the cruel consequences drawn from it, for it is a libel on the Goodness of Deity. As well attribute the death of a miser, caused by his penurious habits, to poverty instead of avarice. It is to confound similarity of effect with identity of cause. Let the name be 'deficient wages fund'—deficient because the natural means of its creation are artificially limited, and the fault will then be brought home to its true source, namely, HUMAN MISMANAGEMENT.



TRUE VIRTUE.

WITH the truly religious man, hopes and fears of any kind have small concern. He is securely fixed on a central point, and is not at all moved by the frigid or torrid influences.

He knows, indeed, that vice is evil, and leads to suffering; that virtue is good, and from it flows exhaustless enjoyment.

This, he perceives, lies in the unchangeable nature of things; but they are not the reason of his faith. His life is *hid* with *God*. His moral outgoings take their rise in Love and Duty. They are what they are, regardless of any gulf of Darkness, or land of Light and Beauty. Whither they go, light and beauty *must* be. His soul, like the holy city in the Apocalypse, needs not the light of the sun, nor of the moon—for it is the glory of God that lighteth it.

Not but that some have past, as by a reverse process, thrō craven fear or expectation (which is, in truth, the same face looking the other way,) to the true centre—but in whatsoever human soul these are the ground and resting point of outward profession,—true Religion has no home—it cannot live in an habitation so low, or in an atmosphere thus corrupt.

The manifestations of such professors—and their name is Legion—is regulated by heat—now rising to the boiling point, and now cooling down to zero. When the bottomless lake of fire and brimstone is beheld, blazing and glowing in frightful intensity, *they* burst out in contagious flames—the conflagration, like most fires, ending in smoke and ashes!

A true religious state is born of Truth, and Order, and Silence. It comes like the voice of far-off melody heard on a quiet summer eve—it comes like the sense of power and beauty on the contemplation of grand old ruins, or amid the fair solitudes of nature—and it grows like the feeling of holy Love in the virgin heart.

God is not in the thunder or the lightning, but in the ‘still small voice.’

It unlocks the secret depths of the soul—it discloses the hidden glories of existence—and it is *one* with *all* truth, beauty, and goodness. It beholds its essence reflected in all nature—in science, in art, in every gentle feeling, in every true word and action,—or rather, it beholds in these the manifestation of **THE ETERNAL GOOD**.

P.

THE PRODUCE OF THE VINEYARD IN THE EAST.*

By HENRY HOMES, American Missionary at Constantinople.

IN A country where wine, as in America [or Britain], is known as a great promoter of the crime of drunkenness, and where the vintage is supposed to be gathered chiefly for the purpose of making wine, it is difficult for the mind to do justice to the common language of scripture which extols the vine and its products as one of the staffs of life. The fruits of the vine, designated by ten different words in the Bible,^b translated wine in our version, are in more than thirty different passages associated with tithes and offerings, or with corn and oil, as emblems of temporal blessings. Along with corn and oil, wine is almost always combined as the third representative of *the three chief blessings of the year.*^c Deut. vii. 13; Neh. x. 39.

Additional honor is bestowed on the vine, by the number of illustrations of most precious truths drawn from it. Nothing in the material world is so often employed in the Scriptures, as a symbol to convey spiritual truths, as the vine and its fruit.

Wine is supposed to be the chief thing obtained from the vine, and there is no substance now called 'wine' by any one, that is not intoxicating; therefore the mind asks that the propriety and consistency should be shown, of making such a natural source of evil, emblems of the staff of life along with corn and oil. The source of embarrassment seems to arise from the supposition, that the chief produce of the vineyard is and was that which we at this day universally call 'wine,' and that the vineyard was cultivated chiefly for its yielding such wine.

Now, as a resident in the East, we believe sufficient facts can be adduced to render it extremely probable that this supposition is erroneous, and that the fabrication of an intoxicating liquor was never the chief object for which the grape was cultivated among the Jews. If the grape had been abused in Judea to the extent it is now in some countries, merely for procuring an intoxicating liquor,—or if it had been of no more use for general purposes than it is in the more northern countries of Europe,—one may venture to suppose it would never have held in the Bible the prominent place, as a precious product, that it now does. Joined with the bread fruits and the olive tree, the three might well, under the comprehensive words of corn, wine (*tirosk*), and oil [or rather, *corn-fruit*, *vine-fruit* and *orchard-fruit*], be representatives of the productions most essential to them, at the same time that they were those most abundantly provided for the support of life.

The existence of this variety of manufactures from the grape among the Jews, is suggested from the large number of Hebrew words translated by the single word 'wine,' and is distinctly intimated in Numbers vi. 3, 4. The reader may be prepared to make an inference from the statements we are about to make in regard to the varied productions of

* Abridged from a larger article in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, of May, 1848. We have retained the precise words of the author, and wherever we have introduced any of our own, they are enclosed in brackets. The notes are ours, and have appended the initials—P. M.

^b The words to which he refers are *yayin*, *asis*, *hhamer*, *mesech*, *tirosk*, *ashishah*, *shemarin*, *sobhe*, *shechar*, *khomets*; but *shechar* is 'palm-wine,' and *khomets* is 'vine-gar.' *Anabhim* (grapes) and *tsimmukim* (dried grapes) are never translated wine.—P. M.

^c The three great classes of fruital produce in Palestine.—P. M.

the vineyard in Turkey, as to what may have formerly been the fact as to the variety of productions of the same in Judea.

In Asia Minor and Syria, the largest part of the produce of the vine is used for other purposes than making intoxicating liquor—whether the vineyards are owned by Moslems, or by the Greek, Armenian, and other Christians. I have asked Christians from Diarbekir, Aintab, and other places in the interior of Asia Minor, and all concur in the same statement. Eli Smith writes in reference to Syria: “*Wine is not the most important but the least so, of all the objects for which the vine is cultivated.*” (Bib. Sacra, Nov. 1846.) And again, speaking of Bhamdun, “the wine made is an item of no consideration.” Dr. Robinson says, “No wine is made from the very extensive vineyards of Hebron, except a little by the Jews.” (Bib. Researches, Vol. ii. p. 442.) The amount made increases near commercial cities. Still in the vine-growing districts of Turkey, the grape stands as prominent among the productions of the country as a source of comfort and prosperity, as the Bible makes it to have been among the productions of Judea.

We propose to enumerate successively all the different uses of the vine, as far as known at the present day in the East. Such an enumeration we have never known to be made; travelers have not been aware what a staple article for the supply of a multiplicity of wants was to be found in the grape, and our practical moralists, in treating on the use of wine, have had no complete information on the existing varieties of ‘liquor of grapes.’ Num. vi. 3.

1. The first produce of the vineyard is the *Green Grape*. Num. vi. 4. It is used for its verjuice, to give a tart taste to all articles of food that need it, and for making refreshing drinks. The manner of using it is various, either by putting the fresh green grapes into the food, or by drying the same in the sun and putting them up in bags like raisins, or by pressing out the juice, partially evaporating it in the sun *and carefully preserving it in bottles*; or, lastly, after having thoroly dried the green grape, it is ground to powder in a mill, and the powder bottled. These various preparations give thus a fresh tart vegetable juice for all seasons of the year, for cooking meat and vegetables for the table; and in regions where they are never accustomed to see a lemon, they supply the place of lemonade. A drink made from the juice of the green grape is also most reviving to the parched and weary traveler.

2. The *Fresh Ripe Grape* in the regions where it is cultivated may be had from three to five months in succession (Lev. xxvi. 5), owing to the difference of vines, soil, and climate of a particular district. During these months, and indeed for many following months, combined with bread, it is the main reliance of the people for food to eat, for theirs is a ‘land of bread and vineyards.’ 2 Kings, xviii. 32. Grapes are not sold in the interior towns at two or three shillings a pound, but at the astonishingly low price of from one quarter of a cent to one cent [$\frac{1}{4}$ d] a pound; and even in Constantinople, with all the causes of dearness, the common sorts of grapes can be had for two or three cents a pound. They are so innocuous, that, in general, one may eat of them with greater freedom than any other kind of fruit, even to satiety. It is not to be wondered at that so luscious a fruit, which can be obtained at a cheaper rate than potatoes by the poor in Ireland, should form in some districts, with oil and bread, the chief nourishment of the people; and that the vine should be extensively cultivated for the sake of its solid fruit merely.

3. *Fresh grapes are hung up in dry places* in the shade and preserved on the cluster, with a little *wilting*, to eat in the winter; so that the time of fresh grapes is protracted for at least two months longer. Mr. Schneider of Broosa, remarks that this kind of grapes is sold there as late as February and March; the price is nearly as low as freshly gathered grapes.

4. *Raisins*. In the villages the grapes are hung in clusters on the side of the houses, or strowed on blankets on the tops of the houses to dry, and thus they prolong the fruits

of the vintage for the months when the hung grapes are gone. Of their use for all kinds of cakes in cookery, as also for an accompaniment to bread, we need not speak, tho it should be kept in mind to aid our estimate of the value of the whole gathering from the vine, when used in the form of the solid fruit.

5. *Preserves made with fresh grape juice.* One of the very common uses of the grape, is to boil the freshly expressed *must* before it is twenty-four hours old, after having removed the acidity and checked the tendency to ferment by throwing in calcareous earth, and then to boil with it various kinds of fruits and vegetables for sauces and preserves for the whole year. The most usual fruits employed are apples, quinces, plums, and peaches; and of vegetables, green tomatoes, egg plants, pumpkins, squashes, and watermelon rinds. Mr. Schneider says, "an enormous quantity of *Retchel* (the name in Turkish for this kind of preserves) is made in Broosa." And the same is true of many other districts.

6. *Jellies and confectionary from grape juice.* Other common but singular modes of using grape juice consist in throwing into the juice various preparations, as of the ground or broken grains of millet, wheat, barley, rice, or almonds and nuts, and especially the starch of wheat. (1) Starch or flour is thrown into the boiling juice, and when sufficiently boiled, the syrup is poured out upon cloths to dry in the sun. Broken pistachios, almonds, or walnuts, are strowed upon the sheet while the material is yet soft, which is then doubled, dried and is ready for use. (2) Wheat, and similar grains, soaked in water, are pounded to a pulp or mash, and left sufficient time to ferment. When this is boiled with the grape juice, the mess in the caldron is made into cakes, which, when dried, have a sour-sweet taste. (3) Pistachios, almonds, filberts, and the like, having been strung on strings, are dipt in the boiling mixture of starch and juice, and hung up to dry, covered with the soft sweet paste of the caldron. There are many other similar manufactures, known each by its peculiar name, which are brought to the large cities for sale. The emigrants from the country to the city, speak with glowing animation and yearnings for home, when they allude to these luxuries of their native regions. Perhaps they are designated in the word אַשִׁישָׁה [*ashishah*] of the Hebrews, so variously translated in different versions. 2 Sam. vi. 19; Hos. iii. 1; 1 Chron. xvi. 8; Sol. Song ii. 5.

7. *Pickled grapes.* Clusters of good ripe grapes are carefully placed in wooden or earthen vessels, so as to two-thirds fill them. Fresh must, boiled down to one half, is then poured in, so as to fill the vessels, which are then carefully closed, and left to stand from fifteen to twenty days. When ready for use, the grapes and juice are offered together, to be eaten and drunk.

8. *Grape Syrup or Molasses* ^a is made of must that has not been pressed [out] more than twenty-four hours. Upon the grapes before pressing, or upon the expressed juice, calcareous earth is often thrown, to neutralize the acid and purify the juice. The juice is boiled from five to seven hours, and reduced to one fifth or one fourth of the original quantity. The syrup differs in consistency in different countries, according to the amount of time employed in boiling, being boiled in Syria so hard that it does not easily run, while in Turkey it is more liquid than sugar cane molasses. It is called in Turkish *pekmez*, in Arabic *dibs*, in Persian and Armenian *rob* [probably *syrob* abbreviated], in Greek *ἐσσημα* [*hepsema*], and some say, in Hebrew דְּבַשׁ [*debash*]. (So Gesenius). It is never regarded as a boiled wine or *vin cuit*, but as a sweetening syrup. Altho in the Persian the word *peckmez* appears still to signify wine. * (See Lexicon of Meninski). It may sour, but

^a The Hebrew *shemanim*, 'preserves,' may correspond to this (Is. xxv. 6), or *sobhê*, 'boiled wine' (Is. i. 22). Or both may be referred to No. 9, or No. 5.—P. M.

* *Syrup* or *sherap*, is still one of the Eastern names for *Wine*, like *Peckmez*. So for-

never becomes wine [in the modern sense of that word]. As the Jews had no other sweetening but honey, we must suppose grape molasses filled the same place with them that it does here at the present day. In cooking various kinds of vegetables with meat for the table, making all kinds of cakes, etc., it is in most frequent and constant use with families of every rank. By some method, a process I have not seen, fresh grape molasses may be made a solid substance like cake or pudding, without admixture of anything else. Beaten and stirred up with mustard seed for several days, it becomes a paste of whitish color, which, mixed with water, forms a cooling drink like our ginger, molasses, and water.

9. *Simple boiled must, or Nardenk.* Simple grape juice, without the addition of any earth to neutralize the acidity, is boiled from four to five hours, so as to reduce it to one fourth of the quantity put in. The grapes usually chosen are the species naturally sour, or such as will not ripen. After the boiling, for preserving it cool and that it may be less liable to ferment, it is put into earthen instead of wooden vessels, closely tied over with skin to exclude the air. Its color is dark, its taste an agreeable sour-sweet; and it is *turbid*, vegetable gluten being suspended in it, even when it has been standing for a long time. It ordinarily has not a particle of intoxicating quality, being used freely by both Mohammedans and Christians. Some which I have had on hand for two years has undergone no change; still, when not sufficiently boiled, if exposed to the air and heat, it undergoes a degree of fermentation, and becomes exhilarating and perhaps intoxicating. *Nardenk is used as a syrup for a beverage*, one part of the syrup to from six to fifteen parts of water. In the Bebek seminary it has been often used by the boys to eat with their bread, as in America we use molasses. It is sold by all the grocers of Constantinople at the same price, or cheaper, than wine. However it is not all made from the grape, but some of it from apples, and some of it from the pomegranate from whence it originally had its name. As there has been great search for an unfermented wine—a wine that would not intoxicate—as soon as I came upon the trace, two years since, of such an article as Nardenk, I most perseveringly followed it up, till I should find out what it was. For altho, *in the present use of language*, an unfermented wine is an impossibility, yet here is a cooling grape-liquor not intoxicating: and which, in the manner of making and preserving it, seems to correspond with the recipes and descriptions of certain drinks included by some of the ancients under the appellation 'wine.' It has never, to my knowledge, been described by any traveler.¹

10. *Grape sugar or Boulama.* This article is derived from the boiling of grape juice to make grape molasses. The scum is ladled off into other boilers; again slightly boiled, cleansed with eggs and poured into barrels for use. It is used very extensively in all the villages south of the Sea of Marmora as an article of food in its simple state, very much as we use pure honey. It is almost the only sweetening used by a numerous class of confectioners. There are probably hundreds of shops occupied by the manufacturers of confectionary in Constantinople from this one article. This sugar is boiled with pounded sesame, or broken walnuts, or certain roots, or starch, and made into solid masses of confectionary or candy. Natives and strangers are very fond of eating it with bread at breakfasts and collations, but few strangers are aware of the fact that it is made of this universal grape juice. The Turks are most passionately fond of all confectionaries.²

merly. Herbert, A. D., 1638, in his Persian vocabulary, has "*sherap*, wine." And Olearius (1687) says—They, the Ambassadors, received "a bottle of *scheraß*, or Persian Wine." (p. 175.) A Wine-seller or *Fintner* in Turkey, is still called '*sherab-jee*.'—Ed.

¹ The Ancient Travelers describe it, and in their days they also called it 'wine.'—Ed.

² It is commonly called 'Turk's delight,' by the Europeans.—Ed.

11. All the *Vinegar* of these Eastern lands is made from this same bountiful grape, by pouring water on the juice and leaving it to ferment. Vinegar from sour wine would afford but a small portion of the amount needed in commerce. The Mohamedans have no objection to using vinegar, tho it has fermented.

12. *Raisin drink*. Raisins are boiled for two or three hours to make a refreshing drink called 'sweet water' (*khoshab*).^b It has no intoxicating quality, for the proportion of water is large, and it is drunk only when freshly made.

13. *Raisin wine*. This wine is always of domestic manufacture. Four parts of warm water by weight to one of raisins are left to soak two days. Then the raisins are taken out, bruised and again put in till the fermentation has been sufficient. The result is a mild liquor, of exhilarating qualities. It is called in Arabic *Nebidh*, in distinction from *Khamr*, the name for ordinary fermented wine.¹

14. *Wine*. All that is now called wine in the East is intoxicating. The boiling of must, for the purpose of securing a wine that will keep better, should not be confounded with the boiling of the same must, for the purpose of making sugar and molasses. In the former case it is boiled perhaps half an hour, and not reduced one-twentieth in bulk, in the latter case it is reduced more than three fourths in quantity. The former [being suffered to ferment] gives us an intoxicating liquor, the latter [remains] a syrup or molasses. By drying the grapes in the sun, or by boiling the must, the wine is preserved sweeter than it would otherwise be; such wines are still intoxicating. The boiled wines of Mt. Lebanon are stronger than the majority of the wines of France. The Greeks, in their modern language, call wine *κρασιον* [*krasion*] or 'mixed,' instead of the more classical term *οινος* [*oinos*]. Brandy is too dear, but common resin is put in, so as to make their common wines as nauseating to a stranger as a bitter dose of medicine. The language of Horace and Athenæus, describing certain wines as unintoxicating, is comparative merely, and means that some of the wines were not as intoxicating as others.

15. *Brandy* is distilled, either directly from the must of good or rotten grapes, from the mass of pulp and skins remaining after the juice has been pressed out, from the lees of wine, or from wine. It is called *raki*, or arrack, in the languages of the country. Each family in the interior distills his own *raki*, as they make their wine, in their houses.

16. *The leaves and stocks of the vine*. The stock and roots are used for fuel. Ezek. xv. 4. The cuttings of the vine and of the leaves are used for manure to the vineyard, and the leaves for fodder. *The leaves are also used as a vegetable*, chopt meat and rice being rolled up together in single leaves, and boiled for the table. It makes a very agreeable dish.

The vineyard is a resort of relaxation, in the midst of its refreshing verdure. In the heats of summer and autumn, when the wheat has been gathered in, the vineyard is generally the only portion of the country which remains verdant. The grape vine is much used for ornament and shade in the East. More than one half of the houses in Constantinople have at least one vine on the premises.

In what we have said, we have purposely avoided Biblical criticism and controversy,

^b Literally, *hhash-ob* is 'boiled-water,' and *shir-ob* 'sweet-water.' *Hhash* seems kindred with the Hebrew *חֶשֶׁב*, in *ashishah*, 'a sweet-cake' (*cotto*, i. e. made with fire, as *mellis-cotto*, *vino-cotto*).—Ed.

¹ *Nebidh*, as shown by Mr. Lane, the Arabic scholar and traveler, was originally the name of an unfermented wine, permitted to be used even by Mohamed. See *Concordance of Science and Scripture*, p. 18. The Arabic word *hhumr*, simply signifies 'turbid' or 'foaming,' which applies to the *must* in the wine-vat, both in its fresh and its fermenting state. It also applies, as above, to *Nardenk*, No. 9.—Ed.

wishing simply, by a contribution of *facts* from an Observer in the East, to aid those in the discussion of controverted points, who have more time and ability. Still we would suggest whether this array of facts on the utility of the grape-vine, will not sustain the idea that the greater part of the praises bestowed upon 'wine' as it is translated in our version, are bestowed upon the [fruit, or the] grape-juice as freshly expressed, without bringing into view the specific forms in which it may afterwards be manufactured. The idea that תירוש [*tirosk*] is used in this general sense, and not in a specific one, easily presents itself, seeing that in nearly all the thirty-eight cases where the word occurs, it is in connection with *corn* and oil [*yitzhar*, 'orchard-fruit'], first fruits or offerings; and the idea becomes more confirmed when we see how many, and important, are the general uses of the grape.

MAXIMS.

X.

'Facilis descensus Avernus.'

Humiliating truth! The heights sublime
Of Truth and Goodness it is hard to climb.
But easy of descent is that broad way
Which leads from Virtue's heavenly path astray.
To do is long, beset with irk and grief,
To undo, short, a pleasure and relief.

XI.

Who trusts, where thoro-paced ambition aways,
Will find his error after many days.

XII.

There is, in Vanity, a pure ferocity,
Will lead, provoked, to all or any atrocity.
Who shall produce the proof? Dark Algeria's glance
Of hate, replies—'Behold! the Monkey-Tiger France.'

XIII.

The virtues mutually vouch one another,
As in a family brother vouches brother.

XIV.

Between a reader and his book should be
A certain measure of equality.

XV.

Who doth God's will, in faith and love,
Of all doctrine shall he know,
Whether it comes from Heaven above,
Or springs in earth below.

THE RECTORY IN THE VALE OF TRENT.

BY GEORGE SEARLE PHILLIPS.

NOT far from Lincoln, near the great Cliffe Road
 Which overlooks the valley of the Trent,
 Where woods and meadows, villages and farms,
 Lie stretched in leagues of sunshine, till the scene
 Fades 'mid the twilight of the distant hills :
 There stands an olden hamlet, sloping down,
 Amongst green fields and orchards, to the plain.
 A row of peasants' cottages, o'ergrown
 With moss, and ivy, and thick clustering vines,
 And honeysuckles, faces the high road,
 And smiles upon the dusty passenger,
 Who sometimes pauses there to quench his thirst
 At the cool stream that bubbles up hard by
 And finds a voice for the old silent rocks.
 Beyond the steep and wagon-rutted lane
 Which leads you down amongst the hamlet homes
 A stone wall flanks the road for near a mile,
 And with an army of ancestral trees
 Defends the terrace of a spacious park
 That undulates in hill and vale below.
 The grey tower of the Church, its weathercock
 And dim religious windows, you may see
 Far down amongst the graveyard foliage ;
 And farther on the Rectory appears,
 Its roofs all glistening, like Mosaic floors,
 In the rich golden shadows of the sun.

And this old hamlet, and the fair domain
 Of fertile land for many miles away,
 With all its right of falconry and hound,
 Are an old lordly heritage of men
 More noble than their lineage and name :
 Tho their descent is from the Salt Sea Kings,
 Who in the dim auroral light of time—
 Whilst shadowy Europe, with her giant brood,
 Lay huge, and wild, like a dismembered world
 Upon the glittering surface of the sea—
 First sowed the seed of empire, and became
 The rulers and the lawgivers of earth.

Not of this high descent, nor of the deeds
Of olden chivalry, nor the battle feats
His hero fathers in their time achieved,
At Cressy, or at Agincourt, doth boast
The present lord, who holds these lands in trust.
He hath a nobler heritage than these—
In all the human hearts that bless his name.
For he, tho not unmindful of the past,
With its old pride of blazoned heraldry,
Doth rather choose, in this his day, to live
In lordly style, as it becomes a man,
Than to forget the man and play the lord.
And so he scatters blessings all around
The homesteads of his yeomanry and hinds;
And not an aged man, or widow lone,
Or ragged beggar from the Cliffe and Fen,
But knows the bounty of this lordly soul,
Who, like the hospitable sun, has room
At his great hearth for all.

You cannot see the mansion where he dwells,
This man of gifts and graces,—for it lies
Beyond those oaks and pines, which show far off,
Adown the vista of these darkling trees,—
But you may hear the deep-mouthed bay of hounds
Come from the kennels in the vale below,
At noon or eventide; and the hall clock
In the old belfry chamber, strike the hours.
I well remember, in the summer days
Of years long past, how, from my village home,
In this Trent Valley, I did walk along
The Roman road, by Till Bridge, up the Cliffe,
And so with vigorous foot towards Lincoln went,
Hailed by the grey Cathedral towers which loomed
Up thro the sunny mist, whilst jets of fire
Like glittering rubies in the windows burned,
And all the boundless landscape lay asleep.
And many times I've wandered 'neath the shade
Of these tall trees, beside the old park-wall,
And heard the throstle pour his spirit out
'Midst secret leaves, in bubbling waves of song;
Whilst tiny birds, with blue and crimson wings,
Flitted from spray to spray, with hearts as full, tho voiceless.
And happy thoughts amid these scenes have come,
Like angels unawares, and filled my soul
With sudden blessedness, and joy serene,

Till I forgot the sorrow of my days,
And the poor hunger-home I left behind.

Long years have past since then, and I have been
A frequent guest at the good Rector's house
Which stands within the Park, the Church hard by,
Just as we saw it there, awhile ago,
Whilst looking o'er the wall, from the high-road.
It is a happy home, hid like a bower
In some enchanted realm of Araby,
'Mongst odorous shrubs, and 'smoke of burning flowers,'
And high o'er arching trees, whose branches bear
Dark colonies of rooks from year to year.
Its windows open to the orient East,
Where sweeps the prospect of the glorious Park,
A woodland picture floating in a green
And shadowy sea of grass, suninct :—
Where flocks of sheep and sturdy oxen graze
Knee-deep in clover blossoms ; or the stag,
Antlered and proud, with his wild eloquent eye,
Stands guardian o'er a group of crouching deer,
Under the branches of some spreading beech.

You enter from the hamlet, by a path
Graveled and broad, with beds of shrubs and flowers
On either hand. The great Newfoundland dog,
Fire-eyed, and shaggy as his native rocks,
Jumps at his chain, and barks to see you pass.
He knows a beggar by the coat he wears,
And hath an instinct for a gentleman.
The merry boys and dark-haired rosy girls
Of the good Rector, love no better sport
Than to unloose his collar, and to romp
On the green lawn, with their rude playfellow ;
Whilst happy faces in the drawing room
Look thro' the window panes approvingly,
And the old pine trees shake their hoary sides
In choral echoes to the children's laughter.

The Rector is a man well known I think,
In the high courts of Heaven, as one who serves
The King his master with a ready hand
And heart brimful of love for all his race.
A reverent, trustful, brave, and manly heart,
That conquers enmity by kindest deeds,
And in the furrows of a barren world
Sowing the corn of God, 'good will and peace,'

He reaps the golden harvestings of love.
 The office and the calling of the Priest
 Are once more sacred thrō this noble soul,
 Whom men, far off and near, call just and good.
 The secret sorrow of the cottage home,
 The larger sorrow of the silent world,
 Struggling with hopeless woes, he seeks and shares.
 In every man he sees a brother man,
 Tho clad in rags and all defaced by sin,
 And fain would bring him to his Maker back,
 Restored and beautified afresh ; for he
 Has a large faith in human destiny,
 As well as love for man ; and sees thrō all
 The darkling mists of the forthcoming time,
 And the wild fires which haunt that dubious way,
 The vision of a glorious world, whose law
 Shall make for man a noble Commonwealth,
 Where the great prophecies of Seer and Bard
 Out of remotest days, shall be fulfilled,—
 And crime and want, and all the ugly shapes
 Whelped from the womb of sin, which day and night
 Howl horrid blasphemies to heaven, shall die,—
 And Peace shall reign, and Plenty pour his horn.

And thus, I, grateful, find that God preserves
 His ancient promises, alive and sure,
 Amid the roaring surge and gulfs of Time
 Where buried worlds lie broken with their bones ;—
 That Hope, and Truth, and Faith can never die,
 But here and there a consecrated heart,
 Enshrines them as the jewelery of Heaven,
 And keeps them safe for the immortal brows.

Such themes, and others of a cheery kind
 (About old friendships, and the days of yore
 When Hall the 'Forester,' and Wandering Boyes,
 And Philip Bailey—with his head of fire,
 And eyes that flash into eternity,—
 And Thomas Spenser, with his music voice,
 And words like groups of living statuary,—
 Were guests beneath this hospitable roof),
 Have made each dinner at the Rectory seem—
 To me, at least, who shared the talk and fare
 In the wise company of present guests—
 Like an old Greek Symposium ; whilst the wine,
 Bubbling up beads of rubies in the glass,
 Was quaffed in honor of these absent Peers,

Whose immortality seemed scarce reward
Enough for our libations. Jovial times!
When mirth was tempered with the sage discourse,
And generous gushes from the mighty heart
Mingled with hearts as mighty, and the hand,
That grasped another's, met as flame meets flame,
Upon a sacred altar. Not for me
Are noisy feasts and Bacchanalian revels;
But the banquet proper, when the friends are met,
As I have met them here, I like full well.

And not less pleasant in the summer nights,
When twilight shadows usher in the stars,
And the soft moon-beam sleeps upon the pane,
To leave the piles of grapes and tropic fruits,
The broken almonds and the orange rinds,
And all the dropping ruins of the wine,
And hold a Banquet in the drawing-room.
'Æsthetic tea,' I think the Germans call
This graceful Feast of Beauty, where the eyes
Of splendid women, fit to light the heavens,
Look black and deep and glorious, or shine
With milder radiance like the evening star;
And voices soft as the Æolian winds,
Or merry as the laughter of the rills,
Make music in the ear; whilst all the flowers
Tremble with odors in the window-sill,
And float the air like incense. At such times,
In the old Rectory drawing-room, I've seen
The lady mother, quiet and serene,
Dispensing Mocha to the guests with smiles,
And words as sweet as morning violets;
Whilst clustering round her at the marble board,
Their faces gleaming in the silver urns,
The silent children sat; and grouped apart
In soft relief, which longed to lose its round
And mingle with the finer statuary,
The men looked on the women; and their talk
Was of such themes as poets love to sing,
When, in the sabbath sunshine of the soul,
They lie with beautiful and holy thoughts.

Alas! for me, a sinner among saints
I have a memory of a mortal mould
(Which makes me feel immortal)
Snatched from the circle of these magic teas,
And stained with love's idolatry and fire.

I hide the glorious vision in my heart,
But I remember how her drooping locks
Flung all the shadow of their burning gold
Upon the pallid moonshine of my cheek,
When, quite unconscious, she was stooping down
To look with me at one of Turner's prints
Which lay upon the table. Electric flame
Comes traveling with a speed that strips the winds,
They say; but not more swift it comes than love,
Which, when 'tis kindled up within the soul,
Doth, like an omnipresence, float it on
From infinite to infinite. I speak
My own experience in this heavenly lore:
And she, tho not a sign between us passed,
Poured streams of fire upon me thro' her hair,
And gave me, what she ne'er can take away,
The rich possession of her beauty. I
Forgive myself, with some admonishing,
For having eyes, and ears, and nervous sense
In such a sweet and over-powering presence.
Light, fairy women, in this favored room,
Sat 'mongst the crimson curtain-folds, or bent
Their fair, white necks, o'er old and curious books
Drawn from the ivory cabinet—inlaid
With colored figures and rich stones from Ind;
But this fair Helen of the Shire outshone
Them all; and in the chaste and massive pride
Of her voluptuous beauty, seemed to rule,
Like Juno in her heaven, both gods and men.
Eyes soft as stars, and lids like violets,
And shoulders rounded as with lily's leaves,
And bosom heaving like the full sea-wave
On which the moonlight sleeps. Beautiful,
I think she was, beyond the wildest dream
And plastic conjuring of the poet's soul,
But I will say no more, lest I revive
The Idol in the Sanctuary. So, farewell!

And now, confession over, let us change
The tense, from past to present; let us hear,
As I have often heard, at eve, the sound
Which cunning hands, from a more cunning soul,
Can kindle into music. Mozart, rise!
And rush with thunders from thy fiery orb,—
Now pealing loudly as from rock to rock,
Now soft as mellow voices in the woods;
And now as if, the very roof of heaven

Uplift, we heard the mighty chorus swell
Which million voices sing before the Lord.
O, fluted breaths and organ melodies,
And dying winds and wailing threnes, are here ;
And all the sorrows and the trumpet tongues,
And deep, unutterable longings
Of the wild, fathomless soul, are here ;
And the Great Master's dead.

Away, away ! Come maidens, one and all ;
And thou, the wife, and thou the husband come ;
And you, ye guests, with Arthur, follow on !
The night is full of stars ; and we will walk,
Thro' darkling trees and scents of clover bloom,
Up the high terrace where the night bird sings,
And gaze on forty miles of moonlit land,
Until the house-bell summon us to prayers.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

 HIS celebrated American has been amongst us, and has lectured in all our principal cities. We have lookt upon this man,—whose works have been in our hands,—whose thought had come to us, in gentle utterances, across the wide Atlantic. He has left us, to resume his 'sweet wood life' again; and many and various are the impressions made on the minds of men by his character and works; for Emerson is one so far above the popular measure of goodness, that he puzzles and perplexes the Critic who would judge him by this standard alone; hence, such has no resource, but in utter condemnation; while, on the other hand, the Spiritualist seeing in him such unattainable heights of spirituality, sits at his feet, a silent worshiper, unfitted by his very reverence for that analytic process of mind which alone yields results where insight into character is to be obtained. Thus we have two extremes in criticism, the over-estimation, or prostration of intellect, of the Spiritualist,—and the under-estimation, or rather total condemnation, of the Materialist, who vainly thinks to compass the illimitable Soul by the limited Understanding. Of Emerson's Essays and Poems much has been said; yet little to the purpose. They are mild, but rich and emphatic utterances of deep intuitions and peculiar experiences—we say *peculiar*, for, as we shall afterwards try to prove, there are things beyond the reach of his experience, large and universal as it is, in so far as regards Spiritual development.

To see his Works aright, and find their meaning and value for us, we must first try to see the Man aright. The true poet is a *liver*—the true poetry lived ere it was written. Emerson is truly and essentially a liver, but a liver in the higher regions of Being, coming rarely into the middle region (tho his chapter on 'Intellect' is the finest on that subject we know of), and almost never into the lowest. During an interview we had with this gifted son of our age, we remember his saying, speaking of his home, "They tell me out yonder, I should not have a body, for I am never in it." Here lies the key to all misunderstanding of Emerson and his works. The greater therefore our aspirations after a spiritual life and mode of thought, the higher will be our appreciation of Emerson. If we cling to emotions, logical deductions, and value the results arising from efforts of the understanding, Emerson and his writings will prove to us but stumbling blocks, for in such regions he delights not to dwell.

Having brought our readers to look at him from this point of view, let us now enquire, whether or not such lofty spirituality or mysticism be the right thing; or if we have yet to look for a higher than Emerson, ere we allow that our age has seen its complete man. Of course each mind will be disposed to give its own estimate of the complete man; but may it not be shown that there is an authority from which there can be no appeal? an authority sadly lost sight of in these money loving, priest-blinded days, but which is, notwithstanding, all-worthy of attention. To the open-soul the Oracle still speaks. '*He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!*'

'I pray God,' says an Apostle, '*that your whole Spirit and Soul and Body be preserved blameless.*' Here are three distinct terms rightly used, applying to widely different faculties. Each of these, it is evident, should be exercised, else how is the charge given, that they are to be preserved blameless? In order to be the better understood, we shall take the liberty to write them thus:—*Spirit, Intellect, Body.* God made man thus. Did he say when he did so—'I prize Spirit, let the mind go!' or, 'I prize Mind, let the body go!' No; in his goodness he gave us all three, that, thro' the exercise and clear development of each, we should arrive at just and comprehensive views of Him and of creation,—and finally, like Him, pronounce all things 'good.' Where is our sympathy till we have suffered in body? Where our perceptions, without a due culture of the intellect? And without the gradual development of Spirit, how shall we attain to that '*godlikeness, without which no man shall see the Lord*'? These three must work together, grow together, harmoniously link together, before we can see and say, *The Complete Man* is here, thoroly furnished unto *all* good works! We must find the *lofty Spirituality* of Emerson, combined with the *keen, subtle Intellect* of Pascal, and both with the *large Heart* of Thomas Carlyle, who finds in every, the most degraded son of time, a very brother,—ere we can say '*Behold the perfect Man!*'

Emerson is one singularly rich in Spiritual experiences, but in human Sympathies poor and incomplete. Not only does he let '*the dead bury their dead*'; but he comes not down from the Mountain, to administer comfort to the dying. He has ascertained and grasped the value of a strong word to the Will, but the word of Consolation to the broken in spirit is not his. To impart strength by 'rough electric shocks' is his mode, and will be; for the soul subdued by bodily pain he has no sympathy. The *Lama Savacthani* is a jewel not to be found in his cabinet; he prizes it not, for he knows not its value. Never did his spirit pall before bodily anguish. The glory and the sublimity, the aurora gleams and the thick gloom of the tempest, are unknown to him. He lives in the calm, clear azure of noon, or the stillness of deepest night.

Yet do we not revere Emerson? Do we not hail him as a great Teacher? Yes, verily! Never shall we forget the gleam of his dark eyes, the finest we ever saw in living man. His angel smile of peace is before us even now. We look upon him as one who,—tho he will not leave his high places to act as our guide thro' the dangers and darkness of the Valley of the Shadow of Death,—tho he cannot teach us how to combat with Apollyon, nor show us a way of escape from Doubting-Castle and Giant-Despair,—yet once on the summits of the Delectable Mountains by our own strenuous endeavor, Emerson will meet us there, and, pointing to the pure spiritual stars, bid us welcome to Emanuel's land.

Of his poems we scarcely know how to speak. We feel, while perusing them, that we are turning over Sybilline leaves which have come down to us unharmed, either by cold winds or beating rains. We find much that may truly be styled *heavenly wisdom*; yet is there much beauty that eludes our grasp, thro' our inability to ascend with the author into the pure auræ of the Soul. We seem to stand in a gallery of sculpture, surrounded by the most beautiful forms, yet *so different* from the sensuous groups of modern art, that we at first feel them to be shy and cold; and we are puzzled to know whether the fault lies in our want of

perception, or in the artist having failed in the representation. Returning however, time after time, we begin to recognize them as just representations—not of the *actual* indeed, but of the *ideal*. Man is here in the transition state. The glory shines thro' the earthly garment. The obstructions of sense are removed; and the spirit is all in all. *Their* teaching is, as he himself expresses it, "that *heaven itself* is a decoy from the Divine Life." No very young man can fully appreciate the poetry of Emerson: no struggling mind admire or love it. We must, at the very least, stand midway up the mountain, and have passed the region of thorns and briers, ere we can, with tranquil and discerning eye, gaze on those peaceful stars, and let their pure rays find entrance to our souls. So lofty is their Stoicism, that none may penetrate it, save those who can render, as a free-will offering at the shrine of the Pure Reason, that service which the child renders instinctively to the wise and kind Parent. The interpretation of the long hidden Hieroglyphs of Nature therein to be found, are only for those who *have* proved all things, in order that they may hold fast to that which is good. When, in our days of youthful enthusiasm, we brought home for our collection, polished shells from the beach; we wondered why their beauty seemed ever to depart with possession. We found the problem solved by Emerson in that exquisite little poem entitled '*Each in All*.' We had not brought with us the breeze that refreshed us while we lookt upon our Ocean spoils, nor the blue sky, nor the mighty waters. We would say, therefore to all progressive minds:—*Be patient*. If you are staggered, or perplexed, still persevere, neither damped in ardor, nor daunted in courage. *Believe and Work*, and the Oracle will become plain—the Pythic utterance unfold itself one day.

‘Learn to labor and to wait.’

To those who still quarrel with Emerson for his mysticism, we would call to mind the old order of things:—that the High Priest came not down to administer help to the people—but rather the people went up to him, happy if, perchance, they obtained a glimpse of the glory of his countenance, as he left the Holy of Holies. Not by setting ourselves above God's gifted ones, but after Mary's fashion, by sitting low at their feet, shall we partake of their spirit and have our demons cast out. '*Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, for the merchandize of it is better than the merchandize of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.*'

1848!

OR, PARISIAN MEMORANDA.

No. III. THE RELIGION OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE late French Revolution has not only been a political and industrial, but also a religious movement. The Revolution of '89, did not commence with the people, but with the middle class. It was, in one aspect, a practical deduction from the *Encyclopædia*. Rousseau was read at court. The old courtier was voluble with Voltaire. Diderot was damned publicly, but perused privately. From the court to the chateau, from the chateau to the cottage, speculation spread, like the red light of morning over the misty plain. All things were felt to be hollow, and the search was after the hollowness. There was little religiousness, but immense enquiry into religions. There was a wide vacuum unsounded—unfathomed. There was a firmament with stars innumerable, but no Central Sun, no Boreal Crown. The court had cowered—had vanished like vapor, before the breeze it had itself breathed. The Republican Representation that followed was not Jehovah. The vanity of the void was felt. They had cried that there was no God, and their hearts rose rebelliously against their tongues. They clamored into the Inane, for the Supernal. They vexed the Void with grotesque groupings, in search for the Sublimest Substance. In despair they snatched at its slimmest shadows. Reason, they recognized—reverenced—deified. They gave the Soul a shape of sense, and still further saddened superstition. In vain! These unquiet questionings—these darings in the dark—these terrible torturings of Truth, that she might name the Unnameable, were all of the destiny of dreams, and of the convulsions of a corpse. '93, however, was another page of the book. As it was more revolutionary, so it was more real. It knew of no theory that was impracticable. It recognized no reason that could be typified, except in universal life. Ashamed of shadows, its politicians offered themselves as servants of the true God. They had seen that with speculation on the spiritual, there was darkness, doubt, and danger in the material. Robespierre arose, and proclaimed not only the Rights of the Man and the Citizen, but also the Declaration of the Deity. He fell, before the anarchists and the atheists; but the God whom he had dared to declare, was above man's danger and declaration.

Since '93, the reaction against Voltairianism has been growing in France, in spite of the papal policy of the empire, in spite also of the bald bigotry of Charles X., and the miserable mammon-worship of Louis Phillippe. In the first place, the language of literature has become religious. The consecrated words of religion have been applied in pleadings for the people. The phraseology of the pulpit has told at the tribune. Poet and politician have claimed a portion of priesthood. The reaction has been astonishing. The aim has been good, whether its

execution has been awkward or artistic. Lamennais' Words of a Believer were described by the *Times*, as verses which might have been written on the banks of the Jordan. They were followed by Clarisse Vigoureux's Words of Providence, and by the Abbe Constant's Book of Love and Bible of Liberty. Of these apocryphal gospels of the nineteenth century, it is certainly to be said that they are not mere travesties. They bring Orientalism into the West, but there is an originality about them. Even looked at as commentaries, they are also prophecies of progress. Then, likewise, a certain political priesthood had been installed in the philosophic chairs of Paris. Michelet and Quinet were its great hierophants. They discussed history, especially the problem of the middle ages, as a religious question. They understood no politics without a Primitive Power, the prince of progress and the motive of motion. They comprehended history only as the theological idea translated from various aspects and at different times, from the hymns of heaven into the prose of politics. With them, therefore, every political revolution would be a religious one. Under the dead despotism, sooner than have no God they proclaimed the Lord of Hosts. Rather than have no priestly functions, they gave benediction to bayonets, threw holy water on flags, consecrated cannon, and spoke of salvation by sabres. All this is strange doctrine—eccentric orthodoxy. At the same time it is a proof, however erratic, of the tendency of the republican vocabulary to religious terms. This tendency, moreover, piccotee as it may sometimes be, is, at the bottom, the representative of a real religious development, which, growing in aspiration, aspires to realization. This is further confirmed by more ratiocinative examples than those adduced. Lamartine's programme is, in his own words—"Man equal to man, man the brother of man, Christianity made law." * George Sand, in her letters to the people, speaking of the Three Months of Misery of the Poor, beautifully says—"The grief which each accepts for the benefit of all, is the sacrament of life—receive it religiously." On the matter of industrial reorganization, Louis Blanc also writes—"We wish that work should be organized, that the soul of the people—its soul mark you!—should not remain compressed and corrupted, under the tyranny of things! Why separate that which God has rendered so absolutely inseparable in the human being? Life is double in its manifestation, but one in its principle. It is impossible to attend to one of the two modes of its existence without considering the other. When the body is struck, is it not the soul which sighs? The hand of the beggar stretched towards me, tells me of the forced forfeiture of his moral nature; and in the movement of the slave who kneels, who trembles, I discover the abasement of his soul. Why should not life be respected in each of its modes? Is it not from the mysterious intimacy of the spirit and of the body, that the human being results?" "Frenchmen, our brothers!" said a popular proclamation, "the Gospel of Christ, the proletarian of Nazareth, is the true code of democracy, because it is the code of liberty, of equality, and of fraternity. The National Assembly should be a convocation of men penetrated with the evangelic flame and the Holy Spirit." A decree proposed for the Constituency of Humanity, also thus summed up its conclusions—

* Travels in the East. Vol. iv. p. 224.

"Salary and usury are abolished.

The Gospel is the Law of the World.

The Globe was given to Humanity by GOD.

The monopoly of the soil is an iniquity.

The proprietors are expropriated and indemnified.

The territory will be administered by the state.

Industry will be organized in country and in town.

Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, are the common right.

Education will be professional for all.

The Universal Federation of Republics will guarantee the peace of all nations."

The events of the Revolution itself, and the circumstances connected with its course hitherto, have all revealed its religious tendency. The proclamations of the Provisional Government were religious epistles. Whether we look at them in a philosophical, political, or literary point of view, they were wondrous works of mind. Unique in conception—useful in design—brilliant in execution—moral in means—they made of placards a course of political economy, and exhibit a government at once as a school of philosophy and a church of religion. They treated of all subjects, from international policy to the emancipation of woman, and have already composed some of the most beautiful pages of future history. In the highest sense of the word, they were *unitive*—i. e. religious. Such was also the character of much of the French Revolution of February. Let us never forget the impulsive adoration with which the armed people who had just dethroned kingcraft, bowed before the image of Christ—the king of kings and lord of lords! "Friends, salute Christ!—he is the master of us all." No idol-worship was there. They were rather the truest iconoclasts, for they gave a meaning to that which otherwise had none. Let us also remember the magnificent outburst of Lacordaire, in his first sermon after the advent of the Republic. "Shall I define God? Before I could do so, the victorious people would bear him before you, thro' the portals of his temple." How irrational! how true! We understand it not, but we feel it. "Rational Revolution"—Rationalists as Revolutionists!—it is an absurdity. The *merely* rationalist is cool, calculating—often cowardly. It is the impulsive, the poetic, the religious, which is revolutionary. The right is reasonable, but *mere* rationalism is wrong.

The religion of the people, must however always beware of the sly superstition of priestcraft. Priestcraft is ever the enemy of the people, the foe of true religion. A priest may individually be true to his mission, he may wish well to mankind, and yet, without his own knowledge, be worked as a tool, as a machine, by the centralizing agencies of the terrible system of priestcraft, which so long, and so strongly, has tyrannized over the world. The friends of the Revolution in France, have to beware of this. Let all mark the distinction between Priestcraft and Republicanism. The theocracy of Rome is appointed from above, from one—it is in its essence monarchical. The democracy of France has its executive elected from below, from the many—it is in its nature republican. With the Roman hierarchy, it is the imposition of hands which bequeaths power. With the French constituency, it is the elevation of hands which gives office. The two systems are, by their very constitutions, inevitably at war with one another, and can never coalesce. Individuals may pass from the ranks of one to those of the other, but only efficiently as they desert their separate systems. A reforming Pope, and

popular priests, sincere as they may be, are only, by the popularity of their acts, *softening the shades of a system the most severe*, and pliable only from policy. The results of the Revolution, yet to come, will show that *that system* is the same as it has ever been thro'out all Europe—tortuous and treacherous. Very soon after the affair of February, it commenced its attempts to turn to the advantage of superstition, the religious feelings of the people. God's rains fall, God's dews descend, God's sun shines, and the trees of the forest spring and grow and spread, in leafy luxuriance, their green branches under the azure of heaven, while the birds sing amid their foliage, and the cattle rest beneath their shade. Trees of Liberty are planted, fine young poplars tall and straight, decked with ribbons of the three colors, amid firing of guns, amid shouts of joy, amid the light of tapers! But before these are planted, they must be 'blessed.' The Curé is sent for—he blesses them. Has he the power? Can he make the clouds give rain? Can he distil the dews of heaven? Are his the beams of the sun? It is an impious mockery, then, that he performs. Fondly have I watched those Trees of Freedom, for I knew that tho' vain was the priest's benediction, the hopes of the hearts of hundreds had blessed them. I have assisted to plant one—I have a sprig of it yet in my bosom, plucked by a small pink maiden hand. I have watched the sap color its bark, I have seen it sprout, I have seen its delicate green leaves begin to unfold, but I ever pray that, before its foliage may meet the summer's dust, or the autumn's whirling gusty breeze, the benediction of a priest may not, instead of a blessing, have proved a curse. Powerless for good, it may yet be potent for evil.

Let me not be misunderstood. The Revolution is rightly religious. But religion is an *impulse*, superstition a *system*. The Salute to Christ was spontaneous—impulsive. It was immediately commemorated by an engraving, which seized its spirit. There was the bared head, there was the waved hat, there was the hand upon the heart. It was a circle of graceful curves—a grouping of reverent gladness. The spirit of Christ was there. The engraving sold rapidly. Quietly was it replaced by another. It was the same subject, but, oh, how differently treated! Every posture was prostration. It was not the service of love, but the servitude of slaves. The curves had become angles—straight lines. It was formal—cold. A Christ was on the altar, not in the hands. The picture of Christ was there, but not the spirit of Jesus. What made the difference between these two engravings of one grand subject? It was this. The first was the work of an artist—the child of a religious impulse: the second, the work of a priest—the creature of a system. Why had the latter been introduced? Because the system of priestcraft is the foe of religious impulse, and would insidiously subvert it to old formality. Let this fact be a warning.

The result of the struggle, however, is not to be feared. Nevertheless a religious as well as a political revolution is needed in France. France should become as free of Rome, as she is of Louis Phillippe. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, should enter ecclesiastics, as well as politics. Bravely did I hear a young student of the Sorbonne Club contest this. The placards of Paris have also proclaimed it. Coquerel, the celebrated Parisian protestant, has fervently hailed the Republic as the friend of religious liberty. But no form of present protestantism is fit for France. Luther went to the Apostles—France must go

to Christ! Not to Rome but Jerusalem—not to Geneva but Galilee! France must have the worship of the worthiest—not with fixed form, but with frank freedom. The Revolution is religious: the Republic must rise to a Religion. The words of Lacordaire yet ring in my ears. I have just heard him in that noble Notre Dame, the structural grandeur of which all readers may partially realize in Victor Hugo's pages. In the white garb of the Dominican order, with his rich swarthy complexion, with his black circle of hair crowning his bald head, with his dark bright eye, I see that Lacordaire yet. Old Notre Dame was filled with men and youth, who hung upon his voice. The almost seraphic choir, sung from on high in that edifice, the arousing chaunt of 'Come Creator.' He preached of Equality, that it was the law of the Gospel—the proclamation of the Republic. His eye beamed with religious fervor, his action was apostolic, with evangelical energy. May such men as the Abbe Lamennais, and the Abbe Lacordaire, devote their exertions to sever France from the chains of Rome, and to establish a truly progressive Gallican Church. May they thus assist to consolidate, and perfect, the Religion of the Revolution!

A HEBREW READING.

Zephaniah, ch. i. v. 4, 6, "And I will also stretch out my hand upon Judah, and upon all the inhabitants of Jerusalem; and I will cut off the remnant of Baal from this place, and the name of the Chemarims with the priests; and them that worship the host of heaven upon the house-tops; and them that worship and that swear by the Lord, and that swear by *Malcham*."

Our translators have hardly done justice to this passage; they should at least have given a marginal reading, as in every other place where a doubt can occur (compare *Amos* v. 26, and *Jeremiah* xlix. 1, 8, text and margin). The last clause of the passage, rendered literally, would stand:—"and that swear by *their king*." It is clear that the Masorites understood the word *בְּמֶלֶכָם* in this sense, as a plural inflection of *מֶלֶךְ melek, king*, with the prefix *בְּ*; as their manner of pointing shows; and not as the proper name of the idol *מִלְכָם Milkom*, "the abomination of the children of Ammon," which occurs in two or three earlier passages, as identical with *Molech* or *Moloch* (see 2 Kings ch. xi. v. 5, 33, compared with v. 7). The Septuagint also,—which is usually considered of the highest general authority by Christian writers, and mostly followed in our version,—translates the passage, *κατα του βασιλεως αυτων*.

We can readily conceive that the translators shrank from exhibiting the possible suggestions which the true literal rendering of the passage would convey to their Patron, James; especially when we turn to and read the servile sycophancy of the preface bound up with our Authorized Version; and so adopted this disguise.

A. W. B.

MORE LETTERS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

DEDICATED TO HERO-WORSHIPPERS.

PART I.

Tenfelddrock to Schneider.

My dear Hosen-Schneider. One man works, another man thinks, and a third does neither: yet are they all doing, for in a certain sense to be is to do. The idle man is at least the cause of activity in others, and therefore is he a necessary part of the great enginery working from the beginning. If he sits at home, does he not consume? and if he goes out, is he not a post for the winds to contend for, hurrying about him, whirling the dust round, and it may be carrying the hollow covering of his head away in fantastic whirls, thereby forcing him into unwonted action?

The idle man is good, but he is not the best. He is at least harmless, and that is something. Nay, it is much to be harmless. But the best is the Thinker. What is all action but thought? the gross form of thought, in which it suffers martyrdom it may be, being no more free, but planed and chiseled, ground away from the exact form of the mould it sprung from, that mould made by God, the brain of the thinker. When therefore, my dear Schneider, the exuberance of artistical feelings over some new thing makes thee loquacious in admiration, pause till thou hast considered its true littleness! For what is a new mode, a new color or material, a new waistband or a new skirt, but an unnecessary variation of the first clothes-idea? for the idea comprehended it, involved it, albeit hidden far away below the sphere of the thinker, among the tricks and adventitiousities that his word has brought forth of fruitful time. His word was all-powerful; what indeed has any power but the *word*? What is done is dead, to be done is to be no more doing, but what is spoken is infinite: does it not sow seed like the wind? not one seed or one season of seeds, but an endless revolution of seasons—for the infinite air agitates for ever to every word uttered by the thinker. This is a grave truth, the gravest of all truths is this. Stop the busy needle, and stop all the busy needles about thee, and make thy stitchers think of this.

When the end of the year came last about, and thy amiable frau (whom I abstain from classifying in either of the three categories) with her little ones, were conducted by thee to that place in Drury called the Theatre—the theatre—because of all others the place of accomplished *work*, not the miserable toil that thy life is wasted in, mere pabulum for the devil, but the flower and apex of things done; didst thou not see thy two gods, Harlequin and Pantaloon? How many rope-spinners spun to make the ropes, how many blacksmiths to make the pulleys, and carpenters innumerable, all these by day and night knocking nails on the head, hinging trap doors, and shaping bolts for their staples, before these pairs of legs could caper in security! How many paint pots stood there, with brushes up to the stumps therein, and cunning hands about them; how many

squib contractors, and manufacturers of blue fire, blackened their nails with brown paste and charcoal, before that concluding flare was effected! And what was all this for? To open your children's mouths with a loud guffaw: a month after, was it anything but rubbish, firewood, and desolation. And were not the two gods of the scene, or rather I should say, the two gods and the goddess, whom it is not unlikely you admired more than both the others,—were they not gorgeous in many colors, not to mention spangles of gold? But the *hero* needs none of all that; for the man Cromwell dressed in buff, and after the voice of the strong had made him First,—King, for he was *wise* and *konning*,—black was his only wear.

What then can be said for the worker? Only this, that he is in the hands of fate; of no account, utterly worthless. He moves dead matter, he is therefore dead himself. Movement is life, therefore he who is ever moving is especially living, yet is he living only to destroy, to cut in pieces, to combine shreds to be re-destroyed. He is without hero-worship in the world,—nay he is often his own hero, doing what he thinks the best.

Wishing you health and happiness—seeing I cannot wish you those good influences that are sure to wait on true endeavor—

My dear Schneider, I am yours,

TEUFELSDROCH.

Schneider to Teufelsdröckh.

My friend. By the last letter I wrote I informed you of my invention of the elastic suspender devised by me, thinking thereby to have gained some portion of esteem. But, alas, I see now it is as useless as all the other fabrications of my workshop. Yesterday you would have esteemed me, for I *cogitated* from morning to night. In vain the bell rang and customers came—one from the country wanting *dritups* for his son, and another of the town for the fashions of the Spring. Various are the forms of individuals, both outside and in. But you may not be acquainted with *dritups*, that eldest form of outermost integument for the body, and I must tell you that it is the name given in the northern part of our England to that simple suit formed by the covering-of-the-lower-half buttoning with the upper about the region of the midriff, now used only by boys as yet not invested with the manly coat. There were others to furnish them, I had assumed to myself the character of a Thinker. Not that fruitless thinking that does not lead to words, did I indulge in, for to day has it led me to a resolution; I shall go forth to see, to know, and to speak. My workshop shall be closed, and the keeper from henceforth free. The word has been said, and what is said, is it not done? You have often told me that such is the case, and I believe that if not quite done, it is nearly so. My workmen also are emancipated, but not by their own will, especially one who is too fond of work ever to allow him to benefit by teaching, be it either yours or mine, and whose family has a marvelous power of increase, as all inferior animals are productive of their own species, to make up I suppose for their incapacity to produce anything else. But it is wrong to say this last of my poor man Dick, for he could turn out two pairs of inexpressibles, one coat, and half a dozen waistcoats, in a day. He went out of my door more like a banished man than a slave whose bonds were broken, and I

confess to a twinge of conscience when I saw him drawing on his coat with a tear in his eye. But what remedy was there? the fiat had gone forth, and as I said before, the deed was done, or at least, it was as good as done, being spoken.

Yes, there *was* a remedy! Such is the glorious power of thought when we resign ourselves to the spirit. There was a remedy, and no sooner had it flashed into my mind than he was back upon the middle of my shop floor, his eye fixed on mine, and hope like a halo upon his forehead. Here was the Master, the thinker, and the obedient Worker waiting for the inspiration of his utterance. He is now installed as viceroy, he to whom the Thinker has spoken is to be the master over the others—to manage the affairs—and to render an account. When he had sufficiently understood me—a slow process to him unaccustomed to the far venturing and quick returning forces of cogitation—I say whenever he understood me, up went his hat into the air with a shout—so great a cast did he give it that it hit the roof, and there left its mark, the permanent sign of *that thought* that recalled him!

To-morrow I go out into the world to shake off what remains of those 'habits' of enthralment to dead matter, and to apprentice myself to the diviner work of observant cogitation.

Yours always,

HUSEN SCHNEIDER.

Teufelsdröckh to Herr Schneider.

Dear Huseen Schneider. I sent thee half of my letter, the other half thou now hast. That thou didst read it I doubt not, and doubtless it prepared by humiliating thee for the commendation which is thy due, patient man in the service of men, fitting and serving!

I sent by itself the praise of the Thinker, dwelling as is my custom on the theme in hand, not by paltry comparisons weakening the argument or by reaching at other comprehensions to lose the one before me. For the eye sees but one side, and if it saw the other and more beautiful side also, would it not wholly be absorbed thereby and so lose the first? Rather, manfully and with my whole might lauding what there is of good here, than measuring it out in ounces and pounds, in drachms and shekels.

For the Thinker, is he not the greatest? provided his thinking leads to doing. And this, my dear Schneider, is the metre of his value, and there is nothing else anywhere of value. Clothe the naked, feed the hungry; but the Sentimentalist, looking thro' the plate glass, wipes the tear from his own eye, and says to the world,—the beggar's child is bare, it lacks hempen or woollen for its shoulders and leather for its feet—the beggar herself is hungry, she wants bread, if it be but a crust, allay her thirst if it be but with water. And so it is also with the Philosophers, for they have spun and spun from the time of Orpheus and Pythagoras until yesterday; nay, the purposeless spinning continues, and *will* continue, and who can say to them, What do ye? for verily they do nothing. The roaring loom of time is not their loom, for the flower comes and the fruit, where the hand plants and the year waters, but the rick-racking sound of the treddles of the brain are all we have from them. If their web were laid out, to the sight of all men, it would be found like the spider's, too thin for the rain that falls upon

it. But look upon this man as he hurries in the grey of the morning to the battle field of labor. The *vis* of life in every part of him—for the great wheels are going round, and the smoke from the flue is going up, and the muster-roll is calling. The battle of the Day is begun; inert matter, the world, and the fates, into whose lap we are thrown at birth, may be against him, but the hand of the Worker is put out upon the mane of Behemoth, and the accumulated opposition gravitating to crush, recoils before him! This hand, and these ten fingers; look upon them, are they not the measuring rod of the Almighty, and when the angel goes forth to count the cubits and build up the walls of the New Jerusalem, who will go with him but this man now hurrying thro' the grey of the morning?

Now he has gained his allotted station. The voices of all the crowd are drowned by the continuous revolving of the great Iron Servant he has made to assist him. Not to speak, but to guide and do is his task. The sheep is shorn and the hemp is grown and heckled and carded, the thread is twisted into warp and woof, and still it goes on, led away into another region of industry, where the chemist has been smelting, extracting, and combining, and the artist has been tinting and scratching, and turning his head on his shoulder to view his colored paper as if it were somebody else's, and then the bleacher sings at his riverside,—not the night song of the German maiden,

Bleiche, bleiche, weiszes Lein
Bleich muss alles Ende sein—

but a very different song from that, for, behold, is not the beggar's brat clothed already by his hand? Not in fustian or make-believe, but with cotton of Manchester covered with flowers and whirligigs. The Mother too, is she not fed, for the baker has also been up in the morning, even before the cock crew, as you might have seen by the light from the windows of his oven-room.

The meanest laborer, is he not a hero, driving back the infinite force of the inert; a dwarf, with bony and maimed hands—the badge of his victory in trailing the brazen entrails out of mountain. Beside him the Thinker is but as the wind; if it cools his fevered brow indeed it does much, but, alas, more likely is it to trouble him by throwing dust in his eye! Here in this vast Babel there is a little Babel known to the idle as the British Museum, where fragments of all things and all times are congregated, veritable remnants of mind-labor and hand-labor. Books also, not one book or one thousand, but countless books, and countless men to read them. What an anthill is here, an anthill different from the other we have so lately spoken of. Here all are silent, but no engine speaketh for them. Each with the ink and the white fingers, white ears and spectacles, sad to think of, for generation adds books to books and readers to readers. The beggars brat will never be clothed by them, except it be in mockery, with paint on boards or pens on scraps of paper; nor the nursing mother fed, except it may be in the manner of the Barmecide, with lentils from Esop or Falernian from scentless lyrics. And these, forsooth, are the Priesthood of Thought; ghosts are they, entities without identity, apes by the dead-sea jibbering unintelligibly!

In the strait between the old ages and the new, there lived a man to be remarked. He is yet spoken of, nor will likely be soon forgotten. A hero among heroes. The first Saint Martin clothed the body, cutting his cloak in pieces for them with his sword; the second, the prophet Martin, clothed the mind, cutting

the intanglements of the Pope with the flaming sword of speech. A hero among heroes, for others were then heroic, one in particular, Lawrence Kaiser, who testified to the death; and dying rebuked the lax tongues of the executioners who blasphemed the faggots for being green. "What am I," said Martin, when he heard of this grand last act of his friend, "what am I, Oh Lord, but a mere wordy preacher, beside the great doing of Lawrence!" So may the mere Thinker always say beside the Worker, the writer beside the weaver. And you, friendly Schneider, since the time of Adam no worthier work is there than clothes-making. Was it not the first act man performed for himself? and an act of mercy is it for ever. The most worthy of all work is that. Congratulate you do I, on the invention you have made, for thought is there in its work-form; and commending you to the good influences,

I remain yours,
TEUFELSDROCH.

Schneider to Teufelsdröckh.

My dear Master. I have had the letter you are pleased to call the second-half, forwarded to me by my viceroy, and my wife says—"There! had you waited to hear the whole, you would have remained as you was!" And this indeed is verity; nothing is truer than that. You see I am getting into your style, but why, most honored Sir, why write one half and then the other half? why not make the question a question, and solve it at once? Doubtless you have your reasons, but my course is taken, and not till I have become a thinker and a speaker can I again become a worker.

Still yours, with all trust,
HOSEN SCHNEIDER.

♦
PART II.

Extracts from Hosen Schneider's Journal.

Suppose I must take notes of all my travels and make a diary. My apprenticeship being over and my wandering-year begun, I will be a master by and bye. Thought I had been that before. But the diary: how is it to be done? Shall I write down all turnpike charges, and compare them with the railroads? take notice of every town I get into, and how many inhabitants there are in it, and how many churches?—Or confine myself to conversations and character? Yes, this last is the way to do it.

* * * * *

Found myself in the neighborhood of a vast and irregular mansion, of which I caught glimpses thro' a mile of iron railings as I approached. Rang the gate-bell, and asked what it was. Thought perhaps it might be the academy to which Wilhelm Meister conducted his boy, but was told it was Burleigh House; that the family were absent, and that I might see the inside of it. Walked forward thro' the Park, and as the house grew upon me, admired its size and its chimneys.

Saw nobody, and entered an open door, which led me into a great hall, with two great fire-places, one at each end, a very great oaken table down the middle, with great tankards, two or three, upon it. Thought myself in the times of Mr. Waverley's novels. As the day was warm, and the walk long, I looked into the tankards, but found them empty. Went out again, and discovered a bell. By and bye was led into a chamber to wait for the guide who should show me the house. The chamber was surrounded with pictures,—not of nobodies, but of the heroes and heroines the princely inmates thought fit to worship. Here were Fair Rosamund, Jane Shore, The Black Prince, Owen Glendower, William Somers, and Jeffrey Hudson, all authentic portraits done from the life by John of Bruges, Lucas Cranach, Hans Holbein, and Sir Peter (Laurie perhaps). Beside these, sixteen Burleighs, all in black, and very like, as if the set had been done all at the same time, each one from the life however. Interrupted by the entrance of a superb lady in black satin: who condescendingly offered to lead me up the grand staircase. Humbly followed, hoping she would not give herself too much trouble.

But how am I to recount all the beauties of this place, all the great pictures and portraits, and all the stories thereabout? Began to lose count, when the noble lady stopt before a portrait of Oliver Cromwell! "Ah," cried I, "how did this come here! There is the hero with his warts all painted. He was very particular, as all heroes ought to be, about his *warts*—I wonder if he would have been so about the *expression*—very likely not. Tell me something about this picture, I pray." "I am going to, Sir," said the lady, and I was all expectation. "You know, I dare say, that Cromwell was the greatest robber that ever was in England, and that he had a great band of soldiers who would do anything he wanted." "God bless me, stop! I was not exactly aware, that is, have you read 'The letters and speeches with commentaries?'" said I, in a hurried and somewhat agitated manner I suppose, for she replied, rather coldly, "No sir, but, as I was saying, that being the character of Cromwell, he made a vow that he would fire his cannon on every nobleman's house in England, and here he came for the purpose. My Lord was not at the house or he would not have dared, but only my lady; who was so terrified when she saw the cannon just over there," pointing out to a distant part of the lawn, "that she sent out to ask what she could do to save the house. Cromwell answered that he must have all the money she possessed, and my lady filled a purse with gold and sent it to him. This was all he wanted, and the messenger was sent back to say that he would only fire off one cannon without shot to save his vow, and leave the place. When he went back to London and counted the money, he was so well pleased that he had this portrait painted, and made a present of it to my lady!"^b

Wonderfully lucky chance: then there is more about the Protector than has even yet been collected. A great idea has come into my mind. I shall fare forth to Huntingdon and St. Ives, and there, note-book in hand, glean on the very fields he grazed. Then down to Richard's place, and perhaps light on the very chest on which he used to sit, and boast that he sat upon what would cost the

^b This is a true anecdote as it occurred to the writer about seven years ago, and is here related as near as he can recollect it.

heads of half the nobility of England, if he liked. Then for a series of letters such as never was heard of before.

* * * * *

Took the railway from St. Ives. A wet swampy place, that can't look well even in a diary. Have not been so successful there as at Burleigh: however every thing is of consequence.

In the carriage beside myself were two men: one more polite than the other, because he told me where to put my umbrella, and offered me the paper when he had finished with it; whereas the other told me to take my haversack out of the way of his feet. "Here we are, three of us," said the last mentioned, each of us has a right to a third part of the room, let no one encroach upon me, because I don't want to encroach upon him." "Oh, that is your reason is it," said my neighbor laughing, "if you did wish to encroach, you would like the other party to begin?" "Praps, 'cause then I would have a right," and he lookt at us both as if he would say, There is no need for a row unless you like, but for my part I would rather enjoy it—if necessary. So he sat leaning on the head of a great stick, while I examined his externals. For that part of him I cannot say very much, his coat was a bad fit, and moreover not a little greasy, which no gentleman's coat ought to be. His waistcoat was a woollen one and buttoned to the neck, altho the day was rather of the hottest, while his linen, not quite clean, was about as coarse as sailcloth. His face was of the largest pattern, especially the nose—that feature looking certainly something like a rudder, altho of a rather rude construction. It seemed to me that the face had been presented to me before, but where? perhaps the portrait at Burleigh. My observations being made, I took off my gloves and unbuttoned my coat, remarking that one was glad to get a little air; whereupon he looked at the gloves, as much as to say, I despise them; and at my waistcoat, as if he said, Poor man, you make differences of garments! I now offered him the book I had been reading, for I never like to be on any but good terms, but here again I was unsuccessful, for he declined it with something very like a grunt, saying that the Bible and the Newspaper were his only books: "The one for the Soul, and the other for the Pocket, and what more would you have?" "Why," said I, "I would have books about science, and about times past, and heroes, and poetry." "Better without them, what good do they? Be constant in prayer, and keep the hand tight on business, that's all that's wanted," he grunted in answer, and just at that moment, we stopt at a station, for a quarter of an hour.

On starting again, the third man had left us, and we two were alone. Just as we were fairly off, a lady with two boys came running to get in. Some thought we should stop, others thought we could not, but my neighbor said, "Stop, why stop, we all want to get on and they are but three. If it were myself I would prosecute the railway; that is what I would do." "For what," enquired I, curious to learn, "Because the hour has'nt struck."

Here a considerable time passed over without either of us addressing the other, when he broke the silence in such a way as, oh reader! you can scarcely hope to hear. When he had spoken I could not reply for joy, on discovering that I was

traveling with a CROMWELL! But I must relate his words as near as I can, every one of them.

"I think Sir," he began, "you be a man for books: now I be not. John Cromwell is my name, and I be the right descent from Oliver"—Here I interrupted him by starting up and taking off my hat, but the motion of the carriage threw me right over him, and I had some difficulty in getting myself back to my seat, when he continued. "Well Sir, you take it for an honor that I be a Cromwell; no honor at all may be, but if you come to Bradford I shall show you my mill if you ben't a spinner yourself: that will be something to see! I have told you who I be, because I am going to London seeing I have some letters of my forbear, and they tell me I can get something for 'em. They be only waste paper in my business, and if you have any dealings with authors, you may put me in the way of sale." Oh! the lucky chance that made me leave my shop! Reader, you may be sure I was the purchaser, and when I have properly commented upon them, you shall have them. Strange that I should have thought him like the portrait at Burleigh, and not taken to him at once! Nay, it must be owned, I felt an antipathy to his roughness, which doubtless was but the husk necessary to preserve the rich kernel within! Some people have said, indeed, that Reformers are but Engines, the coarser and stronger the better, and the more exclusively confined to one purpose: that nothing is wanted indeed in them but *force*, and that their success, or the good effect, lies in this *purpose* of theirs, be *it* good or otherwise. But these are of the critic sort,—not hero-worshippers as all great men ought to be. For is it not because there are now no hero-worshippers that this age is so inferior to the past? Except railways and steam engines, and cheap manufactures, and general education, and perfected sciences, and better government, and a few other trifles, are we not in a mere limbo of trash, and make-believe? But here is a sample of the letters.

Oliver Cromwell to Isaac Bray: at the Inns in Lincoln's Fields.

You have not seen my hand before, because of the great business that my Master hath seen good to put upon his unworthy servant. Neither am I unready or slack, as it would not be my part, even if my Lord's Commissioners have not been over hopeful without other aids [hear the dim utterance of the great soul who would be neither humble nor proud], but that the rogues be not at present in the way. For we have marched here and find not the papers; my Lords are advised hereby, that there is no other enemy, but the cause prospers, and hath been established by means, [independent of the papers, he would say, without offence.] Worthy Sir, when Richard comes to thee, let him hear what I have past said, for thou knowest whether his wife be yet great [the large father's heart of him, yearns for his son], and that I be well content that her portion be in [*her* or *his*] hands, for this [match] hath not been easy unto me, nor such as I might say is any more than reason, even if it be not over careful of the world. [On her father's part perhaps.]

OLIVER CROMWELL.

John Thurloe to Master Bray, given from the Palace of Hampton.

Dear Master Bray and good friend. Forasmuch as I have often to write you on the business of the Commons and other matter, seeing that I am by the side of my Lord Protector, and have much of his mind, it may be that my hand gives you not always especial pleasure to see. That such should be, is like, since the purpose of my letters may often give you much trouble in the midst of your many occupations, yet this present will not add to them, but rather give you ease, seeing it is not on the State's business, but a small narration such as thou likest to hear.

Thou knowest Mr. Fox, how he visited the Protector in London. He hath also been here, and declares that he saw a Whiff of Death coming before the face of my Lord. What this betokens it is hard to say, because there is much evidence both in the ancients and in the moderns for the truth of such appearances. But he had not been long gone and my Lord returned into the house, when many gentlemen from Whitehall and the Hundreds of Hants were in waiting to speak to him. These being had in, and disposed, there stept forth a gentleman with a book in his hand, to present the same to his grace. But he being evil disposed because of lack of time, did not wish to hear, altho he was obliged to do the same, because of the nature of the book, which looking into he found was an argument for the Worshipping of Heroes, "What is it thou wouldst have," he said; "that we make heathen temples in our land, or that any shall be worship but one?" The gentleman replied, that he wanted not to make Temples at all, but to worship the heroes in their persons and minds, obeying them as superiors. "This is strange doctrine," said the Protector, "thou speakest here of worshipping Luther, but was he not a frail sinner withal?" Whereupon the maker of the book said that the Protector was also a hero to be worshipt, and that he wished to be more near him, that he might know him more. But my Lord told him to be silent for he liked it not, and being straitened for time dismissed him.

This day hath the man written a long letter to my Lord, and also to Mr. John Milton, whereto I give the answer in my Lord's hand sent to me.

"Master Thurloe. There have been of late many kinds of men, whereof "some are not according to the truth, altho being as they say on the Truth. "But this new doctrine is not even so, but altogether at variance. Be it there-fore seen-to that this go no further, but that the propagator be put into the "stocks if he be not content.

"OLIVER."



POETRY AND CRITICISM.

'Poems. By HENRY SUTTON.' Nottingham Review Office. 1848. pp. 158.

PLEASURES are various. A bountiful God showers down blessings upon us daily—blessings so rich and manifold that each mind may select food for itself,—enjoyment for all minds, gratification for all temperaments, and strength for all seasons. In the same field we have the sapling oak giving promise of ample development in due time—the full grown and stately tree—and the fragile blossom, budding, unfolding, and throwing down its petals in one short week. Shall we not prize *all*? Are God's symbols ever without a meaning? The beautiful dwells not in any *one* token: it is to be found in *all*. The miser loves gold; the epicure fine viands; the drunkard wine; and the vain man what fosters vanity; but the wise man loves all things—enjoys all things, for wisdom does so restrain and ennoble him, that he can partake and enjoy, without becoming enslaved. None may say to him 'Do this!' or 'Do that!' for he has *got wisdom*, and this lustral water of the spirit gladdens and purifies his whole Being.

Were we all made thus free by the spirit *which is Liberty*, our criticism would assume a new character—there would be less of dictation—less of infallibility and *fault-finding*. Withering rebuke we would reserve for the *arrogant Dogmatist*, and just exposure for the dishonest, truth-despising *Sophist*. But in each genuine production of the press, Soul would claim its own, and in a spirit of love, rejoice over the new food offered to it, whether it were rich wine, or homely bread. A graceful acceptance of whatever is presented as an offering to Literature, is the true etiquette of the Spirit. Wry faces and contemptuous words, are not the attributes of beautiful natures, but rather of the shallow man of the world, or 'the church,' who, in a spirit of exclusion, sees nothing right or good, save what squares with the rules of his own narrow system or sect.

We premise thus, that we may gain a hearing, when we speak of the little volume of 'Poems by Henry Sutton,' now before us. We know these poems can never become popular; they are too pure and spiritual for that; yet many will find them to be manna from heaven. The author may console himself with this—that if his audience be *few*, it will at least be *fit*. All the initiated, those who have chosen that better part which shall not be taken from them,—those who have sat silent at the feet of each great teacher, till they have arrived at true insight, and are capable of comprehending exoteric doctrine,—all these he shall have for lovers and friends—a *goodly company*. Nay, we think his power may even extend a little farther. In perusing his exquisite poem entitled '*The Hills*,' we felt that it addressed a large portion of the community—a portion whom we would denominate the Benevolent Party,—who, brave, persevering, and altogether praiseworthy, are yet *too exclusively objective*—wanting in that lofty spirituality which commands a man to leave father and mother, wife and child, for the

Spirit and the Truth—bidding him forsake all others; that he may by concentration of thought and aim, find the kingdom of heaven *within himself*—compelling him to seek solitudes afar from the haunts of men—lone Gethsemane's where he may hold deep communings with Nature, and thereby know what manner of man he is. To some these lines will appear startling,—nevertheless they are true;—

On the mountain one short hour
Plucking a fruit, culling a flower,
Must ever, in the end,
More blessing lend
Mankind,
Than long years spent below
Wiping the tears that flow,
Loosing the chains that bind.—pp. 38-39.

In this, and other poems, we find reflected, and expressed with equal beauty, the same just and spiritual ideas which mark the many poetical contributions to THE TRUTH SEEKER, subscribed K. B.

'Eugene' is evidently a statement of the workings of the author's own mind, when nature, growing more and more vivid with his years, at length became a transparent veil, thro' which he could penetrate to her deepest meanings. To the closing stanzas every noble soul will respond 'Amen!' We were captivated by four lines called 'Love,' because we think *true love* is the highest state of feeling.

Love is, if Benedict may be trusted,
Mere Selfishness, behind a mask removed:—
Ah, Benedict, then has *liked*, perhaps, or *lusted*,—
But never, never *loved*!

'Sorrow' is also beautiful,—the image at the close magnificent.

The flowers live by the tears that fall
From the sad face of the skies;
And life would have no joys at all,
Were there no watery eyes.

Love thou thy sorrow; grief shall bring
Its own excuse in after years;
The Rainbow!—*see how fair a thing*
God hath built up from tears.—p. 21.

The Lines entitled 'For the Desolate,' 'The Will and the Way,' and 'Extracts from Zadoc' (Song of St. John), appeared in the early series of this periodical. We read the first while laboring under deep mental suffering, and owned all their power. When it is known, that they were written by a youth of 19, the reader cannot but marvel at the sweet submission, the high philosophy, and the deep suffering, which they reveal. We have, both before and since, experienced the truth of the concluding lines:—

Rich comforts long have been thine own;
Sure as the sun thy mercies rise:
And know—God's love alike is shown
In what he gives, and what denies.—p. 63.

Several quaint and quiet reproofs of the mean pride of the intolerant, are to be found in these poems. Here is one entitled '*Heresy*.'

The novel doctrine may be right,
Spite of these cries of 'Danger';—
The best Yard-Dogs will bark and bite
Alike at every stranger.

May the Dogs of our mottled Orthodoxy increase their discrimination, and learn to recognize the true Master!

So also, in the beautiful Fable of '*The Garden*,' where, in shocking imitation of Priest-ridden Humanity, the Flowers revile each other for their different colors! The All-Father's view of the matter is beautifully stated:—

While agree o' th' Brothers thus can no two,
Wond'ring each where th' others expect to go to;—
The Good Gardener says—'*No! how'er ample
My stock of flowers, I could not spare one sample.*'

The Epigram on '*Loss*' expresses, both finely and forcibly, the distinction between Faculty and Fruit, Product and Producer—the difference in value between the Transitory *Phenomena* and the Understanding Being.

'I faint, I die!' moaned the Apple-tree;
'All my dear fruit is gone from me!'
Cheer up, mistaken one! *There be
Fifty more good crops in thee.*

Our limits forbid us to say much more. We might complain, certainly, of an occasional want of music, but never of a lack of purity, spirituality, or aspiration. Crudeness there must be in one so young, but the wonder is that there is not more. Emerson, the *sage* and *seer*, while with us, speaking of our great *Spiritual Men*, classed Henry Sutton amongst the highest.

This we think, and we feel assured Henry Sutton will also think, is a far higher honor than any monarch can bestow. If this world hath a temptation to a highly spiritual mind, it is the approval of a man such as Emerson. Archdeacon Hare, in his *Guesses at Truth*, maintains, that next to an approving Conscience, is the approval of wise and loving friends,—so, too, thinks our 'Eugene'—

Thinks it a bliss to have his rhymes approved
By noble souls, of Goodness well-beloved.

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

'Whatsoever a man sows that also shall he reap.'

"Time has passed on, and Spring is over the world; the seeds buried in the earth, burst to flower; but man's breast knoweth not the sweet division of the Seasons. In Winter or Summer, Autumn or Spring, alike, his Thoughts sow the germ of his Actions, and day after day his Destiny gathers in her harvests." BULWER'S *Children of the Night*.

GEORGE DAWSON.

BY JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

EORGE DAWSON is still a young man. He has been before the public but a very few years. His career is well known. Both friends and foes have contributed to spread his name, tho perhaps his foes have done him most service in this respect. To have acquired so widespread a reputation, at such an age, pre-supposes great power of some kind. The popular mind is always pretty correct in its judgments, and just in its decisions. Wherever a man has gained a firm hold of the hearts of the people, there is one great guarantee of his truth, his justice, and his virtue. The people are good discriminators; and quickly detect falsehood and shame, tho under the garb of its opposing virtue. That George Dawson occupies his present position, is to us a strong argument in favor of his power to fill it with ability, talent, and genius. Success is, in general, a tolerably efficient measure of the succeder's merits.

Mr. Dawson stands before the world in a threefold character. As a religious Teacher, a popular Lecturer, and a political Reformer. In each of these phases we purpose briefly, but we trust correctly, to review him.

Of all the offices a man can be engaged in, the most important appears to us that of the religious teacher. To elevate a people's mind to the contemplation of the highest and holiest truths—to sow the seeds of virtue in a heart whose soil gave support and nutrition to germs of vice alone—is labor worthy of the most gifted of our species, and capable of satisfying the leftiest ambition. Yet is it lamentable to see, how these things are at present done; how this divine mission is at present appreciated, and what paltry returns attend the investment of the vast capital thus employed. Sad it is to think of the low state of *religious life* now prevailing in England. A sordid selfishness has usurped the place of the Christian's noble creed of Self-denial. A groveling utilitarianism sits on the vacant throne of a high and sublime worship of goodness, beauty, and truth. Christianity has degenerated from principles into formulas. What should always be a *practice*, is become a mere theory, only to be descanted upon in the pulpit; or if pondered over in the closet, left at home when we go abroad. Sects, with their various ramifications of creeds and doctrines, have turned the divine teachings of Christ into weapons with which to fight their own narrow and sorry battles. The Bible has lost its firm hold of the people's hearts by the manner in which its teachers have desecrated its use and mission. From end to end is it ransacked, not to increase the preacher's power in drawing together all hearts in bonds of amity and love; but to gain another text, applicable to his own little theory, and capable of being applied to weaken an adversary's position. This abuse of the pulpit has had its ill effects on all grades. From the highest to the lowest its influence has been deleterious. *Conformity* has taken the place of *conviction*. We are religious for convenience and influence. In the life of the upper classes, there is a marked contempt for all which savors of such a low and vulgar thing. A cold conventionalism, and a soulless etiquette, are its distinguishing characteristics. The middle classes are noted for a decent attention to its outward formalities, and ritual ceremonials. Beyond this, little can be

said of their *devotions*. Whilst the laboring classes manifest, in the mass, a careless indifference, or an utter recklessness of aught above what concerns sensuous existence.

"There's some exceptions, man an' woman,
But this is England's life in common."

In such a state of society we welcome with open arms, any one who seeks to produce a better, a nobler, condition of life. From the bottom of our hearts we cry 'hail' to the strong man who has broken the barriers of creed and sects, that he may, free and unfettered, teach what appears to him Right and True. Such, we conceive, is the position of George Dawson. Unshackled by the restrictions of parchment bands, he stands out an eminent specimen of what the Christian Preacher should ever be;—the friend of humanity, under whatsoever creed it may enlist itself. Receiving his diploma from God, he seeks in the Sacred Books, for those lessons of meekness, charity, and love, with which he assiduously strives to fill the hearts of his hearers, in all their naked and pristine force and loveliness. The lucidness with which these truths are imparted, proves how clearly they are comprehended. The earnestness with which they are delivered, shows how deeply they are felt. The *mode* in which they are illustrated, so that each may present a perfect and well-defined picture, reveals the research of the illustrator, and the time and labor spent in acquiring whatever may add to their force and attractiveness, or may serve to rivet them more firmly on his hearers. This is one of Mr. Dawson's characteristics. He has a power of viewing a subject on all sides; of seeing, as it were at a glance, all its bearings; of perceiving its ultimate tendencies; and the ready faculty of concentrating on any particular point whatever is needful to elucidate or strengthen his positions. Even those who do not agree with his manner, are compelled to acknowledge his mastery of his subject. Tho all who hear him may not be convinced, they yet feel that they have been in the presence of a gifted and earnest man.

George Dawson presents a good combination of the speculative Germanic mind, with the vigorous and practical common-sense of the British. It would be a curious subject for enquiry, and were this the time and place, one which would amply repay the labor, to trace how much these two nations have influenced the literature of each other. How the works of Shakspeare had given impetus to the slowly-moving Teuton; and how this impetus had been reciprocated by a Gæthe, a Schiller, a Kant, and a Fichte. German literature is now indeed exercising a great influence on all the literatures of Europe. In no department is this felt more than in the religious. And certainly few have given more popular currency to this movement than George Dawson. With a just appreciation of its merits when united with our own matter-of-fact determination; he is also fully aware of its liability to evaporate into idle speculation, or airy sentimentalisms, unless supported by Saxon bone, sinew, and muscle. Thus, while he diligently labors to raise our aspirations, to elevate our ideal, to impart to us somewhat more of the transcendental than we now possess, he would so blend these qualities with a sternness of purpose, an earnestness of endeavor, and a restlessness of zeal in doing good, that our lives should become nobler, purer, loftier; and that we should grow to perfect men in Christ Jesus. Faithfully does Mr. Dawson teach the irresistible might of weakness, and the indomitable power of passive resistance. In other words, Christian patience and humility; which constitute Christian strength. It is a noble task thus to endeavor to raise humanity from grossness and vice, by interfusing in their daily concerns and business something more of spiritualism than they now manifest. Divines have thought too little of this. We need reform here. The period is imperative; and the downward course of a people will not pause, whilst men, learned in the letter, dispute about their differences: and struggle to make their own

peculiar dogmata triumphant. Whilst learning controverts, ignorance grows rampant. The signs of the times are clear as the noon-day sun. Woe to the recognized leaders and teachers of the people, if they cannot read them! Amongst the few religious spirits who have done so, we must place George Dawson.

It has been urged against Mr. Dawson as his shame, that he is stern in morale, but lax in doctrine. If earnestly to labor, so to permeate our whole lives with Christian principles, that every word uttered, and deed done, shall redound to the glory of God, be laxity, we cordially receive the accusation, and record it to his honor. But the meaning of this charge is, that Mr. Dawson deems it unimportant what doctrine you and I hold, providing our lives are moral. If we pay our debts, injure no one, walk in the paths of rectitude, and perform the duties of son, husband, father, citizen, free from blame and untainted by crime, it matters little about the rest. To this we give a most unequivocal denial. That Mr. Dawson considers it matter of very little moment whether you sign the confession of Augsburg, or the thirty-nine Articles of the English Law-Church, is granted. That he has no sympathy with that spirit which would exclude from salvation all who do not entertain Calvin's opinions on predestination, or agree with Luther's ideas of original sin, is also conceded. On these subjects, providing a man is conscientious and holds his belief from enquiry, and not from authority, has 'learned, marked, and inwardly digested' for himself, Mr. Dawson places little stress. But to say he teaches, or has ever taught, that it is of no consequence whether a man has any doctrines or principles, any faith on which to base regeneration and salvation, betrays an utter ignorance of Mr. Dawson, and of his preaching. The 'Book' is the sole authority of his Faith, and to that he always appeals. Taking for himself the liberty he allows, he seeks in the Scriptures themselves the true interpretation of those simple, but *soul-saving truths*, which the corrupted passions of man have so grievously surrounded with mist and difficulties. To make a charge of laxness against any man, is a 'short and easy method' of disposing of a question vexatious and troublesome to settle. Every man is lax compared with every other man. I hold one doctrine essential, which to you may appear indifferent. In this case I am lax to you, you to me. Thus it runs, alike thro' all the history of Conformity and Nonconformity. To say that two men hold exactly the same opinions respecting any disputed point, is to say that *two bodies* exist with but *one soul*. Where freedom of thought is a reality and not a mere figment, no two men ever did, or ever will,—until that happy time when man's will is one with the will of God,—think alike. Professing to do so is hypocrisy. Signing any creed, or giving assent to any set of dogmas, whereof in whole or part, we entertain the least doubt or scruple, is an act of cowardice and dishonesty. In opposition to such a course Mr. Dawson seeks to weaken the too common trust on external formulas; and build up in each man, an individual life of pure and Christian sanctity; of holy piety; of veneration for the great and good of all times and all lands, as varied manifestations of the same one and unitive spirit; to make him a God-fearing, man-loving, earnest, zealous, simple, and faithful being, thro' the example of the life and death of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Such we believe is the object, and such we sincerely trust will be the effect, of his pulpit ministrations.

Mr. Dawson's eloquence is of a peculiar and original character. It is partly natural, partly owing to assiduous culture. He manifests a full and rapid flow of language, over which he has great command. A clearness of diction adds much to the force of his discourses. An aptness of illustration, familiar and easily understood, renders his style particularly attractive; and breathes a *homeliness* over his teaching which reaches the hearts of all. Full of 'wise saws and modern instances,' derived from the literature of all lands, which he somewhat profusely scatters in his sermons. With none of that John-

sonian verbosity which so much characterized the late and lamented Dr. R. W. Hamilton, he has much, as regards style, in common with him. The extent of reading, the choiceness and richness of imagery, the quaintness of expression, the ability to illustrate, the readiness in applying the events of daily life to religious instruction, and the number of appropriate anecdotes, which mark the preaching of the one, also distinguish that of the other. Short, Saxon sentences mark his style, and a Demosthenic fire and vigor his delivery, which is occasionally interrupted and relieved by a modulated Ciceronian flow. His voice on the whole is harsh and monotonous, but capable of strong and vigorous outbursts, for which those who are little acquainted with him would scarcely give him credit. His orations (for they are such in the strictest sense of the word) are sometimes marred by mannerisms and vulgar-seeming expressions. These, however, are becoming less and less frequent, and, we doubt not, will ultimately vanish. The formation of his periods is scriptural; tinged a little with what may be denominated Puritanism; of which, by the way, he is an enthusiastic admirer. In a word, few men have been, or are, listened to with more satisfaction and improvement than George Dawson. And of fewer can it be said, that their congregations were never wearied of listening; ever more willing to enter than depart.

Such is our impression of George Dawson as a Christian preacher. That he has his failings and shortcomings we are willing to admit. That his youth, and the bitterness of his opponents, may have led him to commit errors, may be easily allowed; and no one is more willing to confess, and anxious to atone for them, than himself. Early success is a difficult thing to support. Many have fallen beneath a much, a very much less load; few have stood so firmly beneath so great a one. It is a fearful ordeal thro' which to pass; but that he will come forth a stronger, wiser, and better man, we entertain the strongest confidence.

We now turn to Mr. Dawson as a Lecturer. It has long been a complaint among wise and thoughtful men, that Christian principles have been in abeyance in the Lecture room. That men treating of scientific questions have been extremely wary and vigilant, lest unawares some incidental expressions indicative of religious belief should escape them. The two subjects have been looked upon as entirely irreconcilable; nay, completely antagonistic.

We now need a resuscitation of that fine old doctrine which looked at all things thro' the spirit of Christianity. Not the narrow, creed-fettered thing of to-day—falsely so called; but the universal, free, and transcendental Christianity of the Master. Mr. Dawson attempts this, with a desire to permeate every part of life with its influence.

Mr. Dawson as a Lecturer is more known, and therefore better appreciated, than as a preacher. There are few places in England, of any literary character at all, in which numerous and delighted audiences have not listened to his disquisitions. The characteristics which mark his pulpit discourses, distinguish also his lectures. The same beauties and the same blemishes. Perhaps the latter have been a little more marked in the theatre than in the temple. A greater aptness to indulge in dogmatism; a greater display of his peculiar mannerisms—degenerating at times into flippancy, and approximating very closely to vulgarity. But these faults are now fast disappearing. With all the dross there is enough of sterling gold left, to consummate a worthy vessel. Few will be found indeed, who do not willingly pardon his eccentricities, for the instruction, delight, and elevation, which his lectures always produce in his hearers.

Mr. Dawson, as a Lecturer, partly supplies a desideratum of the present times, partly answers a want long felt; a deficiency long complained of. By uniting philosophy with

the truths of a high and chivalrous Christianity, he is paving the way for a better class of Lecturers, in the highest acceptation of the word, than we at present possess.

"Christianity is the democracy of religion, and democracy is the Christianity of government." No words better than these, quoted from Theodore Parker, can express the position of Mr. Dawson as a Political Reformer. He is a Christian democrat. Drawing his politics, as he does his leading views of man and of life, from the New Testament. Democracy and Christianity are synonymous. Not the democracy which at present exists in any part of the world; but the democracy at present ideal, that day by day will develop itself and grow stronger, as men increase in the true knowledge of the religion of Christ, until it becomes an actual, realized existence. With this end constantly in view, Mr. Dawson's platform Orations are marked by his earnest efforts to make the people become their own improvers. To depend little upon what government, laws, and external machinery can do for them; but on what they can do for themselves, by *sobriety, industry, and religion*. With little trust upon the elevating effects of any merely political reform, his hopes are high as to the issues of social reform. "Man can be thoroly free only thro' the bondage of Christ; and what the world has to do, is to get (as speedily as may be) His laws so firmly and deeply engraven in its heart, that the necessity for other laws and other governments will entirely pass away." Such is his theory respecting politics. That our words should be *religious politics*; not religion *and* politics. This gives a depth and sincerity to his public speeches which has won for him a high position in the favor and love of the people, and has given him great influence over them, invariably exercised for their improvement and elevation, with the view of making them worthy of those rights which they righteously demand. To gain this popularity he has adopted no mean and demagogic practices; has never descended to that vilest of all vile things, to flatter their vices and prejudices. These have always been the subjects of his sternest animadversions. Looking upon every public meeting as one more opportunity for teaching the people, he has ever labored to send them therefrom with some little seed of fresh wisdom, which may in time fructify into a noble tree. The people love him for his truthfulness, and he loves the people, for they are the children of God,—the souls for whom Christ taught, suffered, and died!

Such, then, is an outline of Mr. Dawson in his triple capacity of Preacher, Lecturer, and Reformer. Tho traced by a friendly hand, we trust we have been able to draw the line between friendship and partiality. We believe he has yet much to learn, and not a little to unlearn. But from the fact that he is himself conscious of this, and, like all truly great minds, is the first to confess an error which he deems he has committed, we anticipate much for his future career. His present position, and the manner in which he fills it, warrant us in believing, that by assiduous study, industry, and self-denial, he is capable of accomplishing the highest achievements; and of reaching the highest point of his profession.

In private life, those who know Mr. Dawson best, respect and love him most.

THE HOME OF CHILDHOOD REVISITED.

" Visited.....after a lapse of twenty years.—The property had been parted with some time before—the old Court-farm pulled down, and a modern Mansion erected,—now in chancery.—The neighboring Cottage, where some of the happiest days of my early childhood were spent, was still standing, but untenanted. On enquiry I found my former nurse,—the daughter of the old people, and one of the gentlest and most affectionate creatures in the world, had long been married,—not equally. She and her husband were living in a distant part, and very poor; he decrepid—she afflicted with helpless paralysis, and wholly dependant on the hard earnings, and devoted solicitude, of her own married daughter."

My native vale! my native vale!—
 Tho I have left thee long,
 And listened since to many a tale,
 And many a glowing song,
 Of charms that other lands display,—
 And wandered many a weary way,—
 I ne'er have done thee wrong;—
 For still my heart returns to thee,
 With all its old fidelity.

The peace that in thy bosom reigns,—
 The calm unruffled mien,—
 Unchanged by lapse of years, remains
 As it has ever been.

The crested height—the steep hill side—
 The rock—the glen—the forest wide,—
 Each well-remembered scene,
 The same sweet smile of beauty wears
 That Nature's aspect ever bears.

Not so with Human things!— I look
 Where stood my Father's Hall,—
 I seek each old familiar nook,—
 The antique garden wall,—
 Each spot by some fond thought endeared
 Of childhood's hour,—no more revered,—
 Rude hands are laid on all,
 And they who now possess that shrine,
 Look coldly down on me and mine.

I turn me to an humbler sphere,—
 The lowly cot hard by,
 Where, with the mingled smile and tear,
 Was nursed my Infancy.
 The Cottage stands;—but oh! how great
 The change within,—how desolate
 Is all that meets the eye!
 Deserted now is every place,
 And strange each new or altered face.
 The aged Pair, whose chief delight
 (Unused afar to roam)
 To watch me seemed, by day and night,
 Have long been gathered home.
 But she on whom I most relied,
 Who scarcely let me from her side,
 Of her what has become?
 The playmate, sister, nurse combined,
 The young, the vigorous, the kind.
 Her soft and guileless cheek imbued
 With health's elastic glow,—
 Just ripening into womanhood,
 No care had marred her brow.
 But she hath since her ample share,
 That neither cot nor palace spare,
 Of changes here below,—
 Of toil and suffering known—and more,
 Of feeling wasted at the core!
 The One to whom her troth was given,
 In full confiding truth;—
 Of all who for the prize had striven,
 The chosen of her youth,—
 When came the sterner things of life,
 With sorrow, pain, and struggling rife,—
 When needed most his sooth,—
 Proved hard or worse.— I drop the veil
 On that too oft affecting tale.
 A poor and distant roof to gain
 I sought,—and there, decayed,
 Long helpless, on a bed of pain,
 A withered form was laid.
 Her help-mate too was now grown old,—
 And Penury is very cold!—
 But there was one arrayed
 In likeness near, to Heaven allied,—
 A Daughter watching by her side!

B.

OATHS—SWEARING.

To the Editor of the Truth-Seeker.

SIR;—Before making any reply to the remarks of B. E., I would observe, that the expressions used by him in reference to oaths as administered in our courts of law (as “the witness is passive”—“our witnesses are not required to do any thing but kiss a book”—“witnesses merely give their evidence after having been adjured to do so”—etc.), might lead one to suppose that no sense of ^aadditional obligation ought to result from the proceeding.

B. E. divides the oaths in use among the Jews into three classes:—profane swearing,—vows strengthened by the obligation of an oath,—and the oath of adjuration.^b As it is desirable to reduce the question into a narrow compass, I shall confine my remarks to the last mentioned,—the oath of adjuration; because, if we can show that *it* is included in the prohibition of Christ against swearing, there will be little difficulty in proving that the judiciary oath of this country stands in the same category. Your Correspondent, indeed, admits their resemblance,^c and conjectures that the English form is the offspring of the judicial oath of the Hebrews. Is the latter, then, included in the prohibition of Christ?

In doubtful cases, an examination of the grounds on which anything is forbidden, will sometimes enable us to ascertain the extent of the prohibition, and to make a more definite application of it. It does so in the present instance. Swearing appears to have been prohibited on two considerations:—*first*, as implying that the obligation to speak the truth

^a What is meant here by ‘*additional*’ obligation. Nothing in my communication is calculated to make *light* of a witness’s obligation to speak the truth. I know of no other obligation for a witness than to speak the truth, which is an abiding one under all circumstances. The words of an adjuration, in the olden time, did, and perhaps may now, impose an obligation TO SPEAK, in opposition to being silent; and, viewed in that light, a sense of additional or peculiar obligation “ought to result from the proceeding.” But that, I suspect, was not the writer’s meaning.

^b X. Y. Z. is here in error. The threefold division given as mine, is *not* mine; nor have I said any thing, in that connection, about oaths “in use amongst the Jews.”

^c There is certainly a resemblance in one main particular, viz., in their both being a form pronounced by the Civil Ruler, and the person addressed saying what he is told to say. But it may assist in the enquiry, briefly to glance at the points of difference.—In the Hebrew Courts of law, when evidence was wanting, and the witness not known, a proclamation was made in open court, calling upon any one, under penalty of being *cursed*, to come forward and tell what he knew in respect of the transaction: we have nothing like this; but, when wanting evidence, we print an Advertisement offering a *Reward*. In the Hebrew Courts of law, a witness was adjured to SPEAK; it was taken for granted that he would speak *the truth*: whereas we call upon such to speak^a “the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.” Sometimes the Jewish form of adjuration closed with a curse. Civil rulers now-a-days not having the power to curse, have appended a form of prayer to the adjuration: to the effect that God would help the witness to speak the truth. Probably there is another point of difference, but I do not insist upon it; viz. that the adjuration was not pronounced, or administered, except when the witness was not known, or when a known witness refused to give his testimony—the form of the adjuration being different in each case: we, on the contrary, adjure known and willing witnesses.

at all times was not fully recognized by the party taking an oath, or, that truth could be strengthened by such an addition; and, *second*, as comprehending the mention, either directly or indirectly, of the name of God.^d (Matthew, v. 33—37.)

In the Levitical code, we have no definite description of the oath. It appears from the occasional references made to it in the Scriptures, and from the testimony of those writers most conversant with the customs of the Jews, that it was used in public, on solemn occasions, the party sworn being adjured by the high priest, or the judge for the time being. Sometimes, however, it was addressed in a more general form to all present, with a view to elicit the evidence of any witnesses within hearing, under pain of the curse for disobedience annexed to it. The reference to the sanction of the Supreme Being implied an acknowledgement of his omniscience, and, as a consequence, of the guilt of perjury.^e

Here are all the essentials of an oath, and, in addition, all the circumstances contemplated in the grounds on which it was prohibited, viz., a virtual acknowledgement that the 'yea' and 'nay' of the swearer was doubtful in character,—that '*more*' was added, and that this addition included a mention of the Divine name.^f—On what principle can *this* oath be viewed as exempt from the objections that pertain to *any other form of solemn swearing*?

The English oath, in all essential particulars, bears a close resemblance to the one just described. The imprecatory clause ^g appended to it, is regarded by Sir W. Jones and other able writers on this subject, as implying the expression of the witness's desire, "that God should deal with him according to the truth of the statements made by him in the name of God." In this sense it is still *explained by the judge*, whenever the ignorance of a witness renders explanation needful.^h An oath of this description is always regarded by the witness to whom it is addressed, in the light of a solemn, religious obligation,—as something *more* than is conveyed by the expressions of your correspondent when he speaks of "the Civil Magistrate calling upon me to speak the truth, and I forthwith kissing a book and telling it." The kissing of the book is a virtual acknowledgement of the assent of the party adjured, to the obligations imposed on him by the terms of the oath.ⁱ Hence

^d The reason of the prohibition obviously is, the abuse of swearing. The form of swearing had been fixed: it was to be *by the name of God*. (Deut. vi. 13.; Isa. lxx. 16.) The name of God was only profaned when they swore *falsely*. (Levit. xix. 12.) "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths." That is—"When thou shalt vow a vow unto the Lord thy God, thou shalt not slack to pay it; for the Lord thy God will surely require it of thee; and it would be sin in thee;" (Deut. xxiii. 21.) But ye hypocrites, ye strainers at gnats and swallowers of camels, ye make solemn hypocritical vows without any intention of performing them; therefore 'I say unto you, Swear not at all.' Do not add to your wickedness by insulting God in so direct a manner.—What is there here like a magistrate calling upon a witness to speak, and the witness forthwith speaking?

^e The former part of this paragraph harmonizes entirely with my communication: but the meaning of the last two lines is obscure.

^f If X. Y. Z. is speaking of the adjuration of a witness by a person in authority, I would refer him to note c.

^g There is no imprecatory clause in the English Court of Justice Oath. I have no opportunity of referring to Sir W. Jones's Works, to ascertain what he says on the subject. If he does say so, it is a very strange mistake.

^h If a Judge ever gives any such explanation as the one described, it is done, I suppose, for the purpose of frightening an ignorant careless-looking witness;—one who *will* be ignorant how the Judge is 'stuffing' him.—Of course, a witness is at liberty to regard the oath in what light he thinks proper; that is, so far *only* as regards its obligations upon himself.

in common language, he is said 'to swear,' because he *thus* incurs the responsibility attached to the taking of an oath.

That the Jewish oath of adjuration is of divine appointment, admits of doubt; but, whether or not, it remains to be shown that it is of permanent obligation. It might form a part of that less perfect dispensation, which, tho adapted to 'the time then present,' was unsuited 'to the time of reformation' designed to follow, and to supersede it. It is remarkable that the passages in the 5th of Matthew, in which murder, adultery, etc., are forbidden, are accompanied by an enlarged prohibition extending to all that can be viewed as *the remote incentives to crime*. On the same principle *perjury*, and all the evils incident to swearing, seem to be excluded by the commandment 'swear not at all.'¹

Stress has been laid on the fact of Christ having replied to the adjuration of the high priest, tho previously refusing to answer. But *is it certain* that the words in question must be viewed as a judiciary oath, in the strictest sense? To say nothing of words precisely similar in import having been addressed by an evil spirit to Christ (Mark v. 7), we may observe that the supposed oath did not PRECEDE the examination, as in ordinary cases it would have done. We have no proof that this was the customary form of adjutory oath; indeed, the absence of *the curse* which we may suppose to have been constantly used in connection with it, leads us to suspect the contrary. ^k (See Levit. v. 1.; Prov. xxix. 24.)

Even if the common opinion were correct, a people so addicted to swearing as the Jews, "who swore on all occasions, and by anything that suited their fancy," would not be slow in transferring the oath of adjuration into common discourse, by an impressive and dignified adjunct.¹ It cannot be objected that such a practice consists not with the sanctity of the priesthood; for this consideration failed, at a later period, to defend a prisoner against an act of gross injustice and violence, when standing before the high priest. In our own tongue, the expressions—"for God's sake,"—"in the name of God," are examples.

¹ I never could discover the *origin* or the *meaning* of putting the book to the lips. With limited opportunities, I have tried to discover both, but have failed. It may have no meaning at all; or it may have twenty meanings to suit the fancy of twenty different persons. It *may* be an unspoken 'Amen' to the prayer appended to the adjuration.

^j There is little to object to in this paragraph. I before refused to discuss the question—whether it was right or wise for the Magistrate to use, now-a-days, something like the Jewish form of adjuration; therefore I have nothing to affirm, or deny, concerning the first two sentences. The third sentence is very good, tho the subject is changed. The fourth and last sentence is also true, with the exception of the word 'perjury,' which should be 'forswearing.' *Forswearing* was the great evil incident to swearing.

^k I do not insist on the precise reason of Christ replying to Pilate's adjuration, when he had been silent under the babbling accusations of the two 'false witnesses.' It might be the authority of Pilate which constrained him to speak; or the appointed form of interrogation administered by him; or the nature of the question put.—He *did*, however, reply to an authoritative adjuration; and that is sufficient for our enquiry. In a previous note I hazard the conjecture that the words of adjuration were never pronounced except where the witness was not known, or when a known witness refused to give his evidence. Probably the curse was only added in the first case: there is, I believe, no instance on record, of its being added when adjuring a known, or merely unwilling, witness. Mark v. 7, makes it quite clear that a devil *did* make use of the usual form of adjuration. But the words of a Jewish adjuration, as of an English one, derive all their authority from being uttered by a person empowered to utter them; hence the adjuration in question was, to say the least of it, an impertinence. The utterer of it had no more right to use it, than one of the same fraternity had any right to tell Jesus to make stones into bread.

¹ How *can* the words of an adjuration be transferred into common discourse? I can neither recollect nor conceive of such a thing. In the two expressions quoted, containing

But, if we examine the nature of the questions addressed to Christ, there is enough to explain the peculiarity of his conduct in this instance, without referring it to the effect of the adjuration. He refused to reply to the false accusations alleged against him; but, when questioned whether he were 'the Christ, the son of God,' he witnessed a good confession. A reference to Matthew, Mark, and Luke (of whom only one alludes to the adjuration), appears to sanction this view; and it is confirmed by the passages describing the examination of Christ before Pilate. (Matt. xxvii. 11—14; Mark xv. 2—5.) In these instances, as in the former, it was the *nature* of the questions put that appears to have determined the conduct of the party to whom they were addressed. ^k

B. E. insists much on the circumstance of a witness under oath being 'a purely passive recipient.' But was it not the very fact of remaining passive, in a matter where active co-operation was demanded, that exposed the offending parties to reproach and suffering? ^a They refused to swear, or, in other words, to signify their assent to the oath tendered to them, by 'kissing the book' as directed.

B. E. disputes the connection between profane and judicial swearing, alleging that 'they are called by a common name, and that is all.' Perhaps we shall find, on closer inspection, that the connection is something *more* than nominal; and that the admitted abuses arose from the use of a form, in its nature *peculiarly liable to abuse*. ^o If an oath is supposed needful to confirm or to elicit truth, it will soon be employed to give currency to falsehood, or be used as an emphatic addition to the most trivial remarks. ^p

The question is put, "whether parties refusing to give their testimony in answer to an adjuratory requirement, and substituting a solemn affirmation, are not making some approach to that which *was* forbidden by Christ?" ^q As the man who 'replies to an adjuratory requirement' is as much bound by the terms of the oath as tho *he* had pronounced it in a form solely applicable to himself, why should it be viewed as less culpable than an affirmation? The 'self-imposed obligation' said to accompany an act of affirmation, involves *neither more nor less* than a promise to comply with a rule which Christianity has always imposed upon its converts—that of *speaking the truth* at all times and under all circumstances.

X. Y. Z.

the name of God, there is nothing like the words of an adjuration; or even like the swearing forbidden by Christ.—They are simply breaches of the third commandment.

ⁿ In speaking of a witness in modern times when adjured being 'a purely passive recipient,' I said that he had nothing to do but put a book to his lips, and then declare truthfully what he knows—as he is called upon to do. He has no concern with the words of adjuration, and their utterance cannot affect his obligation. There is therefore no meaning in the question put: and if there be any meaning in the last two lines of this paragraph, it is—that those who refuse to speak after being adjured, do so, not because they object to *the words* of the adjuration, but to the kissing of the book.

^o If X. Y. Z. refers to 'swearing,' I do not dispute what he says; but if to an adjuration, I deny its being a 'form in its nature peculiarly liable to abuse.' See Note (l).

^p Here also, if an 'adjuration' is intended, experience negatives the assertion hazarded.

^q This question was merely put by the way. I did not insist upon it; and never thought of balancing the proportionate obligations to speak the truth, of an oath and an affirmation, altho X. Y. Z. writes as if I had done so. What I meant was this: that a witness speaking after being adjured to do so by a Magistrate, must be a harmless act; while *solemnly affirming* you will speak the truth previous to giving evidence, *appears* to be something more than 'Yea, yea; Nay, nay.' But I judge no man.

Of course I am no apologist for the English Court of Justice Oath-of-adjuration. I believe it is powerless in assisting to the truth of a matter. My object has been to show that it is nothing worth going to prison for: indeed, that there is nothing in it at all. I find it impossible to conceive of any ground for objecting to it, save its *uselessness*.

B. E.

THE SWINEHERD OF STOWE.

BY GEORGE SEARLE PHILLIPS.

STOWE church, thro'out all Lincolnshire is famed
 For its great beauty as a work of art,
 And for the ancient memories that cling
 To its grey walls and sculptured monuments.
 I know it well and love it like a friend.
 It stands upon a gentle eminence;
 Amongst old graves of the forgotten dead,
 And looks upon the homes of living men:
 Sweet Cottage homes! adorned with sunny flowers;—
 Alas! how soon to be exchanged for those
 Where sunlight never comes, and sunny flowers
 Bloom only o'er the dark, dark, grassy roof.—
 I would not dim the landscape with my mood,
 Nor haunt the village with my dreams of death;—
 But I have often thought how sorrowful,
 And like a lone, old mother looked the Church,
 Waiting with her dead children, for the rest.

It is a Norman Temple—cruciform:
 With one broad tower, where, in the twilight gloom,
 'Mongst dusty rafters, hang the mighty bells,
 And quite indifferent, wake the country round,
 With merry marriage peal or funeral knell;
 As if they thought with me that both were sad,
 And that the first would surely bring the last.
 Dark doorways,—like monastic gates of old;
 Round arched and groined, with rich embosses wrought,
 Upheld by pillared capitals of stone,—
 Conduct you to the silent sanctuary;
 Where, thro' the dim religious windows, streams
 The cold grey light, o'er all the oaken seats
 And marble slabs and vaulted aisles of death.

The village greybeards in their chimney nooks,
 When blazing logs upon the hearthstone burn,
 And listening children cluster round their knees,—
 Tell how good men with pious hands designed
 To build the great Cathedral of the Shire
 Where stands their ancient church; and how unseen,
 Night after night, each day's completed work

Was all undone; and the foundation stones
Were borne, with noiseless speed, o'er bog and fen,
Nine miles, amidst the stars, to Lincoln hill;
And how at last these miracles did change
The craftsmen's purpose, and they built it there,
The old Cathedral—like a dream of God.
Tradition with her marvel loving tongue,
Has handed down this tale from sire to son,
Seven hundred years or more; and with it one
More beautiful and true, to me at least,
Than all the legends which these greybeards tell.

There was a Man, a Swineherd, Saxon Churl,
Who lived at Stowe and fed his master's hogs.
No hog was he; but as I think a Man.
A pious fellow, tho his frock was rough;
Who loved the Saints, the Virgin, and the Son,
And worshipt God amongst the forest trees.
His sermons were the sunshine and the rain;
His prayers, the murmuring winds amongst the leaves;
His choristers were all the singing birds,
Which sung sweet anthems to his tuneful heart,
And made him happy thro the livelong day.
He needed not—altho to Church he went
On Sundays, with the rest, to hear and pray—
Or homily or warning for his life.
The seasons were his preachers, and he learned
From Natures lips the gospel that he lived.
He was not old or young—but middle aged;
With brawny shoulders and with stalwart limbs.
His hands were large and sinewy, fit to pull
An oaken sapling from its solid roots;
And his broad chest was like a giant's strong.
Brown hair and matted locks fell o'er his neck,
Whose iron muscles bore the head erect.
His face was like a summer afternoon,
All sunshine and expression; tho it bore
The marks of weather buffetings and storms.
His eye was dark and merry, and his mouth—
Which in repose was like a chiseled smile—
Made mellow laughter like a bugle horn
Amongst the woodlands, when at night he sat
Rejoicing with the children on the green.
For he tho kinless, and a lonely man,
Loved all the village children, and was loved
By them in turn as children only love.
He brought them apples from the oak in spring,

And bloomy boughs of hawthorn white with flowers.
And when the sere and yellow autumn leaves
Dropped down in beauty from the silent woods
He with brown acorns filled his wallet up,
Or 'mongst the uplands gathered hazel nuts;
And driving homeward all his herd of swine,
With his large wolf-dog lounging at his heels,
As the young children ran to greet him back,
Would toss them handfuls of his nutty store,
And shake his mighty sides to see them roll
With hearty frolic, scrambling for the prize.

And so it came to pass when Lord and Squire,
And Priest and Layman, all the country round,
Had given golden largess to upbuild
The great Cathedral on old Lincoln's hill:
That this same Swineherd,—who for many years,
Had laid such earnings by as he could spare,
To help him in the winter of his age,—
Resolved to give up all to serve his God,
And trust his God to serve him in his need.
With that he went into his lowly hut,
And from the rushes drew an ox's horn,
Full to the brim with silver pennies bright;
And forth that night he went, along the road
Which those old Romans as a highway cut
From ancient Lindum thrō the Vale of Trent;
And 'mongst the moony fogs and mocking fires
Walked straight to Lincoln, where the Holy Men
Who had the charge of the foundation sat.
Next morning, at the crowing of the cock,
E'er yet the sun had risen in the East,
He sought them out; and whilst they sat at meat
Had audience of them in the breakfast hall.
"I come" he said, "to give an alms to God,
"Who am his debtor both for life and food
"For nearly forty years. It is not much,
"But it is all I have." With that he drew
The horn from out his bosom reverently;
And laid it on the table, where they sat,
These holy men,—who asked him whence he came,
And who he was, and if these pence were his.
"A moment since they were; now they are yours,"
He answered; "as the deputies of God
"To build a house for him, or help to build.
"I am a Swineherd from the lands of Stowe;

"And for each penny in the ox's horn
"I paid a day of honest sweat and toil.
"Fear not the offering, reverend sirs, to take,
"I would not steal for God."

Then they replied—

"It is a noble and a pious gift ;
"And thro' all time for this thou shalt be known.
"Thou, with thy horn of silver pence shalt be
"Cut in rare sculpture, worthy of a King ;
"And gazing on the Temple's western front,
"The Pilgrim and the Stranger as they come
"To pay their vows before the sacred shrine,
"Shall read the history of thy generous deed,
"In after years when thou and we are dead."

And I, late born in these strange after years,
Have read it there ; and wondered as I read
O'er all the births of time which crowd the world
Since the poor Swineherd vanished in the dark.
And thousand thousands yet shall go and gaze
On the stone effigy, with wondering eyes,
And wondering thoughts o'er still more strange events,
When I am dead ; and centuries lie between
Me now alive, and them with death asleep.



CONSOLATIONS OF POVERTY.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

THOSE persons who, like me, are poor, and fancy they should be happy enough if they had plenty of money, have fallen into an error which I have always avoided as the snare and bane of life. For it is not only a profane imagination to suppose that happiness lies in wealth, but it is high treason against the sovereignty of the soul, and a denial of its spiritual prerogative. It is a kind of thinking which sets all the faculties of man afloat, and drifts him over Dead Seas, where there is neither bottom nor anchorage. We cannot too soon throw overboard these false and alluring notions, if we wish to have a prosperous voyage in the vessel that carries our fortunes. I have long since learned to hold the appendages and paraphernalia of society as things impertinent to the true life of a man, and as hindrances rather than furtherances to wise and sober living. Independence of these outward matters, which are mere contingencies, and, like the coquettes of fashion, more frequently jilt than stick to their lovers, is certainly the first condition of peace and happiness. It becomes every one, therefore, in these flitting and ghostly times, to find out what is solid and lasting, and cleave to it, if he would not be an Ephemeral whom the great sun laughs at, and finally burns up with his fire. For there are rocks, as well as bogs and quicksands, in the way of life, and he is the best person, to my thinking, who can feel the hard earth under his feet.

We make too much of wealth, which I neither despise nor covet, and think too meanly of poverty, which, as an apprenticeship, is proper for all men. I, at least, will praise the master who has made me skilful in my trade; and altho my Indenture bound me to him for years, during which, according to the regulations of the Guild, I had to work hard, to live hard, and to lie hard, I never found it 'damned hard,' as the soldiers declare it to be,—and who are, therefore, responsible for the oath,—but can testify that it is good to serve, even upon these or worse conditions. I know, likewise, that the counsels of books, and the spoken words of a wise and generous heart, are great consolations to a lean and hungry body. 'Hold fast by thine integrity,' was the noble text which a good Quaker friend of mine used to preach to me in my days of poverty; and the beloved voice sounded in my ears like the voice of a Prophet and a Father; not without result. Indeed, if I might venture on a figure without bungling, I would call Rectitude the belt of stars with which Fortitude, the giant of the soul, girds up the strength of his loins, and becomes thereby immortal and divine. Let us emulate the sublime endurance of Prometheus, even tho the Vulture be tearing our vitals. For it is better to bear suffering like a God, than to complain of it like a Craven. The world is not so full of brave examples that it can afford to lose one. And if we reflect how short a time we have to play our parts in it, what does it matter, so that we are true and honest, whether we live in a Cabin

▲▲

or a Palace? whether we eat bread and drink water, or feed on the dainties of flesh and wine?

It is, at all events, well to know gold from glitter, and learn, as early as we can, to esteem things according to their value. It is not the title which makes the lord, nor is it poverty that makes a man poor. I have seen many an ugly beggar in fine clothes, and many a nobleman in rags. I wish all men to be so rich, that poverty and wealth may be equally acceptable to them. Not to know whether we are rich or poor, is a sign of the highest affluence, which is not without even modern exemplars. There are such numberless blessings and enjoyments, in all human conditions, that it is not worth while to hunt after black swans. Let us be poor and pious, leaving the Cottage door open that Angels may come in. I have still faith in these holy visitations, notwithstanding the exorcisms of science; nor can I be persuaded that the less holy creatures whom our poetic forefathers saw dancing in the moonlight, have yet forsaken their haunts on the green sward. It is a license of belief which I acquired in Lincolnshire, when bread was scarce, and beauty and sorrow were plentiful. The old religion is better than the new, to my liking. And whilst these recollections are upon me, I will relate what happened during my sojourn, as a poor teacher, in the Trent Valley, on the Lincoln side, which, as it was of importance to me, may serve others in like circumstances, who may chance to read this paper. It will show at least, in what light a good and great man regards poverty, which is something to the purpose of this essay. My Quaker friend, who lived,—and still lives, I hope,—in the next hamlet to that which is the scene of my short story, lent me (now eight years ago) a very memorable book styled ‘Chartism,’ which, night after night, I devoured and redevoured, by the dim lamp that served my reading humor in the School-House. In a fit of youthful enthusiasm, I ventured, from this obscure dwelling, to write a letter to the author, who, because I believed him to sit in the highest region, over all the thrones and potentates of literature, would, I felt quite sure, pardon his small Idolator, and perhaps throw him a sun-beam to cheer his loneliness. Nor was I disappointed. For the words he sent me—as I told him one starry night, not long since, whilst sitting alone with him on a rustic seat in that Rawden Garden—made a new epoch in my life, and bound me to him with still stronger ties of love and reverence. Here are the words which made me who never cared much about Poverty, care still less about it, and resolve to grind out of it whatever blessings were in it. ‘As to Poverty,’ says the writer, ‘why I will bid you by sufficient trial of that too, never mind poverty! Poverty is not a bad thing at all, if there be a brave man at the bearing of it. You will get priceless blessings out of poverty, such in very truth as no man with his riches can buy, if you take it up wisely, valiantly. This may be incredible to you at present, but I hope a day is coming, when you will find it true enough.’*

* The School-house which I have spoken of above, shall have a speaker for it here, out of old regard. It was a new building, with four square walls, and some six windows, which being without blinds, I was freely visited by the sunshine during the day, and by the welcome faces of the moon and stars at night, which seemed, out of their lone immensities, to smile upon me in my cloistered solitude. I have often seen the same faces since, and never without a friendly recognition passing between us, altho I have lately

These sentences are worthy to be remembered by every poor student in particular, and every poor man in general. They hide all manner of swords and heroism; and eyes like sunny landscapes look out of them, as the reward of the conqueror. Indeed, as I intimated above, poverty is a severe, but celestial discipline, and worthy of all acceptation. According to my notion, every man who is destined to occupy a prominent place in the councils of his country, or to be in any wise a ruler of men, should be trained in this school, that he may know how to prize and use his prosperity, and learn to sympathize with the sufferings of his fellows. I never heard of a brave man who lost in this noble struggle, but there are numberless instances on record, of those who have gained in it all that was worth having. Jean Paul prepared himself for immortality in his mother's kitchen, and Thomas Carlyle, as a poor Edinbro scholar, had to study Newton's Principia on an empty stomach. 'No Tamerlane Conqueror,' I heard him say; 'with all the East under his foot, was half so rich and happy as I, when, at the end of the long winter, the Principia lay before me subdued and vanquished.' Nay, there are examples of whole nations, whose poverty was their pride and glory. The Lacomians ate black bread and broth, and their chief prayer to the gods was that they might have honor alone for their virtuous deeds; and every one knows to what heights of magnanimity and grandeur the old Spartan republic attained under the iron laws of its founder. It is but lately, when I had the honor of receiving as a guest the Philosopher of Massachusetts, that he told me of one Thorow, a ripe scholar and a man of genius, who lived at Concord, in a wooden house of his own building, and who never allowed himself more than a shilling per week wherewith to supply his table. If he needed more money for the 'things of a man' than his scrip would afford him, it was his custom to apply to the Philosopher for leave to work on his farm, until he had earned sufficient for his purposes. This brave person, who was worthy to have lived in the days of Lycurgus, or to have driven his plough with Cincinnatus, had measured well his own power,

fancied there was a tinge of sadness in their smile, which was not wont to be there. But sorrow is a holy thing; and perhaps, my old friends—the stars—have become more religious than they were, altho, it must be confessed, I never saw them gay, even when they looked fullest of hope. I must come back, however, from the stars to the School-house, with which, indeed, they have a paradoxical relationship—viz. that of something, and nothing. The walls of the school were whitewashed, and having neither money nor maps, I set to work, and drew and colored upon the said walls, from a borrowed atlas, as many as they would hold, until most of the Geographies of Earth flamed there in notable illuminations. In the spaces between the windows were all the Kings and Queens of England, drawn out at full length in solid Indian Ink letters, with the printed dates of their appearance and disappearance upon this island. I had traced, likewise, in other vacant places, a Grammar of the Mother Tongue in Cipher, and gave lessons from the same, for lack of Lindley Murray's books. Every niche was filled up with memorials of 'sage, wise, and good men,' as Plutarch calls them, in the shape of sculptured saws and moral admonitions; and to complete the Academic medley, and remind all comers that this house was for the worship of work, and not for the profanity of idleness, I wrote this paraphrase over the lintels of the doorposts:—

Keep for the horse a whip,
 Keep for the ass a bridle;
 Keep for the fool a rod,
 And flank him when he's idle:

An imperative warning, which was, in most instances, heeded by those whom it concerned.

against the combinations of society, and the chances of fortune. He was his own builder and purveyor, his own law and riches. With a new world around him—unquestioned, unexplored—its rivers and cataracts, its huge mountains and glorious skies, its sunshine and gorgeous nights of stars—he did not believe in Poverty, but walked thro' the world, as Bulwer describes the Romans to have done, 'like a Lord in his Hall.' He was a necromancer whose hands were as cunning as magic, and served all his wants and necessities. That he might witness the secret beauty and glory of nature in her loneliest hiding places, he constructed a boat with his own hands, and having furnished her decks with provisions, sailed away for a fortnight up the 'Indian stream' which Emerson alluded to at that Manchester Symposium, with Plato's Timeus for a companion. And this self helping man, with his shilling a week and log dwelling-house, was of sufficient magnitude to be prized by the greatest person whom America has yet bred and nurtured, and of sufficient integrity to be the guardian of his Household and Estates during his absence from them.

A wise man can effect more with his poverty, than a fool with all his riches; for wisdom is the only true Cræsus. No doubt it is inconvenient to forego the necessities of life, as I myself have found it to be, but it is foolish to jump out of the window, because the wolf barks at the door. I had rather slay the wolf than put up with his howling. Many things that we call necessities, are superfluities and luxuries, which we can very well spare without injury either to health or morals. Jesus lived upon alms, and the Apostle Paul was a brave Tent Maker, who traveled upon his own mysterious earnings. 'Take no thought for the morrow,' is the highest lesson which a Son of God can learn and live by. 'Behold the Lilies of the Valley!' has ever seemed to me like a new *fiat lux*, opening up a celestial and beautiful world, to all clear eyes and trusting hearts. The Heavenly Father who cares for the Lilies, cares more for man by giving him the Lilies to love. When I see a fine landscape, or look upon the stars, I am rich enough. Poverty seems a very contemptible complaint in such a healthy and affluent world. The scholar, at all events, who can get bread and water, and is not obliged to run away from his chambers, as Jean Paul was, for fear of the landlord or the washerwoman, has nothing to make him sad and heavy. Let him abide his time with cheerfulness, for he is the chosen of heaven, the 'heir of all the age,' the foremost in times' ranks, the inheritor of all the eternities. But he must battle and conquer before he can sit down in peace, and enjoy the sunshine under his own fig tree and vine. It may even happen that he is obliged to live on coarse fare, and never hear the chink, in his own pockets at least, of any other than copper coins, all his life time thro', but he is not the less great for that, nor acceptable to that high Lord who knows the relative values of worth and commodity. How fared it with the Cæsars and Alexanders of old, how fares it with the Hudsons and the Stock-brokers of this day, that thou, Poor Brawler against the Destinies! should'st make such account of their condition? Was not Diogenes rich enough to request the Macedonian conqueror to stand out of the sunshine? and Socrates to tell his infamous Judges, when they had condemned him to death, that they ought rather to maintain him at the public cost in the Prytaneum? Nay, do I not at this moment know a man of much promise in Nottingham Town—a new Evangelist—who, like James Greaves his master thinks three shillings a

week enough to provide food for the body, and lives on roots and water that he may preserve himself pure for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost? Numberless examples might be quoted of men who have preferred poverty to riches; and altho I do not like superstition, either in this or anything else, yet it is refreshing to see a high and haughty soul looking with contempt upon the tinsels of property, and daring to live free and naked in a world of Clothed Apparitions. It is a privilege this, belonging to the heavenly immunities, to attain which all sacrifices were cheap. Society will certainly have its laugh at plain-dealing and eccentric persons, who act always from fixed ideas, and cannot conform to the general customs—because it is conservative in its very nature, and does not like to be reminded of its own littleness by the majestic presence of a man. But it is equally true that for integrity and rare gifts society has the profoundest reverence in its heart, altho I doubt not that Socrates himself would be voted a bore, in any modern Drawing-room. Perianther of Corinth, whilst entertaining the Sages of Greece at a banquet, of which I have spoken more fully in another paper, laid aside the sumptuousness of his ordinary fare in honor of his guests, whom he knew to despise splendor as well as dainty and costly viands. It was a graceful recognition of the supremacy of the intellect over the ordinances of fashion and the idolatry of the belly. The poverty of the guests did not detract from the moral beauty of the banquet, nor did Thales and Bion speak less freely because they sat at a King's Table.

Nevertheless, I am not fond of poverty, and do not like to be pinched with hunger, for I have had my share of rough usage in the world. But what I assert is this, that it is useless to whine over a hard lot, and honorable to bear it with a brave and manly heart. Every condition has its uses and blessings, and I have found much profit of the heavenly sort, in keeping a Sorrow Mill wherewith to grind all my suffering into meal for nutrition. Let us be content with the dispensations of the gods, and believe that all things are for the best. I think the Manchester men displayed their long ears not a little, when they made such a hubbub in the streets, over Emerson's recognition and annunciation, at the Athenæum, of the truth contained in this injunction. 'Why Blasphemest Thou, O Seer!' was perhaps a little antique and Hebraic, a little startling and sudden to a modern audience, but pious enough, if the good people could have interpreted its spirit; and, the rest about 'brothels,' and 'scaffolds,' was but a bolder way of saying 'all things are for the best,' and as good a commentary as need be on the text: 'God shall be all in all.' For Poverty and Want, Wrong and Crime, are the necessary and fatal fruitage of that moral fall which is symbolized in the old Fable about the Apples of Eden. He who can look deep enough may see the goal to which the calamities of men are tending, and in the exhibition of frightful public or private phenomena, will learn by this knowledge to hold his peace, in awe and submission. There is nearly as much profanity in noisy declamation against evil, as there is wickedness in the commission of evil. Let him who hates evil, show me a good life, for that is the best and holiest, as well as the most reverential, of preachings.

Poverty and wealth are both good, if a true man bear the burdens of them, for the true man is lord of his condition. But in order to try what metal a person is made of, it would be hard to say which of the two conditions would be the best

furnace for the experiment. There are temptations common to both, which it is a task to master. We all have our probation of forty days with the devil in the wilderness, but it is not every one who can say 'Get thee behind me Satan!' This, however, is the first requisite proof of valor, and these alone are the words which can unlock for us the kingdoms of Life and Rectitude. Nothing more godlike can show itself upon earth, than a pious and trusting soul that follows the right, and advances upon the starry highways of its eternal destiny, unmoved by good or ill report, and undisturbed by circumstances. Such a soul restores our faith in the laws of celestial gravitation, and makes us feel that God is a solid, and not a gas. Obedience to the high and eternal behests, in a world full of rugged and savage obstructions, where poverty, want, and wrong assume the fiery visages of demons, and with infernal conjurings bring up from the bottom of the dread abyss appalling visions of despair, and mocking masks of doubt and denial, to jibber at the soul and scare it from its enterprize, is, I say, the most sublime of spectacles. It is an obedience which makes God the debtor of man, and all the Hosts of Heaven to clap their hands. I know this is not a common thing, but it is on that account, all the more beautiful and blessed when it does appear. I like the strength and pride—the humility and submission of the old Bard David in this exclamation—'Tho he slay me, yet will I put my trust in him.' It is the triumphant chorus in the battle song and life of a saint, and bravery and piety can go no further. Somewhat different to this is the rant of the Devil in Lord Byron's Cain:—

He is alone, indefinite, indissoluble tyrant.
 Could he but crush himself, 'twere the best boon
 He ever granted.

I call this very bad philosophy, even for a devil, and he who mistakes it for religion would do well to read the Psalms, if they are not too old-fashioned for modern tastes,

To conclude, however. The Book of Job furnishes us with the best example of a man tried by wealth and poverty, and found even thro'out. I think this book the finest of all epics, ancient or modern. The good man, who in his direst poverty and affliction, both of soul and body, would not 'curse God and die,' but answered his tormentors thus: He knoweth the way that I take, and when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold,—was indeed a fine exemplar; and so high a subject is well worthy of the almost supernatural pomp of imagery in which it is set. How very old is the burden of that sacred writing! How universal and deeply planted are the ideas which it represents; how modern to the highest minds of this day does it read! Think you that Goethe had not been in the same depths with that mighty Arabian? That Faust and Job are not creations of the same material, tho cast in different moulds? Or that Festus and the Pilgrim's Progress would have been written, if there were not one common mind to all humanity, and one mystic, fathomless sea, enveloping all existence, to draw from?

These suggestions should admonish us that the soul is its own wealth, and that outward circumstances, whether of riches or poverty, are good or evil, according as we make them so. I know that the body must be fed, and in these sorrowful times of distress and misery, it would look like cruelty to write the philosophy of

suffering, and hand it over to the people instead of bread. For I can find no apology for starvation, which as it is the most anomalous and dreadful of all social facts, so it lies far beyond my Economics of poverty. I should be ashamed to write to the poor man who had not bread to eat, and would prefer to give him half my own loaf rather than any dissertation; but my concern in this paper has been more with the poor student (whom the gods always care for) than with the poor operative whom so few care for; altho I hope both parties, in the right season, may find a few crumbs of consolation scattered in it, here and there.

THE DAY AND THE HOUR SHALL REVEAL.

When the weary pilgrim sinks down on the heath,
Oh speak to him not of the length of his way!
When morning awakes him with odorous breath,
He will on with the new born day.

Do not cut down as a blight to the plain
The tree that the lightning hath scorched and riven:
For its roots will send forth green shoots again
When wet with the dews of heaven.

Regard no work with an eye of scorn;
Call no man's *talent* a meagre boon;
Behind the grey clouds and the mists of morn,
Lies the calm clear azure of noon.

He who sees fit that the heart should bleed,
He, only He, knows how to heal:
Man judgeth amiss, but the Thought and the Deed,
The Day and the Hour shall reveal.

K. B.

ALL GOOD THINGS ARE COMMON,

When the newborn helpless Stranger
 Enters first this World beneath,
 Born in Palace or in Manger,
 'Tis the common air we breathe ;—
 When the silken lids asunder,
 To the miracle of sight,
 Open first with joy and wonder,
 'Tis unto the common light :
All good things are common.

On him now in quick succession
 Influences unnumbered play ;
 Hidden powers in due progression
 Forth unfold from day to day.
 Sun and shade, the earth and ocean,
 Change of season, night and noon,
 Minister to one emotion,
 Nature knows no partial boon :
Needful things are common.

Nature, universal mother,
 Doth bestow on every soil,
 Unto one as to another,
 Equal gifts to equal toil.
 'Tis on all the rain descendeth,
 'Tis for all the flowers are spread,
 'Tis one common sky that bendeth
 O'er the humblest, haughtiest head :
All such things are common.

Not alone the broad creation ;
 Thought and feeling both are free,
 Heart and mind are not of station,
 Nor controlled by man's decree.
 Like the precious ore in mountains,
 Knowledge yields to strength and skill ;
 Wisdom from her sacred fountains,
 Cries—Ye thirsty drink at will !
Inward things are common.

What tho dressed in brief dominion,
 Might usurps the common soil,
 (Prey of old to stronger pinion)
 Birthright of the Sons of Toil.
 Thy proud title searched by Herald,
 In the ancient Courts of Time,
 Proves, by voice of Justice, peril'd,
 Ends in bloodshed, force, and crime :

All just things are common.

Time shall come when Might no longer
 Makes its own subservient laws,
 Strengthening ever still the stronger,
 Trampling down the weaker cause,—
 Right, so called, divorced from Duty,
 Proudly leagued with power, the Earth
 Fills, where else were heavenly beauty,
 With oppression's monstrous birth :

Duties must be common.

Power unreined the Tyrant ever
 Hath abused by one long plan,
 What by Heaven is joined to sever,
 And enslave his fellow man.
 Equal rights unto thy Brother
 Have been given by law Divine ;
 That which taketh from another,
 Never can be truly Thine.

All best things are common.

At one goal alike each Mortal,
 Hastening onward soon must stand,
 With the grave one common portal
 To a better happier Land.
 At a common Footstool bending,
 All must seek one mercy-seat ;
 Here the Pilgrim's warfare ending
 At a common Saviour's feet :

Final things are common.

B.

SLEEPING BEAUTY.

I. THE ISLAND.—ARIEL.

WES, it is even as thou sayest, Ariel: we lie all awry, twisted, contorted, crushing one another; and our eldest brother, Adler, with those, our brethren, next to him, who have become his baser factors, flatterers and followers, tread on us—but with a double hurt—to us first, but also to themselves. They bruise our head: we bruise their heel. O Mother, Mother! why rear us up so numerous, and then die?"

"Hush, Haiarno! our mother is not dead, but sleepeth."

"Yea, Ariel, such sleep as may not awake again. Ah no! She will awake no more! Oh never more! For ever shall we writhe, as now, under and over one another, stinging and being stung, crushing and being crushed, weltering miserable in a chaos of sick life!"

"Never, Haiarno, never will I believe it! Never will I believe such pain, and misery, and sin eternal. There comes a resurrection of the Beautiful. Our mother *will* awake. She must—she will. I know it, and I see it."

"O Ariel! would it were so! O that my mother might awake and see this wretchedness! Could she but see me as I stand—worn, wasted, haggard,—my thin, blue cheek engrained with the small black veins that break thereon, channelled by the sweat of toil, nor less, perchance, by the charmed liquor that our brother Comus brews for us—my skin in cracks and crusts—my bones bent, bowed, distorted—my exhausted sinews drawn into visible cords! Nor yet so thoroly exhausted, nor yet so wholly drained, O sinews! Drawn—drained! Aye indeed, well drawn, well drained! Yes,—with a bitter smile I see it and I say it—these cars and chariots of pride that thunder mid our cots and cottages, when Adler, with his parasites, hath deigned to take the air—those huge clouds—those mighty pageants of pleasure—that float upon our lakes with fire and flame to drive them—have they not been dragged and drawn even from the very pith of these lean sinews? The garment that enwrappeth him, is it not woven of our brother's flesh? These cushions of his luxury, purple and exhuberant, are they not moulded of our brother's blood? These halls and palaces—these piles of masonry that touch the clouds—their supporting columns—are they not these very bones? Ay,—and more bitter is my smile—are they not cemented with our sin—*my* sin—*thy* sin, Adler—the sin that thou hast caused in me by thine? And is there not a curse upon them? Are they not permeated by a spell that makes them agony—despair—crime? Thou hast trampled on me—trod me under foot—chained me in mountain-bowels—shut me up with toads, and ravening rats, and dropping waters, and exploding fire—forced me to ransack all fountains, lakes, and rivers, to heap the wherewithal to glut thy phantasy. Thou hast drained my vitals to the dregs, till I stand even thus—naked, and thin, and dwarfed, and ignorant, and criminal. But with what to thee, with what to thee, has all this

work been done—with what to thee? The draught, has it not been poison? These cars and chariots—these pageants on the lakes—these blood-moulded cushions—these piles of masonry that touch the clouds—weigh they not upon thy head, thy heart, with a weight stooping thee to hell? Ay, flee, flee! Flee to the drugged cup of thy brother Comus! Flee to broil and battle with the beasts of the field or the fowls of heaven! Or better—fiercer far—flee to broil and battle with thy own kind and kindred! Cut—stab—hack—hew thy brother! Bathe in his glowing blood! Clothe in his steaming entrails!—Ah! ah!—still is there no rest—no peace—no cool!”

“Unhappy! Oh unhappy! Haiarno, thy words are as agonizing fire! Me, Me! woe is me! that truth is in them! I past the workshop—the chill, damp cell—in which our brother Euplocus sits weaving. I saw him there—diseased, dwarf, famisht; and, even as I looked and listened, the very voice and actual utterance of his loom did seem, Revenge! But, O Haiarno! lift not thou thy hand against thy brother Adler! Are there not pain and sin enough? Wilt thou add to them? Wilt thou become the thing thou hatest? Wouldst thou be Adler, and make him Haiarno?—Think! Patience! Hast thou not revenge even now? Saidst thou not, the very work thou dost is as a weight stooping him to hell? That very work, is it not swiftly, surely, bringing thee deliverance?”

“Ariel, mistake me not! Hand of mine shall never fall on Adler. His own sin consume him! My own virtue right me! Nor am I yet so shorn of pleasure. There is still some soothment for me—still some solace in my lot, hard tho it be. There is joy in the cup of Comus—joy in the robust laugh, the unmistakeable jest, the uproarious hilarity of my fellow drudges in that short evening hour that gives us privilege to meet, not for vain repinings and condolences—not for insane and sinful conclave of rebellion—but to support, and cheer, and gladden one another! Ay, Ariel, drudge—slave—helot as I am—laughter can come to me. Of my very misery I can make a butt; I can mock my grief; I can wring mirth from agony; I can shake my fetters into joyful noises. What gushing fountains of amusement are not these lean muscles to me! Lean, thin, shrunk they are: but fruitful are their wombs, teeming their bellies. Ariel! Canst thou not see—almost with thine actual eye—rising, like a birth, out of their fibres, those crowns, and coronets, and stars, and cups, and chalices of price, that fling lightly from hand to hand the jocund sparkle of the peeping sun what time he lightens up the pride of Adler? Lean muscles! Canst thou not see them teeming—swelling—overflowing like a Nilus—depositing their multitudinous freight, their all-prolific stores? See, rising from them, innumerable as herbs that spring and spread upon the unsightly bosom of the earth, the points, tags, tassels, and adornments that deck the trappings and caparisons of the steed of Adler! See his hunting-spear,—the gewgaws and the spectacles of Dohl, Pol’s reed-trump, and the bells of Fol,—the sword and shield of Goups, Mochyn’s toothpick, and the looking-glass of Peod,—Corbo’s penknife, and the manacles of Milan,—nor less, the shoebuckles and plain finger-ring of that respectable, clean-handed, clean-shirted, well-regulated personage, our brother, Volp! In profuse luxury, spawning from them, like broods of countless crocodiles rising and living from the desert sands, see Taenia’s spindles and the vats of Comus, Aragno’s shuttles and the pans of Meliss, the implements of Getes, Scalops’ strong-box, Simulante’s symbol, Erro’s

hook, the casket, gems, and precious stones of Chrysourg! Now, showering from them, see the rain that fell on Danaë—those enchanting counters—*whereby, as by the signet of a God, Adler and the rest have power to take unto themselves all flowers, plants, trees that suck the bosom of the earth on plain or mountain,—all animals that crop the blade, or lurk in jungles,—all handiworks of man,—and man himself—their brother!* Lean sinews? Ha! rather, are they not exhaustless laughing-stocks, ‘fellows of infinite jest,’ repertoires of endless merriment? Poor am I then? Who shall say so? I, with thews which are Aladdin-lamps to stock a Universe—I, who thus rain upon the ground ‘Barbaric pearls and gold’—I, without whom the pomp of Adler vanishes in air, leaving him lone, naked, defenceless—who again will strike—trample—tread me under foot? The slave of Adler! His drudge—his helot! No, by the gods! I am his Lord, his Master, The Island is not his. ‘Tis mine—mine and Euplocus’s! Look to thy shuttle, Euplocus! See it carrying round and round thy brethren those marvelous threads, wrapping them in warmth or luxury! See this: and reverence thyself! Come! let us sit and joke together. Let us muffle up our griefs—choke them in flowers of frolic—bury them in fun! Come! we will prattle of ourselves! Come! we will babble and believe the island ours, and we the kings of it!”

“Haiarno! bitter are thy jests; thy smiles Sardonic. O, wax not into wrath! Let not indignation and revenge kindle thee to hate and wickedness. Let not malice salt, nor blood defile, the sweet, clear waters of thy long-suffering wisdom. Fuel for the flame is scattered all around. Beware the spark! Beware! even as thou valu’st that which thou seekest! As the oak springeth from the acorn, the hazel from the hazel-nut; so does good rise out of good, evil out of evil. Each seed feeds his own kind. Maize grows not on the Upas-tree. Leaves of the Sumach fall not from the ear of corn. The Plantain flourishes on the tree of Good: Apples of Discord on the tree of Evil. Hold on! Hold from! Ours shall the day be: theirs is but the night. I will believe it. *Beauty is not dead, but sleepeth.* Our mother will awake, arise, and give, as heretofore, her lustre into keeping of the spongy air, till man shall be transfigured, and shall bloom in beauty of the angels; our bare mountains shall resume their antique robes of filmy glory; and above our lakes, white clouds, upcurdled in the invisible air, shall brood in brighter loveliness. As of old, when angels were our guests and the hosts of heaven mingled with us, ‘pipes in the liberal air’ shall soothe our flocks. Again shall ‘the isle be full of noises, sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.’ Again, a united brotherhood, we shall sit down in peace together—*all at work, yet all at leisure*—peopling the waste with voices—making the wilderness rejoice in flowers—extracting the nobler from the baser—transmuting the surplus and excess of food we lay up for the body into the more precious food divine that feeds our spirits—transmuting food of earth to food of heaven, corn and wine to nectar and ambrosia—piercing the mysteries of this enchanted island—doing the hests of our great mother—weaving songs of praise and rearing altars crowned with flowers or odorous flames, in incense to our far-Father—living on earth only to live in heaven. Shall not this be, Haiarno? Speak! Shall it not be? *It shall.*”

“No, no, no! dream no more, Ariel! Thou art a thing compact of dreams. And yet how ~~many~~ are these dreams which Adler may not bar a chance, stray

visit, like glimpses of the sun, even to this poor, clouded brain of mine! Ah no! it cannot be. There come no messengers from God to man. Angels have deserted us. Our father has gone far, far. Our mother, she is dead. We are abandoned orphans, wicked and miserable."

"Thou art blind, Haiarno! Thy very wickedness has blinded thee. Else, not rarely, mightst thou see smiles of our mother, Beauty, gleaming from her secret sleeping-place, like moonlight, on our bewildered doings. She is not dead! She is not dead! *Yet* are her footsteps glowing on the earth! By fountain and by river, in dell and wilderness, the splendor is yet alive that from her garment dropt. Adler and his parasites have not yet wholly blurred the glory of her informing trail. I will arise. I will shake the dust of idleness from my feet. I will gird my loins up to the enterprize. I will go forth, and seek our mother where haply she hath lain down apart from us to sleep. I will awake her. Haiarno! I will awake her. I have a tongue of fire, a brain of images, and a heart of dew. I will awake her. She will return. All shall be well. This instant will I forth."

"Alas! poor dreamy Ariel! My little fountain of the gentlest lymph of love! how little knowest thou the task thy brain is all a-flame about! Is it so easy then to leave the hearth where hitherto thou hast been fed, and warmed, and fostered? Are roofs and fires, cupboards and garments, then so plentiful? Will manna, as of old, rain from heaven on thee?—the dry rock gape and gush to fill thy water-cruise? Will of himself the Sable bring to thee his coat of fur? Or will the Silkworm weave thee one? Are then the hills and plains all open to thee?—thine as much as Adlers? Where are his guards? How shall you pass them? Where is thy scrip? Hast thou store of counters in thy girdle wherewith thou mayest glut his insatiate, million myrmidons, that, vigilant as the hounds of hell, do watch each avenue—outlet or inlet—claiming, under a thousand different names, by a thousand different devices, tax and toll of thee? Without a counter, how canst thou even live?"

"Haiarno! food and raiment will be denied us nowhere. Few are the wants of health: disease can find no larder large enough. Small is the scrip that virtue needs: 'tis vice that cannot get sufficient store of counters to be safe withal."

"Thou art a strange being, Ariel! From thy youngest years, thou hast been all unlike thy fellows. Placed amid *the factors*—that superfluous and corrupted medium betwixt Adler, with his retinue, and us, the helots—fed on their gluttonous aliment—nursed in all their sleepy indolence—how unlike them art thou! To thee, the strong-box and the encrassing hoard—the swiftly swelling counter-heap—offered no charms. What to thee were all their petty spites and envies, their pitiful jealousies, pitiful rivalries—their striving, each to outshine the other in coat or hat, in sumptuousness of dinner, in fashion of a ring, or pattern of a shoebuckle? With their constrained and wily-purposed speech and motion, thy light laugh and lighter carriage sorted not. Life to thee was something more than a vain showing-off of airs and dresses. Their proud frowns and insolent questionings—their cruel spurnings—remorseless turnings of the back—their icy looks, darting like chill spears upon our woes—but ill accorded with thy fast-dropping tears—thy wild, soft heart—thy words like balm—thy liberal hand—thy swift rush of sudden indignation. Yea, Ariel! thou art all unlike the rest

of us. With us, the weeds, the abjects of the island, thou hast been almost a playmate. Thy kindly ways, spontaneous, unaffected courteousness, thy genial frankness, and thy laughing words, fell like sunshine on us, cheering, delighting. Thou hast never had the least glimpse of thought that thou wert different from us. We were thy equal brothers. Thou hast sat, at home and happy, on our greasy stools, amid the dust and ashes of our hearths. Thou hast talkt, and laught, and quafft the cup of Comus with us. With thy meaning looks, and strangely penetrating words, and sunny pleasantries, thou hast been to all a joy and a delight, an aid, a help, a love. Nay, even dumb beasts do follow thee with love. No dog but fawns on thee. The steed trembles with delight as thou approachest. Puss hath no dearer perch than knee of thine. The ox, as thou speakest to him, seems mitigated and intelligent. The linnet shivers his little plumes, peeps his little head oblique, and carols lustier in thy presence. On none but Adler and his parasites, has the sneer of scorn descended; has a proud eye been turned, or a proud lip curled. None but the Drones—the factors—the unnecessary *mean*—hast thou stretcht upon the rack of sarcasm. Yet familiar as thou art, and all accessible to the meanest, we feel, we know, thou art above us. Thou hast indeed a tongue of fire, a brain of images, and a heart of dew. Thou hast the eye to see withal: for are not all of us, from Adler and the rest, down to the poor Haiarno and the poorer Euplocus, but as machines in crystal to thee? Thou hast the power to make thy dreams realities. The treasures of the world could bribe thee to no lie; the powers of darkness could not bend thee to injustice; earth and hell could not force thee from thy purpose. Thou hast the subtlety to plan. Thine is the soul to dare, the heart to lead thy fellows. Thou, so different from all—so immeasurably superior to all—canst thou err in this, thy strong belief, that Beauty liveth? Shall I, a mean and despicable worm, dare hold debate against thee? I see—I see! It must be so! Thou must be right. *Thou hast said it: I will believe.*”

“Haiarno! may thy faith avail thee! Trust in it. Beauty is not dead. I will awake her. She will return.”

“O Ariel! string thyself to this great daring! Think of the bowels of the earth—see me there, far from the voice of day, the breath of heaven, toiling, toiling, evermore toiling! Think of thy brother Euplocus! Think—O think! Fall not into temptation: sleep not by the way. Thou knowest the keenness of thy senses: avoid! Beware of Adler and his mates. What fascination would not thy sweet presence be to them! What delight thy pleasant quips, and bubbling merriment, and wild, wild waggeries! Have thou a-care, O Ariel! Their delicate food, their enchanted liquor, and their downy luxuries, have power to blot out heaven—have power to crush the lamp and bury the treasure that thou bear’st within. Think what a task thou hast! Think!—O think!”

“Fear not, Haiarno! I will be firm. Hope on! work on!”

“All flesh has corrupted its way upon the island. In Adler there is no hope; in Goups none; in Vulp none. Dohl, Pol, Fol, Peod, and Mochyn, are for laughter only. In Tacnia there is no hope, in Simulante none. Hope there is none, none—none for thy aggrieved brethren, but in thee, O Ariel! Be thou true to us! Be thou but true unto thyself: thou wilt not fail thy brothers!”

II. ARIEL SETS OUT.

THE clouds that marched so grimly, slowly on us, flinging their heavy shadows on the ground, till all the air wan'd with despair, have paused, loosening into rain; and on the front of them, like love upon the curse, the quiet rainbow glides. Haiarno has set his hope on Ariel; and Ariel has found his mission.

Swiftly the word went abroad in the city that Ariel was going forth to seek their mother; and the thoughts and voices of his brethren awoke around him variously. Most—some walking in the death-in-life of having, and others in the death-in-life of *not* having—had, in a manner, fallen asleep; and they muttered dreamily, as the word came to them, “Mother! Mother! what Mother? We have no Mother—have we?” Many, at the sound, felt as if some unknown talisman were struck within them, calling up perplexingly, as now heard in wakefulness and truth, something long heretofore but heard in dream and phantasy. Visions of the by-gone Eden gleamed unsteadily upon them; forgotten voices murmured in their ears; sounds of familiar melody floated from afar, tasking their memories, melting their hearts. Like a great sea, heavenward they heaved.

Amazed, indignant, Adler heard, but smiled in mockery. Dohl opened wider up his stolid stare. Pol squeaked and threw an antic. Fol reddened to the ears with anger at the fool. Peod, adjusting himself and looking backward to his heel, drawled out, “Ariel! what’s Ariel? is it a bird?” Volp laughed, “Ha, ha! Not bad! A bird! Yes, of the lark sort, I fancy; but we’ll clip his wings, I doubt not,—shall we not, gentlemen?” Corbo and Milan chuckled.

Aragno, Taenia, and Co., gecked at the youthful foolishness, the raving madness, of the notion. Patronizingly, they explained to him the beauty of divided labor; mentioned the ecstasy of being the only holders in the market; disclosed how counter bred from counter, till the herd—just, by the bye, so many worms shut in cocoons to spin for them—fell down and worshipt, grudging not the sacrifice of body and of soul, so that *they* were wantless. Ariel, however, hearkened not, but issued to the street.

Chrysourg, Meliss, and the rest, stood in their door-ways or leaned across their stalls, affecting to pity him. Erro jostled and hooted him. But Ariel passed on, his eyes upon the ground. Once only he spake, then when the tribe of Simulante, with fierce murmurs, gathered around him. For Simulante, tho he had forgot all of their far father, all of their fair mother, still made pretence of knowing them; and still had power on many hearts to fill them to the brim with the most frantic malice. Now, as they crowded round him, remonstrating, threatening, denouncing, pressing ever a peculiar lamp upon him, urging him to take it and to walk by it to a large edifice not far distant, where they asserted Beauty was. Ariel paused and spake even thus: “Is then the lamp alive, my brothers? Is there light in it? I see it not. Do ye? Oil! say ye? Nay: ’tis blood! That house, which ye do call the house of Beauty—why, look! the walls have all fallen in! There is no roof upon it—winds are howling in it—rains are falling in it! The loveliness and music, that heretofore were as a presence there, are dead. Why look ye to the west, when ’tis in the east that hope arises? Why follow ye the set-

ting sun, now when with cymbal's clash and dulcimer, and joyous acclaim of voices, ye should walk over the dewy blades in beauty of the morning to meet him as he rises in the east with fresher health and more abounding vigor? Day goeth down into the west and from the east night cometh, yet in the east is morning. Up! Hail ye the Orient! Onwards! A sun stronger and more glorious will even now burst forth, like a bridegroom, glowing from the bath!"

So spake Ariel: but they derided him the more; and still the more brandished before his eyes the lightless lamp. So Ariel turned and went forth by the gate upon the desert.

Absorbed in the chafe of what had passed, Ariel walked on, unconsciously taking the path that led to the mountains. "In spite of them, I will do them good," he muttered, "in spite of their own selves, I will do them good!"

The free air played upon his cheek, like health. His foot, elastic from the springy heath, grew ever lighter. His chest expanded; every sinew strung itself. Boundless overhead stretched the blue heaven. The mountains rose before him like an ecstasy. The joy of solitude bubbled up within him. Exultation—inspiration—thrilled him like a presence. His cheek flushed; his eye lightened. He trode upon the winds—he gesticulated—he cried aloud in transport. Unutterable thought found vent in rhapsody. He rolled upon the grassy earth to make it his. The pebbles in his path, that looked so clear in the keen air, he threw with wild strength on and on before him, still following eagerly with speed to see what mystery they might chance to light on.

By degrees, emotion, quieting itself, fell placidly into liquid dream; and Ariel pressed forward, forward, heedless of all outer circumstance. Suddenly, a voice cried "Ariel!" He stopt, he looked, he listened. Only the bare heath lay round him. Was it but fancy then? It must have been: so forward cheerily! Again, a voice cried "Ariel!" he palpitated, but pressed on. A third time rose the name of "Ariel": but only the more eagerly pressed Ariel onwards. In an instant, however, a whole host of voices swooped around him, like an exulting, overtaking multitude. The youth stood still in panic; but on this side and on that, they hemmed him in and pressed and swayed him diverse.—"Ho, ho, ho! the man to bring our mother!"—"I vow 'tis little Ariel!"—"To be sure! who did you think it was?"—"Well: in that delicate proportion, graceful symmetry, he has the thew to seize and crush."—"The thew! ho, ho! the thew!"—"He has always had great weight among us."—"Yes; his iron will, his sleuth-hound purpose, have ever awed and guided us."—"Poor boy! not the meanest of us but he slinks behind him, into his shadow."—"Yes, and thence holds over our shoulders to our eyes the palliated reflection of ourselves alone."—"A strong man! a mighty leader!"—"A daring soul, Sirs! look at him!"—"But he wants his Mother!" "He has a brain of images!" "Ay, ay; stucco ones!" "He can talk and laugh and quaff the cup of Comus, bless you!" "There's an eye for you!" "A clear eye!" "A penetrating eye!" "A blue one!" "No; a green!"—"A fine lad but hardly big enough!"

Tumultuously poor Ariel struggled and passionately he strove: but with foes intangible, invisible, all was vain. The teardrops burned upon his eyelids—he staggered, grasped at the air, and fell. For long upon the ground, he lay stunned, torpid, motionless. At length, as from a dream, he raised his head and

lookt. He was alone upon the barren heath: only the vacant air stood round him, looking on in silence. Then Ariel's voice went up in agony. "And is it so, my mother? am I thus weak? Ah yes! ah yes! I feel it is so. When spoke I as a man, before the face of man? I am strengthless, purposeless, powerless. I shrink—not slink, I do not slink, sweet mother—I shrink behind my meanest brother. I yield my individuality to every stranger. I cannot lead—Oh no! I cannot lead. The task was never mine. I am the vine upon the elm—in my bosom there are grapes. I am but the adorning wreath that, loosened from the pillar, tangles the ring."

So mourned poor Ariel over his own shattered self. "I will return," he cried, "I will return. But to what O Mother? To what, O Father, shall I return? One like me I knew that lived a parasite of Adler. And what did Adler make of him? In gorgeous carpets sank his feet. They rode, they drove, they sailed: all was joy! He sang to them; he found for them the words they wanted. They clapt their hands in praise of him; they crowned his head with flowers. He came to know them all; he grew familiar with them; and he spoke his thoughts. He caricatured Dohl and Fol and Peod; he laughed at Pol; he saw thrō Volp. Wailing to Adler and to Goups, he yet whispered of them. He grew white with revelry and tremulous. He started often and alarmed them with the cry of 'Mother'! All hated him: and, at length, they turned him to the street—a drunkard and a driveler! Avert the omen, Father! O, let me not be as he was, Father!"

To what shall I return? Shall I become as Taenia—my face, a blotch; my frame, a dropsy? Late in the morning shall I get up withered? Duly, over the shoulders of pale young men who all day long are adding and subtracting, shall my important chin arise with supercilious eye then dully puckered to the knowing focus? The grateful lunch shall it be swallowed greedily? Shall I gossip stentoriously on 'change, or trifle with a paper pompously? Ah! ah!—shall dinner come and then, at long and last, in generous vintage melted, shall eyes, shall brain be loosened? Shall my wife grow gross and tippie brandy? Shall my daughters—mere ya-ya things of satin and apothecary's odors—be very graceful overhead with music, envy, and frivolity? Shall my sons ruin themselves with debauchery? Shall—Pah! why waste more words? As Taenia I can never be. As easy may the hind become a beaver as I a Taenia. What then? O what, my Father, what is there for me? O ye accursed three that make this paradise a hell—food, fire, raiment—how shall I find ye? The huge machine goes spinning on in air; for every one is there place; for every one activity but me. Are they happy, Father? No one may leave his station for a moment but 'tis filled and occupied: round goes the huge machine before his eyes, leaving him behind, wailing and uncared-for. O dread machine, trampling the sweetness out of us, hast thou no place for me? I know a place that I might fill; but wolves have seized it. Still am I offered room by them, if I but say the lamp is lit, the house inhabited. And why should I not? why should I not? Food, fire, raiment, a station in excelsis, honor would be mine! Could I not minister to my sick brethren—tell them of their far father—make them kind to one another? Might not my foot be on the mountain or by the sea? Could I not wander, easy in myself, secure of place, building up glorious thoughts within me? Mine would it not be, upon the seventh, to blow the clarion over my unhappy brothers

who, all the week, live or mislive without the memory of father or of mother? Mine to re-build the images of our parents and open heaven? But then—the lies—the lies? Ah me! like incubi, would they not brood on me? My foot might be on the mountain or by the sea; but there would be no lightness in it. No glorious thoughts could build themselves amid the black roof of falsehood. Nor in the still recurring, dead, appointed drudgery could my being always flame. I should become even as Simulante. The time was, when in the freshness of the morning, on the springy heath, wandering with me, the foot of Simulante was free, elastic as my own. His voice had a glad spontaneous ring in it; and his sparkling eyes were honest. His heart beat true and warm. His soul was open as the firmament: and being leaped with him in frank exuberance.

But now the heavy change! See him on the street with motion stiff, mechanical, and face of stereotyped propriety, as if the very air had eyes upon him. The lovely thoughts that erewhile came to him, no more will visit him. Earth has become a blank, the ocean leaden-like and dull. The hills are smoky; and the heavens have lost their blue. His sick brethren—can he speak to them? Does he know to put the gentle finger on the wound? Can he appease the pains, the doubts, the racking agonies? He! he fears infection as a plague—their bedsteads are abomination to his clothes—he gabbles thro' the form, and exit. The trumpet 'tis his part to blow upon the seventh, he cannot lift. The seventh! it lies ever before him like a cloud that will not let the sun to shine. 'Tis an incessant bitter in his cup: he has no joy for thoughts of it. O the drudgery, the drudgery! his many windings to evade, elude, escape!

The solemn emptiness that takes the man from out his face; what a coarse mockery it looks, grown gross with decorous, self-denying gluttony! Seeming himself, what fierce zeal he has for seeming! what hatred and vindictive wrath for all that *is* or *would be*! How, ostrich-like, he thrusts his head into the brake, stamps his fierce feet, and cries, 'Tis so, 'tis so—I say it is, I say it is!

Is it then him that I would follow? Is it beside this man I would sit? Would I make his lot mine? In narrow, fierce intolerance—in the bustling restlessness of self-conferred apostleship—is there a place for me? Or shall mine be the puffed hands folded? Is there aught in me that suits this grave hypocrisy—this clear-starched mockery—this whited wall thro' which the coarseness of the wine-press and the shambles looms like blasphemy? Would I be Simulante? Never! I will preserve my truth or die! O no! I will not let my blood away! The world shall crash, but I will on! If I cannot live—if I cannot live—why then—I can go home—home to my Father—home to God!"

Ariel bowed his head upon his hands and wept. Then to the cope of heaven, he raised his streaming eyes and cried: "Am I not thine, my Father? am I not thine?"

Coldly stretcht the firmament above his head in blank monotony, nor showed one sign of sympathy. He heard a lifeless rivulet purl on. He saw the wide bare heath and the unmeaning sun. Then Ariel stood upon his feet and shrieked into the air: "Father! Father! am I thy son?" Silence, like an upstartled hound, skulked sulkily to her place again. There was the same cold sky—the rivulet—the wide bare heath—and the unmeaning sun..... "And is this all," he cried, and is this all? A dead cold, earth heavily to lift my weary feet

across! No more! Is there no more? I have been raving all this while! I have no Father—I have no Mother! Father? Mother? What Father? what Mother? What words are these? What is Father? What is Mother? Mother! Father!—I do perplex myself. There is earth, and there are men, and it is hard, hard to live. Mother! Father!”—Ariel reeled upon the sward and fell.

Celestial music woke him as of old: ah! he had but dreamed. There was his mother knitting in the sun and all her children round her. Across the fields, and thro’ the wood, and up the hill, and by the sea, rang their glad voices. And ever and anon they came with rich things in their hands to lay them at the feet of Beauty: and she smiled upon them, and took their offerings, and still knit them up into all lovely shapes, colors, and substances. And Ariel, at her feet, lay basking in the sun; and his brothers brought him shells, and eggs of birds, and fins of fish, and scales, and jewels from the mine, and bits of rocks, and flowers, and leaves of trees (for he was their youngest brother), and beautiful were the shapes they took as Ariel placed them.....

In no Mother’s lap was Ariel—the swoon had passed—on the bare heath he lay. Nevertheless, on wings of that fair dream he rose enkindled. “In my own heart, in my own heart,” he cried, “there lies the earnest of the future. My Mother is not dead; but sleepeth. I will track her footsteps—I will awake her!”

So Ariel anew gathered himself together; and drew his thoughts tight round him; and fixed them in the middle with resolve as with a buckle. Across the moor firmly he bent himself, still muttering, as he went: “Yes, in my own heart—my brothers may deny, for they forget—the sky may know not, nor the earth, for they are passive, dead—but in my own heart—deep in my heart of hearts, it lives—the memory of my mother. At even, or in morning, or at noon, ’tis not in vain they visit me, these dreams and images that inspire and guide. I feel, I know that I shall find her.”

Communing with himself, the youth stepped forward rapidly: the moor was overpassed without his knowing it. But, as his steps grew shorter, and his breath laborious, involuntarily he raised his eyes, and, with a start of pleased surprise, saw that he was already on the mountain. Nevertheless, halting not, upward, with fresh vigor, on the steeps he threw himself; for eagerly he longed to look abroad if anywhere he might espy aught vestige of his mother—ought tell-tale twinkle from her secret sleeping place.

At length, he paused, wearied with exertion. Upon the peak of vantage he had gained, he turned and lookt afar upon the ample silentness. “The wilderness is fair,” he cried, “surpassing in her loveliness! Blue sky and mighty hills—the woods, the lakes—calm rivers and wide fields—the sea! How beautiful! Ah here she dwells! Not with my brothers in their sickly-heated rooms of luxury—not with those others in their dark, damp cells of misery—but here!—here with the calm, broad-fronted presences that sun them largely in the slumbrous air!”

Long stood he thus with greedy-gazing eyes; but turned at length and recommenced his journey. Higher, higher as he clomb, still stronger, mightier, grew he in the faith of his great inquest. Did not her very breath mysteriously seem round him? The well-known smile upon her cheek—surely it was the same that now shone fitfully before him!

Suddenly, a voice, musical, of serious, ecstatic tone, rising on a swell of simple, yet somewhat stately melody, struck upon his ear, trancing the air. In swift amazement, casting his eyes around, Ariel presently descried, upon a ledge of rock, an old man sitting, rapt. Wondering who he was, and what he did, the youth made towards him. As he came near, something there was about the man that drew the warm soul of the youth up to his lips; and, running hastily to his knees, he cried in passion, "Tell me, tell me, for thou know'st, where is my mother!" The old man, looking on him, smiled and pointed to a grotto in the rock. Ariel flew to it, and entered. One glance sufficed—it held no living being but himself. The cell was naked and severe of aspect. On a small stone-table lay a book, on which the hermit (who had followed and now passed him) reverently laid his hand. Even as he toucht the book, light burst from all its edges; and Ariel exclaimed, "My Mother! what is there, there, of hers?" The old man, lifting the book, went out upon the grassy slope, and Ariel followed. Presently, the Hermit seated himself and motioned Ariel to his side. Then looked he long into the stripling's fair young eyes, till, satisfied, he nodded his head and said, "Thou art worthy! to thee the Book is open!" With stately, self-complacent pride of aspect, he unclosed the wondrous volume. Strange joy awoke in Ariel as he gazed on these mysterious pages. Taken after token of his mother glowed on his enraptured vision. Gems they were and jewels fallen from her hair; tear-drops from her own dear eyes; smiles from her lips; glances, naïvetés, espiègeries—a thousand charms: all wonderfully preserved and fixed in a pure crystal that yet enhanced their loveliness! The air pressed on and burned around the book. The world without grew luminous. Ariel lookt up: and lo! across the hill, afar, and down into a hollow, he saw the fringes of her mantle vanishing. Ariel turned eagerly to the old man, who, shutting the book with much complacency, nodded his head, and cried: "'Tis she indeed—'tis she herself—she is asleep no more! With me, among these hills, she dwells! Follow!" Thus having said, he rose, self-satisfied, put the book beneath his arm, and, stately-stiff, walked to his grotto.

But Ariel saw him not: he was already gone. With speed of light, the mountain-flank was overpassed—the margin of the hollow gained. And from the brink, he peered with eager-rolling eyes into the lurking places of the gulf below. Ah! no: she was not there! The very fringes of her robe had vanisht utterly. But there was a whispering in the trees—a nodding of the slumbrous foreheads of the opposing rocks, a bubbling of the waters—a wafting of the air—a murmuring of the very ground as after visit of the summer-rain—that spoke her presence. Down the tangled precipice sprang Ariel—down to the level of the slated floor. There stood he: trees and toppling crags hung round, or lay in fragments by him; and up—up—thré midst of them—up, up—far over jutting shelf on shelf, a monstrous waterfall, in the air, blew white and silent. There stood he in that depth of depths and called out "Mother!" The hollow caves and deep-recessed angles round about hoarsely woke up with "Mother!" The jutting crags above, opening their half-awakened eyes, hastily cried "Mother!" A hush: then from afar, like a withdrawing wail, afar from the white, silent cataract, came faintly, "Mother!" Silence, like an aroused, offended, overhanging deity, drew muttering back on Ariel, till he ran. Over the sharp, uneven

flints, he ran—round every rock, and into every cave—and leapt the gushing glut, and sped along the slippery shelves, and thro' the spray into the torrent-tongued nook, and, up the steep, past wall of rock from ledge to ledge, hither, thither, in open or in close, still calling, "Mother, Mother," in his panic, till all the horrid depths, from pool to pinnacle, were wild with hubbub and the cry of "Mother."

In vain! No archly-hiding loveliness sprang forth misgivingly; nor voice arose, yearning in apprehension and remorse of "Ariel, Ariel, here am I!" And Ariel's tears fell fast; and great sobs tore him: "O where is she, my mother, O my mother!"

Blank, silent solitude! The place grew frightful as the place of death. Ghosts of evil deeds threw gloom; and there were flittings on the dark. In haste, he clomb upon the mountain; nor stopt, but to the summit mounted. Behind him, hills on hills, interminable, upheaved their great backs to the sleepy air, like whales in shoals. Before him lay the wide-spread champaign, and, afar, the sea. Over the illimitable spaces wistfully gazed Ariel. Longings unutterable arose. What did it all mean then,—this, that lay so glorious around him—beautiful, melancholy, unfathomable—like loveliness in dreamy tears? Was he alone—alone—unthought of and uncared for—a waif of chance—a stray weed fallen on the rock?

Wildly he claspt his hands and cried, "My Mother! O my Mother! art thou but a dream then?" At that instant, her shadow lapsed athwart the plain, and by the sea her very sandals glittered. Adown the steep, precipitate ran Ariel, still whispering to himself "'Tis Beauty!" nor stopt, till, issued on the pebbly beach, he shouted "Beauty!" The rocks took up the name, and flung athwart the level, "Beauty." Silence drew back anon with awful pause: but Beauty came not. "Mock me not, Mother! Thou art here, I know: for all around burns with thy presence. O come to me—come forth—I am vexed in heart—'tis Ariel that calls—thy Ariel—thy youngest born—thy son—thy darling!"

Nor form appeared; nor voice replied. "I do deceive myself," said Ariel, at length, "she is not here. The old man on the mountain assuredly I have mistaken. I will back to him, and question further." So he retraced his steps, and once more bent him to the upland.

As he traveled on, he crossed a rivulet—a silver rivulet it was and prettily it prattled—and there, upon the margin of its pebbled bed, he spied a footstep of his mother. The youth threw himself on his knees to look at it—then raised his eager eyes in quest of others. A second footstep met his sight—another and another—then up the brook, flushed with fresh hope he ran. Up, up, he followed on, winding as the brook did; nor did his mother's footsteps in the grass desert him. On, on, he ran, the rivulet ever by his side, even like a playmate. On, on he ran with it under the hollow rock, under the bowery tree, under the thymy bank and round the island! On, on, o'er grass, o'er sand, o'er pebbles, and o'er lipping ledges—on, on, until the rivulet grew alive to him—a presence! How in rare, sweet places she would stop—and he would stop! And a beaming cheek with glancing eyes and loving mouth would glow upon him! And the twain would pantingly draw close into each other's breath, like lovers!

On, on, over the open fields—the voice of his companion lost in air! Onward

to the wood, where was a gleaming in it. "Surely it is she—my mother!" On thro' the wood he ran; among the trees he ran, still following on; for there in very truth he saw her rushing robes before him! On, on, with eager speed, with glowing cheek and flashing eye—on, on, by fountain and by bank, by copse and wildering dingle—on, on, till, bursting from the brake, on the free hill, he reeled. In vain! No queenly form paced there that might beseem his mother.

With wild longing at his heart and wild despair wreathed like two snakes, he threw his eager eyes on all sides. At length, a lambent flame that liquidly o'erflowed a chasm in the hill grew plain and plainer to him. The serpent-knot unwreathed itself; with a cry of joy forward he sprang anew. With swift speed soon he drew near the radiance. He turned a rock: the chasm stood unveiled before him. A quarry of the purest marble—tenanted by the most wondrous forms. Enormous bulks of heroes lay around—vast blocks, the images of bird and beast, of man and mighty God. And, three parts loosened from the solid wall, great, giant forms, like legends of forgotten time, stood forth a-tiptoe. Yea, like a liquid wave, the rigid cliff seemed flowing, yielding up to sight a doubled fist of infancy, a rounded arm, an ankle delicate, shoulders of ample span, and nervy knees. And one old king with haggard eyes and lips convulsed to speech, came forward in the midst, stretching a sceptreless right hand—omnipotence in years. And other forms there were, colossal, bulking from the stone into the lustre that o'erflowed the whole.

What are they?—whence?—amazed stood Ariel, when a low moan near him startled him to look where, on a bunch of green herbs, sat a fair boy with drooping head and idle chisel in his listless hand. Ere Ariel had time to question him, he raised a sudden glance, and cried: "Deceased Majesty I sought to make alive, once more to sway us into peace—but see!"—He pointed to the prostrate mightinesses and sobbed—"But thou—thy mien is gentle and thine eyes are like mine own—what wouldn't thou? whence com'st thou? what dost thou seek?"

"Fair Youth," said Ariel, "thou doubtless art my brother, our mother hath gone forth and wandered from us, and I, for that contention and confusion rack us, do follow on all paths to find her; and dints of her footing often have I found, but her great presence never."

"To that end, I too came forth—at least to bring lost rule among us—but yet of father or of mother heard I never—for me this fallen majesty alone had hope—but art thou sure 'tis not a dream?"

Hereat there rose into the air a wail so sweet that one youth stopt and both stared breathless. "'Tis sweetness not of earth," at length gasped Ariel, "such accents were my mother's—Adieu fair brother! longer I may not tarry!" Thus speaking, he had sprung forward in the direction of the voice, nor heard (or heeded not if heard) the stranger cry, "Come back! I know the voice! Come back! and I will tell——"

Erelong the sudden youth had gained the borders of a lake from which the wail proceeded. The liquid pity of the sound enriched the very air that fell like balm upon the wanderer. Halting, he gazed around. At length, upon the middle of the lake, he spied a frail form drooping from a little skiff. A slender youth it was, emaciated and grey, and O! with such a face of sorrow! The

heart of Ariel was torn within him, as he lookt on him. Drawing to the water's edge, he stood and listened while this new vision sang such meaning, melting things of Adler and Haiarno and the rest, and of their misery and sin, that all around grew dewy-luminous, and Ariel, moved to the very core, exclaimed: "My Mother! Strange youth that hast her voice, My Mother! give me my mother!"

Sudden, at the word, the stranger in the skiff arose as if convulsed, and tore his hair and shrieked: "We have no mother! Father or Mother had we never! Spawn of the earth are we, and playthings of the fiend!" Thus shrieking, the form collapsed into the boat, dead; but from its breast awoke a dove that rose into the air and hovered o'er the lake and flew away, at length, swiftly, yearningly, to the city. And Ariel watched it as it flew; and saw it stoop upon the city, but in an instant rise again. And as it rose its glossy wings seemed flecked with blood. Natheless it stooped again, but rose again and bloodier than before. And Ariel's own heart bled within him as he saw this gentle loveliness still stoop and rise, and rise and stoop, and find no resting-place, and flag as if exhausted, till a gust took it and bore it away, winging, flickering, into the west.

Ariel was stupified and sank upon the ground. "What could it all mean?" he thought! "Was it all vain, then? Was his search delusion? Twilight was coming on and doubt clung round him. Over the low mist that crept along the lake, like breath upon a mirror, he lookt—over the plain he lookt afar to where the mountains dreamily withdrew themselves, till a form arose from them, advancing, gliding towards him. Up, from the mountains and the plains, the figure grew and gathered, shaping itself. A woman of unutterable loveliness, it seemed, majestic and serene. Unable to contain himself, throbbing with hope, the youth sprang forward. Stopt then the loveliness, and back—and back—withdrew. Panting, he ran, he shrieked. In vain! the swifter he pursued, the swifter she drew back, till, like the juggle of a shifted glass, she vanisht—and the hills were there. Then Ariel re-traced his steps, vexed, galled, desperate; lo! still backward as he went, again the hills shot suddenly away, melting into each other and the form. Again ran Ariel to meet—again the loveliness withdrew. Then fell a whisper on his ear and thus:

"In vain, sweet youth, in vain! The more thou followest, the more shall I withdraw. Beautiful I am of mould, but lifeless. With me is no warm heart to lay thine own upon. I am thy shadow. Dwell not thou with me—Medusa-like, I will transform thee—look!" Like glare of optic lens, a round of mighty light fell sudden on the mountain, bringing out alone, the old man on his crag, sepulchral. No lock of silver hair—no pebble in the rock—but, in the light, was definite. So changed he was—that aged solitary. Frigid as stone he seemed, narrow and indurated: a very portion of the rock, he seemed, barren and bald and vacant and poor and thin and selfish!

The light withdrew and darkness re-assumed its own. The figure of a man, haggard and dissipated, with power upon his brow and pride upon his lip, pacing hastily to the city, brusht past Ariel, muttering: "Pshaw! there is not even good pistol-practice in a desert!"

Bewildered, tranced in thought, stood Ariel. Hour after hour past by, but still he moved not. At length, at midnight, when only the stars were out, he turned and bent him to the City.

J.H.S.

LITERARY NOTICES.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

*A Reply to Professor Stuart and President Nott, on the Wine Question, in a letter to General I. S. Smith. By the Rev. JAMES LILLIE, M. D., Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Carlisle, Pa., U. S. 1848. p. 36. **

WE have glanced over this *Reply*, which, as such, possesses a few salient points. What is chiefly disproved, however, forms no essential point of the great argument, and has in fact been already more fully and fairly *anticipated* in our own Notes on Professor Stuart's Letter, and in the Review of Dr. Nott's Lectures published in the *Teetotal Topic* two years ago.

Dr. Lillie commences his reply in the usual temper, and conducts it with the usual tactics, of the genuine Priest. Instead of relying on the simple truth of his argument, which ought to be enough, he *first* insinuates that his opponents are either sceptics or Socinians,^b while he himself is prepared to 'vindicate the Bible, and the character of his Divine Master, from the insidious influence of a covert infidelity!' and, *secondly*, gives an unfair prominence to the mistakes which, in the early investigation of the Wine Question, had unfortunately (but naturally enough) been committed. Yet, after all, Dr. Lillie makes out no case which establishes the absolute truth of his own side, but the reverse. He confounds ill-natured negative criticism with fair and positive proof.

His ridicule of Professor Stuart for his change of opinion (the result of a renewed examination of the *facts* concerning the generic character of *yayin*) is equally fruitless and unphilosophical. This, however, is no wonder, for, in his motto, Dr. Lillie gives a perverted application of a text of Paul, in order to express his *dread* of 'Philosophy'—i. e. the 'love of wisdom,' or THE SCIENCE OF FACTS. He prefers a *faith* founded on *fiction*. It has long been an axiom with us, however, that nothing but *fraud* and *folly* can object to real science—none but '*the fool* can say in his heart there is *no God*' IN FACT. *Authority* (to which Dr. Lillie so disgustingly appeals) need not fear *reason*, if it be *reasonable*: and if it *be* (as he says it *is*) *opposed* to reason, why should reasonable men regard it? Does Dr. Lillie propose the apotheosis of Folly? Or some new form of Lexicology? Alas! for these Protestant makers of rag Popes—who vainly attempt to stem the progress of Science and Mind, and who, like Dr. Lillie, have the consummate folly to represent the *childhood* of the race as its '*glory*,' and to nick-name THESE OLDER AGES, flooded with the light of the present, and the experience of the past, as '*the fag-end*

* We are indebted to the politeness of Professor Eadie, LL.D., for an early copy of this pamphlet. He did not himself read the reply, because, after glancing at the first few pages, he was satisfied that it was written under a strong *personal animus*. Nor is he mistaken. That learned divine and liberal scholar has, in his *Cyclopædia*, under GRAPES, OIL, and WINE, given a *solid* interpretation to *yitzhar*, and in part to *tiros*.

^b A sect of Manolators, by the way, *no longer* in being! They were worshipers of 'the man Christ Jesus.' Dr. Lillie, it seems, worships THE SAME PERSON, but transfers the honors of '*the Father that dwelt in him*,' to the Son himself, calling him '*the God Christ Jesus*:' and on this *verbal difference* rests his dislike to the poor, extinct Socinians!

of the world'! For an old, *slave-emancipating*, and consistent Catholicism, we have some respect—but when we see one of the worst principles of Rome (authority) propounded, and one of the worst practices of antiquity (slavery) defended on *Scripture pleas*, by *Protestant presbyters*—and by 'the fag end' of the variegated sectaries,—this certainly excites our unmitigated contempt.

God! that some spirit, stirr'd by thee,
Would rise to set all nations free,
By bursting one dread chain;
Whose festering links chafe at thy will.—
They bid the Sun of Mind stand still,
Or make it shine in vain!

For the loving, free, reforming, perfect, and anti-priestly spirit of CHRIST, these men substitute the principles of Augustine and Calvin, of Luther and Knox—of Augustine, the legalizer—of Calvin, the hard, persecuting, burning Protestant—of Luther the great-hearted yet one-eyed partizan, the denier of St. James, and the perverter of Paul—and of Knox, the intolerant and rabid re-former in a land of forms! No wonder that these Romanists with a new name, should be unable to make headway in the world, or prevent the extension of the older Popedom. They have no *antagonistic* principles of truth within them. Dr. Lillie, however, has the merit of going 'the whole hog' on certain points:—for instance, he admits that Reason, and what he calls Revelation (really his interpretation of it) are in flat contradiction,—that the Book of the Prophets and the Book of Nature are opposite,—and he unhesitatingly expresses *his* adherence to the *irrational*, the *anti-natural*, and even to the 'impossible'! To attempt a refutation of such *unreason*, with the aid of reason, would be clearly unreasonable; and we will not adopt the pernicious practice of 'answering a fool according to his folly.' Dr. Lillie, nevertheless, falls into the inconsistency of telling Professor Stuart, that such and such courses would be more reasonable, and of perpetually putting to the Professor the rational symbol, why? forgetting that he had renounced reason himself, and made the highest truths the most unreasonable! The best apology for Dr. Lillie's inconsistencies is, that they are the insurrections of an originally reasonable nature, against the petrifying influence of an irrational and unnatural theology. Having so low an estimate of Reason, it is no wonder we should discover a strange absence of it in many of his criticisms. For example, he gives as a proof that the Hebrew *tirosk* signifies *new wine*, the fact that in a modern translation of the Greek into Hebrew, *tirosk* is put for *gleukos*! This is the same as if a modern baptist, wishing to prove that the word translated baptism in the New Testament signified in every place immersion, should refer to the *Tamul* version, where it is so rendered! the fact being, that the baptists had themselves made that translation, under the influence of their own views of the word.

Dr. Lillie is equally preposterous in his first principles. Thus he speaks of Gesenius learning the nature of wine from its being called 'wine'! "The wine of Melchisedec was *identical in nature* with that of Lot" (p. 7). Dr. Lillie speaks as positively as if he had been wine-taster to both those patriarchs. Might not Lot's wine be drugged, or *mixed wine*? 'Oh, no!' says Dr. Lillie, 'it was *identical in nature* with Melchisedec's.' Well, what was the nature of his wine? 'The same as Lot's.' And Lot's? 'The same as the King of Salem's.' And how do you know all this, Dr. Lillie? "*There can be no question about it—IF GESENIUS MAY BE TRUSTED*"—he responds. In fact, Gesenius is Dr. Lillie's philological Pope, whose very blunders are *bulls*—not Irish, but Pontifical bulls.

Suppose some traveler, in giving an account of a Dinner at the City of Pesth, were to tell us that Count W., the governor, drank *wine* until he was laid under the table, insensible: and that, in another part of his book, he told us of an audience with the Emperor at

Vienna, who, after some enquiries concerning his travels, ordered refreshments to be brought, including Royal *Wine*, which, after tasting himself, was presented to his guest,—and suppose some ‘learned Goosenius,’ in reading this account, were to add, as a note—“Both these wines are *identical in nature*,”—and suppose some learned Dr. Silly were to repeat the absurdity, professing to know not only whether the wine was German, Spanish, or Italian, but the *very kind* of it, and furthermore to affirm, that it was *not*, in the Emperor’s case, the celebrated *unfermented wine* called ‘Tokay essenz,’ which is chiefly reserved for the Royal table,—and suppose some ‘rational critic’ were to ask—‘How do you know, Dr. Silly?’—and he were to respond, ‘*There can be no question about it*’—IF GOOSENIUS IS TO BE TRUSTED,—why, then we should have found an exact parallel to Dr. Lillie’s argument.

Dr. Lillie asks—‘By what *authority* does Prof. S. put Lot’s wine in the *bad*, and Melchisedec’s in the good list?’

By the authority of the context, of facts, and the nature of the case, which equally confute the principle of Dr. Lillie’s criticism.

(1) He assumes, that what a word means in *one* passage, or age, it must mean in *all* passages or ages! Let us see:—

Gen. i. gives the history of the Heavens and the Earth as a *six-days* work. But, say Origen and Strauss, Gen. ii. 4 represents their generations [Heb. תולדת; Greek Βασις] or history as occupying *one day* only—‘*the day* the Lord made the heavens.’ Here, then, is a contradiction—for *one day* is not *six*.

According to the critical canon of Dr. Lillie there is a discrepancy—but not according to *ours*; for, we reply, the Hebrew יום *yom*, and the Greek *ημερα*, have, like the terms *man* and *gayin*, a ‘generic sense’—they signify, not merely twenty-four hours, or twelve hours when opposed to night, but also ‘time generally’—a *period*—or as Gesenius has it, ‘time without any reference to single days’—and again;—‘*Sometimes* the signification is restricted to a definite space of time, viz. a *year*.’

Thus, we perceive, the criticism of Dr. Lillie is merely that of a partizan—a theological lawyer, perverting all facts, and forgetting all principles, which would not favor the ‘brief’ in hand!

(2) It has been universally believed in western Europe and America, and recorded in the Christian’s lives of Mohamed, that he and his disciples *abstained from WINE*. Yet what is the fact? As we have shown elsewhere,^a at length, on the testimony of Lane, the Arabic scholar, and a resident in the East, ‘there is a *KIND OF WINE which Muslims are permitted to drink*,’ and ‘the Prophet himself was in the habit of drinking *WINE OF THIS KIND*.’ Here then is a fact, referring to a more recent period than that of the Bible History, which completely demolishes the assumptions upon which Dr. Lillie’s criticisms are based. If his critical canon would lead to such false conclusions in the modern instance, it cannot be *warranted* in the ancient one. We answer, then, that if, in reading a Mohamedan book, we find an account of the *hospitality* of a Good Sheikh (a patriarch), and ‘*wine*’ enumerated amongst the viands,—and, in another part, a description of the secret *intoxication* of some sensual Muslim,—we should have very good grounds for making a distinction between the *kinds* of wine; we should say, unhesitatingly, that, in the first case, the character of the persons named in the context rendered it *probable* that the *unfermented sherap*, (i.e. wine) was meant, while the context in the last implied that

^a That is, ‘*man*’ means *generically* ‘the race,’ but *specifically* the opposite of ‘woman.’

^d *Concordance of Science and Scripture on the Wine Question*, p. 18.

it was either drugged or alcoholic wine. A thousand instances could be cited to disprove the folly of arguing from the present conventional or technical, to the ancient common or general, meaning of a word. For example, Opios (opium) *now* signifies poisonous juice of the poppy—anciently it signified *juice* merely. 'Prevent' now means to hinder; two hundred years ago it meant *to help* or prepare, literally to go-out-before. 'Conversation,' in the time of the authorized version, signified 'conduct,'—*now* it signifies merely *talking together*, at least in 'common language,'—for its original sense is still retained in law (as in crim. con.) Leigh Hunt, in his introduction to 'The Town,' has a passage 'which shows that the word 'merry' once signified harmony, perfection, fitness, fine, full—very different meanings from the modern one. When Chaucer speaks of the '*merry organ*' he did not mean what we should now mean were we to speak of the '*merry fiddle*,' or '*a merry making*;'—Dr. Lillie's assertion to the contrary, notwithstanding.

For ourselves, we are influenced solely in our interpretation of the Bible, by the language of its writers, aided by ancient facts and eastern customs. We have no objection to the opinion of Lexiconists, and are thankful for any aid, but we repudiate popeship, and denounce dogmatism. We must weigh evidence and compare facts; Dr. Lillie does neither,—he is determined, first and last, by names and authority. At any rate, his conclusion is consistent with his theory. Having commenced with casting out God from his own Reason, he concludes with an act of *necessary insanity*—the elevation of another body's 'reason' into the vacant cavity. We care not to follow Dr. Lillie into details, else we might prove that he abuses his authorities by partial representations,—and no wonder; he who is dishonest to himself, will scarcely be virtuous to another. He represents Gesenius as Professor Stuart's 'master,' tho he was nothing more than a distinguished cotemporary. He deals dishonestly with *this* authority, and we suspect with others. In quoting Gesenius's definition of *Tirosh*, he omits *his last remark*, which materially qualifies the first—that it is spoken '*of the juice of the grape*. Isaiah lrv. 8.' He also keeps back, either wilfully or in culpable ignorance, the declaration of Gesenius (under **אֲבָהָל**, *abhal*) that *Tirosh* means "*grapes in Isaiah xxiv. 4. (7).*" The Professor might have safely said, indeed, that it means a *solid* in every passage.

Dr. Lillie speaks very strongly against scepticism (Greek *skeptikos*, to examine, to search-for-truth); and he sneers at Stuart's 'doubts.' Certainly, Dr. Lillie can as little be blamed for undue caution, as for modest hesitancy; and the last thing we should think of calling him, would be 'sceptic' or 'truth-seeker.' He also sneers (for this article is plentifully interspersed thro'ut his pamphlet) at Mr. Parsons, the author of *Anti-Bacchus*, as hunting for a prize! Dr. Lillie, at any rate, must write a good deal better than he

"London was once called 'Merry London,' the metropolis of 'Merry England.' The word did not imply exclusively what it does now. Chaucer talks of the 'merry organ at the mass.' But it appears to have had a signification still more desirable,—to have meant the best condition in which anything could be found, with cheerfulness for the result. Gallant soldiers were 'merry men.' Favorable weather was 'merry.' And London was 'merry,' because its inhabitants were not only rich, but *healthy and robust*. They had sports infinite, up to the time of the Commonwealth,—races and wrestlings, archery, quoits, tennis, foot-ball, hurling, etc. Their May-day was worthy the burst of the season; not a man was left behind out of the fields, if he could help it; their apprentices piqued themselves on their stout arms, and not on their milliners' faces; their nobility shook off the gout in tilts and tournaments; their Christmas closed the year with a joviality which brought the very trees indoors to crown their cups with, and which promised admirably for the year that was to come. In everything they did, there was a reference to Nature and her works, as if nothing should make them forget her; and a gallant recognition of the duties of health and strength, as the foundation of their very right to be fathers."

now does, ere he will deserve one. It is amusing to find him quoting from Pliny and Columella, where they expressly treat of wine; and yet saying they do not give that name to *must*, *sapa*, or *defrutum*. He quotes enough of Aristotle to show that he is against him, that philosopher admitting those preparations to have been *commonly called wine*, but, quarreling with the general name, and wishing to make language override *that usage* on which it is founded, he sets up a *scientific technical* distinction.^f But what have technical and learned distinctions to do with the language of common life and of the Bible? Is it a scientific or technical book? Until the close of last century, however, nearly every Dictionary of Science included several species of *unfermented wine* under the head WINE. For example, Blount's *Glossographia* (1670) has "must, *new wine*,—that first prest out of the grape." Parkinson, the King's Herbalist, in his *Theatrum Botanicum* (1640), says, "the juice or liquor prest out of the ripe grapes is called *vinum, wine*; of it is made both *sapa* and *defrutum*, in English *cute*, that is to say *boiled wine*, and both made of *must* and *new wine*." Dr. Spratt, Bishop of Rochester (1702), says, in his *History of the Royal Society*, "the *juice of wine* when dried, does always granulate into sugar, as appears in raisins, and also in those vessels in which *cute* or *unfermented wine* is put." Chambers's *Cyclopædia* (1750), enumerates six distinct kinds of unfermented wine. The fact in language for which we contend, is admitted by Dr. Ure in his *Dictionary of Chemistry*, as late as 1831: under 'WINE,' he says—"This (grape) juice, when newly expressed, and before it has began to ferment, is called *must*, and in common language, SWEET WINE."

With evidence of this sort—(of Commentators, Lexiconists, Translators, Travelers and Cyclopædists)—we could perfectly overwhelm Dr. Lillie—if it were worth while. Augustine (A.D. 380) speaks of the wine at the Marriage of Cana, as the *natural sort*—to which that arch-infidel of all time, Dr. Strauss, makes Dr. Lillie's verbal objection,—'It is not fermented, therefore not wine!' The ancient scholars speak of the *prodromus oinos*. Suidas (950) defines *Gleukos* as 'the droppings from the grapes.' Dr. Avenarius (1688) defines '*ausis*, mustum, *sussur wein*.' Olearius, the traveler (1637), speaks of '*a syrup of sweet wine—scherab* or Persian *wine*,' which the Muslims were permitted to drink. Sir T. Herbert (1638) speaks of the '*Palmeto wine*, got by piercing the toddy tree,' as being '*gathered*,'—just as Isaiah speaks of *yayin* as being *gathered*. Even the American Lexicographer, Dr. Webster, admits that *must* is '*new wine*, wine pressed from the grape, but not fermented.' But enough in answer to the *ipse dixit* of Dr. Lillie.

Amongst the curiosities of this tractate, may be placed the inconsistency of denying the generic character of *yayin* as inclusive of unfermented wine, on the one hand, and, on the other, of affirming the generic nature of *gleukos* as inclusive both of fresh and fermented must!—with the additional absurdity, nevertheless, of denying *must* to be wine!! The truth is, that neither fact nor authority will permit Dr. Lillie to exclude fresh must as the primary sense of *gleukos*, while it suits his purpose, in one or two cases, to give it the secondary sense of fermented must. Thus he involves himself, and his whole argument, in a dilemma; but we care not to toss him from one horn thereof to the other.

^f Mr. Parsons makes the following brief comment on Dr. Lillie's tractate:—"I have read it with attention. Like all of its kind it is destitute of argument, and contains absurdities in greater abundance than almost any book I ever read. I am amused with his remarks on my quotations from Aristotle. Aristotle says, it was '*wine in name*, not in effect' (that is, not intoxicating). I have said it was wine in name, not in effect. The Princetown Reviewer says the same,—Dr. Lillie, by giving the quotation, repeats the assertion,—and yet, for saying what they all say, I am a jesuit!! But I cannot answer such men. When our opponents put railing in the place of reason, we may feel pretty sure their cause is a falling one. My 13th thousand of *Anti-Bacchus* contains a few corrections of some words which were open to misinterpretation on the wine question."

At p. 17, Dr. Lillie, in admitting that Fürst gives *must* as the meaning of *tirosk*, adds, "Such *new wine* would intoxicate." So that, while *must* is 'generic,' including both pure and fermented grape juice, *yayin*, 'wine,' which includes 'new wine,' is *not* generic. Oh, most sapient critic!

Having exposed the 'monster fallacy' of Dr. Lillie's criticism—we shall now rapidly review the most prominent statements of his pamphlet, in the order they occur in.

Page 5. Dr. Lillie laments this discussion [as "exposing the faith of the feeble of the flock to such perilous shocks."

Shocking indeed! But how is it you keep your 'sheep' so weak? By thinking for them, and by causing their mental muscles to perish for want of exercise, O Priest! Besides, are the weak of more value than the strong, whose faith must necessarily be wrecked upon the position that the *Paper Book* says one thing, and the *Natural Book* another. We have no sympathy with such puling cant.

P. 6. Better, says Dr. Lillie, "teach the young men science at once, and tell them *this is God's light*; you need not trouble yourselves with the Bible, for it *must* harmonize."

Very good, O Doctor! When *Experience* has taught you, as an M. D., that such a medicine is good for such a disease, do you ever as a 'Rev', trouble yourself with what some ancient Jew in the Bible might have thought? Do even you imagine 'Revelation' reveals what we can ascertain from *Science*? i.e. do you believe it to be needless? Moreover, whose light is 'Science' (i. e. FACTS REDUCED TO LAW), if not God's? Do you believe the Devil to be the author of Nature, and science the light of Hell? No, Sir! it is the light of Heaven—notwithstanding your awful blasphemy of God's sacred *Works*!

P. 6. Dr. Lillie, after quoting Prof. Stuart's statement that "alcohol, often used, even in small quantities, eventually causes inflammation of the stomach," goes on to ask, if all "the daily cider drinkers eventually die of the same awful disease?" An 'awful' quibble. If Dr. Lillie be more than half-educated in medicine, he ought to know the difference between slight, chronic inflammation of the stomach, and the 'awful' or *fatal* inflammation he speaks of. Has he never known men have *inflamed* eyes for ten or a dozen years, without total *blindness* as the result? We have. So of the stomach: men may have both organs 'blood-shot' for years, and yet die of some other disease. Nevertheless, a 'blood-shot' stomach is a *bad* thing. He refers to Dr. Hope, of Edinburgh. If this be the great Dr. Hope, the author of 'Morbid Anatomy,' we have pleasure in informing Dr. Lillie, that he entirely sanctioned teetotalism in his riper years, and recommended total abstinence as accordant with the physical laws of health—i. e. the laws of God.

P. 9. Dr. Lillie argues that "*yayin, oinos, and vinum*, three correlative terms," signified *intoxicating* wine to the exclusion of *mustum*, or 'grape liquor,' BECAUSE "Fürst adds to his definition, *oinopotēs*, wine-bibber."

We reply, that just as the English phrase 'a drinker,' or 'a man in liquor,' or the Scottish phrase, 'he is fou,' have a *bad* sense by connection and emphasis, so had *oinopotēs*. Nevertheless, neither 'drinker,' nor 'liquor,' nor 'fou' (*full*), apart from the context, has such a sense; and none of them indicates the *intoxicating* quality of the article. So with *oinopotēs*, 'wine bibber.' Its primitive sense was, 'wine-drinker' simply; but, as with 'coffee-drinker' or *bibber*, it came to have the idea of *liking* for the article *imbibed*, attached to it. 'Wine-bibber,' we admit, in its most common usage, denoted 'one who drinks wine from the love of it,' and therefore 'one who seeks it unduly.' But what then? The ancients were as truly *gluttonous* (i.e. *swallowers*) of the rich syrup-wines, as of the intoxicating. Nay, more so, for the latter soon put a stop to their 'swallowing' by laying them under the table,

Take Dr. Donnegan's Greek Lexicon: how does he define OINO-POTEES? "(1) *A wine Drinker*. (2) One who is *addicted* to wine." (2nd. Ed. 1831. p. 860.)

Yet Dr. Lillie charges Mr. Parsons with 'ignorance' for saying the same—not knowing himself, that in the Greek *other words* (as *oinōsis*, *oinolēptos*, etc.) would most properly express the being 'affected with wine,' and thus imply something of its quality.

A similar answer must be returned concerning SHECHAR. Gesenius admits that the *primitive* sense of this word is innocent, both in Arabic and Hebrew.

"I. (1) To drink to the *full*. (2) To drink *deeply*. (3) To be *intoxicated*."

"II. Kindred with *hire*, REWARD"—

which intimates 'a *boiled wine*' (as says David Kimchi), or a rich *satisfying* syrup of dates, —a *saccharine* drink, rather than an alcoholic. Gesenius does not allow the secondary, even if 'oftener' sense, to annihilate the primary—after Dr. Lillie's fashion.

SHECHAR (which we admit had for one of its secondary meanings, *intoxicating* drink), Gesenius derives from the verb, in its *first* or innocent sense "(root *shachar*, I)" and adds—"Arabic SKR, wine prepared from grapes and dates." Now, the fact is, that the Arabs prepare *sherap* (wine) of two sorts—one innocent, the other fermented—from both these articles.

P. 11. In quoting a passage from the Italian of Martini, we note a blunder which the 'learned' doctor has left uncorrected by any erratum—"albia' bevanda' (a *hog-trough* beverage) being put for 'altra bevanda' (*other* beverage).

Speaking of Italian reminds us of the fact of that language furnishing a refutation of Dr. Lillie's assumption. Take Altieri's Dictionary, printed at Venice, A. D. 1751.

"MOSTO, *vin nuovo*—*new wine*."

Now Gesenius, who is Dr. Lillie's Word-Pope, defines the original of this word *must* (See Webster) as "sweet—i. e. *not fermented*"—(see under MATS).

Again, says Altieri—

"VINOLÉNTO. Given to drink *much wine*."

Does this imply the sort? Could it not possibly be *vino nuovo*, or *must*? Again:—

"VINOLÉNTO. A great drinker, *toper*, a *swill-bowl* or *guzler*." Does this express the *quality* of the article drank, topped, or guzzled? No.

"VINÓSO. Aggiunto dell' uva, che ha in sé molto vino. *Juicy*, spoken of grapes, *full of wine*."

"Uva Vinóso, juicy grapes, grapes FULL OF WINE."

Dr. Lillie has only to put the climax to his absurdities, by declaring that 'full' here means *intoxicated*—and that 'wine' signifies *only* 'fermented liquor'—and then we have, a là Lillie,

'*Juicy Grapes*—i. e. Grapes *intoxicated* with *fermented juice*' !!!

At p. 13, Dr. Lillie asks, as an objection to considering *yayin* and *shechar* as generic terms, "what would be thought of an expositor that should expound '*the spirit* that now worketh in the children of *disobedience*' (Eph. ii. 2) as *generic*,—meaning *either* satan or a good spirit?"

Another quibble!—In the first part of the sentence a *particular spirit itself* is spoken of, in the last the *generic word* 'spirit.' The truth is, that the *context alone* can determine to what *kind* of 'spirit' the generic *term* is applied—and it *does* determine it here. Dr. Eadie says—"Its import may be generally determined by its connexion" Art. 'Spirit'—*Biblical Cyclopædia*.

' Or 'albio'—unless it be 'albicantè' (whitish) abbreviated.

—So with *yayin*. When Jeremiah records that the Jews ‘gathered *yayin* and summer fruits,’ we know that the *vinum pendens*, or ‘wine in the grape,’ is the kind meant;—but when Solomon says, ‘*yayin* is a *mock*er,’ we know that *intoxicating* wine, i. e. wine either drugged or alcoholic, is alone signified.

At p. 14, Dr. Lillie asks, “what better than contradiction is it, to tell us that *the wine* in Numb. vi. 3, is *generic*?”

But *who* told Dr. Lillie this? Certainly not Prof. Stuart: it is a reckless fiction of his own devising—a criminal perversion of the teetotal argument. Prof. Stuart said, with perfect truth, that the term *yayin* was *generic*—i. e. the general name for *all kinds* of wine, from which the Nazarites were equally bound to abstain. Had Dr. Lillie known anything of the philosophy of language, or of thought, he would never have talked of *generic wine*! All ‘*things*’ are particular, or individual—‘*terms*’ only are generic.

At p. 19, we find a curious exposition of Isaiah i. 22. We are told that ‘*the wine*’ which is ‘a *mock*er’—*intoxicating*, i. e. poisonous, and lust-inspiring—is selected by ‘the Holy Spirit’ as an *emblem of purity*! How prejudice will blaspheme!

At p. 29, Dr. Lillie affirms that the Jews knew nothing of *fermentation* scientifically, but at p. 19, we find him affirming that one of their words for Wine (*hhamer*), was expressly applied to mark the *process of vinous fermentation*! A very unlikely event.

Now, in the face of Dr. Lillie, Prof. Stuart, and any body else, we beg to say that neither the Arabic *humr*, nor the Hebrew *hhamer*, do primarily, or properly, exclusively signify ‘*vinous fermentation*.’ This is a mere inference, made by Lexicographers, centuries after the word was formed. The only essential idea connected with this term, in its origin, was that of *turbidness*, *muddiness*, or the appearance of ‘*boiling*.’ In fact, ‘*foam*’ and *ghomer*, are as much the same words, as *schaum* and *scum*, and are kindred with these latter. Now ‘*turbidity*’ equally applies to *fresh*, *foaming* grape-juice, to *boiled* grape-juice, and to *fermenting* grape-juice; and hence its adjective form is rightly translated in the first sense, as ‘the *pure* blood of the grape.’ Gesenius gives the facts of the case, which support our view; for he assigns the following as the *primitive* meanings.—

“HHAMER. 1, To *boil up*, to *foam*. Spoken of the Sea, Ps. 46, 4.”

Is the Sea fermented, Dr. Lillie?

“2, To *be red*, from the idea of boiling, foaming, etc. In Arabic, applied to anger, *red-ink*, *blushes*, etc.”

Is anger fermented, Dr. Lillie? or red-ink? or have the blushes of the fair suffered ‘the *vinous fermentation*’?

“3, to *swell*, to *rise in bubbles*, or *heaps*.”

“4, to *daub with bitumen*, to *pitch*.”

Are bubbles, heaps, and pitch-plasters, fermented things, Dr. Lillie?

“HHEMER. 1, a *boiling*, *foaming*, e. g. of waters, waves. 2, *clay*, *loam*. 3, a *heap*; hence, *homer*, a measure.”

Thus, Dr. Lillie, your great word seems a very innocent one—applicable even to the teetotal water, to *corn-measure* as well as *wine*, and even to your own ‘*bubbles*,’ which have *not* certainly much ‘*spirit*’ in them.

At p. 20, we find another most infelicitous comparison. If *hhamer* signifies the *red* blood of the grape (i. e. an *unfermented* thing), *why* do we not hold, asks Dr. Lillie, that the fat of the kidneys of wheat was devoured *unground*? or at least, without being *fermented* into bread?

We answer (1), *flour* is but ground wheat—or wheat changed in form—whereas *fermented wine* is not the blood of the grape at all—it is a new substance, with a new nature, for which the *Vine-giver* is not responsible.

And (3), that it is immaterial to us what the Jews *did* with God's gifts. Wheat is wheat, and the blood of the grape is *pure* juice, whether men spoil, or do not spoil them afterwards, by fermenting them.

At p. 24, we find several *misleading* remarks concerning the use of *syrops* (i. e. Oriental Wine).

Referring to Isa. v. 11, 12, where 1st. a *woe* is pronounced on those who *inflamm* themselves with wine; and, 2nd. where they are accused of *introducing* the viol, the tabret, and the wine into their sensual feasts, *without regard to the honor of God*,—Dr. Lillie asks, p. 26, if *those instruments* were 'accursed,' or of a *peculiar kind*, like the wine?

We find the answer on the face of the passage, which tells us, 1st. that *the wine* in question *was* of an *inflaming kind*; and, 2nd. that the instruments were excellently adapted for worship, but had been wickedly introduced into a drunken revel.

A teetotaler can say all this: how, then, can it furnish an argument against him? Does God affirm this 'inflaming wine' to be good? Does the Prophet say, it was *not* 'a mocker'? In fact, does not the passage, by describing its physical and moral consequences, teach us that it was *bad*?

At p. 28, Dr. Lillie attacks Prof. Stuart's definition of *methu*, *methuskö*, etc. Dr. Lillie admits that *methushoshi*, 'well drunk,' does *not* mean so much 'thoroly intoxicated' (i. e. poisoned) as 'thoroly soaked.' That is, it refers to 'quantity' rather than 'quality.'

Nevertheless, says he, it *never*, in any author, sacred or profane, means drinking freely of milk, or water, or any unintoxicating drink! Now in Psalm lxx. 9, 10, the Hebrew applies *ravah*, which means (1) 'soaking' (2) 'drunkenness,' to the soil of a garden—'Thou *waterest* the ridges *abundantly*.' Would Dr. Lillie adopt the Roman Catholic Doway version—'Thou makest the garden *intoxicated*' with 'mountain dew'? (i. e. whisky). In the ancient Greek version, *ravah* is translated by this very word μέθυσον, which, says Dr. Lillie, is never applied to any thing *teetotal*! '*Saturate* her furrows,' however, which is the reading of the Greek, does apply to the Earth's *drinking* in the showers of heaven. Homer uses the same word to express a hide *soaked* in oil. The mistake is not Prof. Stuart's, but his ignorant critic's.

As to 1 Cor. xi. 21, where *methúein* occurs, hear the testimony of Dr. S. T. Bloomfield, in his *Annotationes Sacre*:—

"The ancient Commentators rightly notice that the *ratio oppositi* requires this word to be interpreted of *repletion*...as in John ii. 10, and often in the [Greek] Old Testament."

Leigh, Doddridge, Macknight, Wesley, Benson, Clarke, Boothroyd, and most other critics of note, take this view. See, also, the Note of Albert Barnes on John ii. 10.

Clement of Alexandria (A. D. 190), one of the first scholars amongst the early fathers, paraphrases the passage thus:—

"One goes *without* (food), and another is *full*," (Pædag. lib. ii).^{*}

At p. 31, Dr. Lillie refers to Eph. v. 18, 'Be not drunk with *wine wherein* is excess' (danger). This, says he, "plainly implies that the evil lies *solely* in excess!"

^{*} The root of the word is not Greek, and does not sanction dogmatism upon it. It is probably Scythian or Sarmatian, and is traceable in the Hebrew *methek* (sweet), *meath* (honeyed juice), *mead* (honey-wine), Egyptian *moodám*, both pure and fermented. Milton uses it in the sense of *must*, thus:—

'*Meaths* from many a berry.'

We deny this, and will establish our denial by fact. Wicklyffe understood it as referring to the *property* of the Wine to excite *lust*, and translates it—"wine wherein is lechery." And this is the proper portraiture of alcoholic wine. Dr. Doddridge says, "the Apostle represents the evil as being *in the wine itself*." Clement says—"I admire those who avoid wine as they would *fire*. Young men and maidens should forego *this medicament altogether*, for HENCE [from the use of wine] arise *irregular desires* and *licentious conduct*. The circulation is hastened and the whole body excited *by the action of wine on the system*. The body inflames the soul." The evil of unnatural stimulation is as much in the first as the last glass, and no more in the last than the first. To Clement, Wicklyffe, Doddridge, then, this text did NOT 'PLAINLY imply that the evil lies *solely* in the *excess* of wine,'—but the contrary. Yet these men were gifted with quite as much perspicacity as Dr. Lillie. Enough, however, of this MOST PERSONAL of Critics; even as 'a peg whereon to hang an argument.'

A Biblical Cyclopædia: Edited by JOHN EADIE, LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature to the United Presbyterian Church, Scotland. London, Griffin and Co., 1849.

We are not surprised that great numbers of Scottish students and ministers should patronize this work; they have long *felt* the deadness and indefensibility of the old, worn out *form* of theology—and knowing Dr. Eadie to be *with* them, if not *of* them, they rush *in faith* to his book, hoping that he will have the ability and learning which they lack, to overcome the difficulties of their position, by exhibiting some higher and more congenial *form of faith*, without relinquishing the *substance* itself. Nor will they be mistaken. Prof. Eadie does not flout philosophy, *a la Lillie*; but aims to reconcile faith *with it*. His learning and talent construct a *temporary* Platform of Refuge above the surging waters of an advancing Science and Criticism. We suspect, however, that he will eventually have to ascend still higher, after the fashion of the *British Quarterly*, the organ (of at least the most philosophizing) of the Evangelical Dissenters of England—which, in a recent number, in parrying the assaults of Dr. Strauss, fairly scouted the doctrine of *verbal* and *scientific* inspiration.

Under JOB, he becomes so exceedingly 'reasonable' and 'liberal,' that, we suspect, Dr. Lillie would charge a teetotal advocate with '*covert infidelity*' for any similar utterance! Dr. Eadie is not, like the generality of his countrymen, foolish enough to regard the Book of Job as the Reports of an actual conversation, committed to the papyrus rolls in the days of Job himself, by some patriarchal and inspired Stenographer! He says—"Nor do we regard the speeches of Job and his friends as preserved *with verbal accuracy*. Does not authentic history rest on a similar basis, the speeches of considerable length are often introduced with *evident traces of embellishment*."

So far from scouting Geology, or endeavoring, like some fanatics, to convert *fossil remains* into *fossil falsehoods* of Nature, Prof. Eadie again attempts to reconcile 'what is written' directly *by men* (neither Divine ventriloquists nor mocking-birds)—with 'what is done' directly by Deity. All these are trifles, it may be said, but even straws plainly show which way the wind blows. The article 'Creation,' tho very clever, is nevertheless, in our judgment, very uncritical. Dr. E. says:—

"We lay it down as a first principle, that Science and Revelation can never impugn each other. The Bible, moreover, was not meant to teach science."

Now, if their *spheres* and *subjects* be different—if one concerns the *invisible* and the *soul*, and the other the *visible* and *material*—Dr. E. will be right. But if so, why should he

object to errors of *Natural Fact* concerning physiology, geology, or dietetics, existing in the Bible, as a part of its anthropological form? But, above all, why should he abandon his true general principle in particular cases, and even *force* philology to *lie for orthodoxy*? At p. 180, we find him attempting to reconcile science with scripture, thus:—"We confess that such is *not the natural meaning* of the words of this passage—BUT the statement in the first chapter of Genesis *compels* us to *attach a meaning* to the words, different from the *natural and obvious one*!" This is neither philology, philosophy, nor faith. Instead of *getting out* a meaning, one is *tacked* to the words!—one not of the *writer's* but the *reader's*! and one even *different* from the writer's! Now, this is *not* reconciling scripture, either *with* scripture, or with fact, but only an orthodox *mode* of saying—"They are *in themselves* irreconcilable—nevertheless *we will* PRETEND they are reconciled!" Had we, on the Wine Question, ever adopted so rash, so reckless, and so reasonless a course, what a hubbub would have followed!

To the ancient Cabballistical, and to Swedenborg's spirito-mythical interpretation, Dr. E. violently objects. Abandoning his great principle, he seems to think that Genesis is a *verbally inspired record* of actual physical creation! Genesis—with its composite and distinct elements—its *Elohim* document, its Patriarchal *Register* of Persons or periods, and its *Jehovah*-*elohim*, or simple *Jehovah* document, all so clearly *dovetailed* in the history,—has, according to him, nothing mythical about it, and nothing more ancient than Moses! He says—"Could we suppose the Book of Truth to begin with a Fable?" Why not, if that fable be the vesture of great Spiritual Truths? Are the *admitted* fables of the Book the least valuable portions of it? Are the teachings of Him who spake as never man spake, but who yet *without a parable* seldom spake at all to the multitude—less *pointed* and *truthful* than the literal history of blood which we peruse in the Chronicles of the Kings? If Christ and John, at the *end* of the Book, teach by *Parables* and *Symbolic Vision*, why should not the compiler of Genesis, in the *infancy* of the world, and at the *beginning* of that Book, teach by a Spiritual Myth?

If Dr. E. insists that Genesis is a literally true *Scientific* revelation (notwithstanding his own admission that the Bible was not *meant* to teach Science!—tho we cannot even fancy how any one has learnt the *intentions* of its authors)—then, we must confess, he has not at all succeeded in reconciling it with *modern* Science. Life (vegetable and animal) existed myriads of ages before Man—and therefore must *light*, and the *other conditions*. Until Geological facts turned up, and '*compelled*' theologians to torture language, who ever read it as is now proposed?

As to the alleged hiatus between the 1st. and 2nd. verses of Genesis, which does not reconcile particular facts, but only gets rid of the objection regarding the *age* of matter—even granting the very questionable reading given to the *vau* ('and')—the great philological difficulties, connected with the '*natural and obvious meaning*,' remain unsolved. In Isa. xliii. 7, we have a very clear key to the proper distinctive use of the words employed in Genesis i., ii. "And (*ve*) for my glory I created (BERA) him, and (*ve*) I fashioned (YETZAR) him; and (*ve*) I finished ('HASI) him." Here the verbs *bara*, *yetzar*, and '*hasah*,' plainly imply a *beginning*, a *continuance*, and a *termination* in the creative act in question: so, in Gen. i. 1, *bara*h indicates the *commencement*, and in Gen. ii. 2, *hasah* declares the *conclusion* of the series of creative acts—i.e. as expressed in ii. 3, of "all his work, which God commenced (*barah*) in order to complete (*hasah*)."
The translation '*created to make*,' is mere verbiage, and loses the *distinctive* idea of the passage.

A literal inspired History of Creation, then, Genesis is *not*—for it does not exactly correspond with the Sacred Volume of which the leaves are Geological Strata; but a Divine Parable, or Myth, it may be—Happy are those who understand and obey its teachings!

In the articles which concern 'the Wine Question,' we find displayed a very marked and creditable independence of judgment, if not a perfect freedom from the influence of prepossessions, which could scarcely have been expected. With great pleasure we observe several important criticisms for which we have long contended, distinctly acknowledged by Dr. Eadie.

DRINK, STRONG. Two derivations are named for *shechar*,—the one of Fürst, which refers it to the Sanscrit root *ker*, 'hot,' 'burning'—and the other to the Arabic *sukkar*, 'sugar.' We can find only one partial reason for the former derivation, many and complete reasons for the latter. None of the drinks of the ancients, as Dr. Eadie admits, appears to have been 'hot' or 'strong'—but rather weak, so as to require 'drugging,' in order to answer the purpose of the sensualists. Yet this partial analogy, between a *weak palm-wine*, or a *thick Egyptian beer*, and the root '*Ker*,' 'to burn,' is actually the only reason for Fürst's derivation! Dr. E's reference to '*the burning*' effects of intoxication, is rather too *fanciful*; and what '*the mode of its preparation*' means, we cannot say. If he means *boiling*, then, since our *zhagra* is boiled, we have no objection. The derivation of Fürst is as if he had said, *shera* (burnt-wine) comes from the Sanscrit root SR, 'to sear,' or 'burn,' and thus expresses '*the burning*' effects of intoxication! Here the fallacy would be detected, simply because we happen to *know* that *syrup* (the *boiled-wine*) is *not* intoxicating. On the other hand, it is open to a multitude of potent objections. (1) It does not account for the kindred Arabic word, *still* applied both to *palm-wine* and to *sugar*; or for the Indian *jaghra*, boiled palm juice. (2) It does not account for the innocent senses of ShKR, both verb and noun, as signifying 'satisfaction,' etc. (3) It does not account for the whole of the word, but only for its tail; whereas a *name* would be imported whole, as from India came the Arabic *sukkar*. (4) It does not answer to existing facts, nor, like the other derivation, to the properties of the Scripture *shechar*. For instance—"Thy *shechar* shall become *bitter* to the taste"—which is the actual result of fermenting sweet palm-juice. (5) It does not correspond with the general rule (if not law) of philology, that the *innocent senses* of such a class of words as have reference to natural things are the primary senses, and that *subsequent results*, uses, or alterations, give rise to the *secondary, evil senses*. That is, we cannot explain the origin of *saccharum*, from '*rum*,' but we can of '*rum*,' from *saccharum*; nor of English *meath*, 'honey,' from *mead* (*oino-meli*, honey-wine); but we *can* explain the English *mead*, by *meath* (sweet); and the Hebrew *methek*, Greek *methu*, and the Egyptian *mdtha*, by tracing them to the Sanscrit *medh* and *mel*, 'honey' itself. Thus we are finally landed at the innocent senses of such words—the pure ever precedes the corrupt signification. So with the common phrases 'drunk,' 'fou' (full), 'in liquor,' etc., (as with the Hebrew *ravah*)—these cannot be traced to intoxication, but *drunkenness* may be traced to *them*. *Gluto* (to swallow) cannot be derived from *gluttony*, but *gluttony* may be derived from *gluto*. *Ghor*, a mouth, valley, or opening, cannot be traced to the act of *gorging*, but the name of that act may be traced to the innocent instrument. Surely Dr. Eadie has allowed 'authority' and 'prepossession' too much influence in the decision of this question. Lastly, if Dr. E. will trace *Shechar* to a Sanscrit root of one syllable, why specially select *Ker*? why not take *Khîr*, which, according to Professors Wilson and Rosen, signifies '*juice* or *extract*'? Dr. Rosen, however, actually says of the Arabic *sukkar* and the Persian *shukkur*, "both, no doubt, derived from the Tamul *sakkara*, Sanscrit *Sar-kara*, whence the Indian name *jaggery*," (sugar). Thus we can trace the first part of our word to *shîr* (boiled), and the second to *khîr* (juice), identifying it, besides, with the *boiled-juice* of the Palm tree. Arnobius seems to have understood this question, when, in his Notes on Luke, he says:—"Sicera is the juice of the date."

The Sacrifice of Christ, Scripturally and Rationally interpreted. By EDWARD HIGGINSON, Westgate Parsonage, Wakefield. London, Chautlier, 6, Amen Corner.

This able pamphlet really fulfils the promise of its title; it is calmly penned, clearly written, logically argued, and *scripturally* explained. All truth-lovers,—all who desire distinct conceptions on a subject which has been overlaid by human and unscriptural theories, until the language of holy writ has become perverted to the most unholy purposes,—will do well to purchase, peruse, and study, this talented and thoughtful essay. (If they find any difficulty in procuring it, we will forward a copy on receipt of ten postage stamps.)

Geographical Class Book of Palestine. By WILLIAM LUNDY. London, Hall and Co. 1849. pp. 60.

This class book is designed for Sabbath and Day Schools; it is carefully compiled and well adapted to its purpose. A small map is prefixed, and the book is very cheap.

The Pictorial Bible. Standard Edition. Part 14 and Index. C. Knight and Co.

Dr. Kitto here brings his long and laborious undertaking to a close. We congratulate him on the fact, and trust that his work will be duly appreciated and patronized by the public. That this edition has some serious flaws we have before pointed out, but we may say of it, nevertheless, what Goldsmith said of his country,

‘With all thy faults, I love thee still.’

The work is a truly noble one, and does honor both to editor and publisher.

The Journal of Sacred Literature. Edited by JOHN KITTO, D.D. No. II. III. IV. London; C. Cox: Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd.

This work becomes truly catholic in its scope and spirit, and claims the hearty support of every liberal Christian. We regret to observe that it *needs* help, and trust that such of our readers as are able to subscribe to it, will do so.

The articles which have pleased us most, are ‘the Law of the Gospel’ by Prof. Powell, in No. II; Tholuck’s ‘Introduction to the Gospel of John,’ Mc Combie’s admirable paper ‘on the Relation of Scripture to Human Enquiry,’ and Bertheau’s remarks ‘on the computations of the first two periods in Genesis,’ in No. III; and Prof. Powell’s essay, ‘on the application and misapplication of Scripture,’ in No. IV. Nearly every other paper, however, has decided merit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Christian Reformer. September, 1848 to January, 1849. Sherwood & Co, London.

The numbers before us contain several important, as well as interesting articles. The sketches of the Puritan Roger Williams, and of his cotemporary George Fox, are both. The articles entitled ‘the Gospels,’ and ‘the Principles of Textual Criticism,’ are learned and valuable reviews, and will repay attentive perusal.

Essays, chiefly on the Temperance Question; also, Poems on various subjects. By W. A. PALLISTER. London, Houlston and Stoneman. 1849. pp. 226.

A volume which does honor to the working, self-educated class, of whom the author was one. The literary merits of the *Essays on Temperance* are of a high order, and would grace the table of any drawing room in the Land; while those on miscellaneous topics are pervaded with a fine and philosophical spirit.



THE
TRUTH-SEEKER.
—
EDUCATION.
—

THE poet Wordsworth, in answer to a letter published by Coleridge in the *Friend*, on the perpetual progression of human nature, says: "Let us allow and believe that there is a progress in the species towards unattainable perfection; or, whether this be so or not, that it is a necessity of a good and greatly gifted nature to believe it." Deeply impressed with this truth, I would record some thoughts on education, the result of long experience gained by trials of all systems; for I have ever felt assured, even when most baffled and discouraged, that there *is* a true system, if only the public mind could be brought to just notions regarding education itself—its true *nature* and *aims*,—and could we, these duly recognized, find Teachers fitly qualified for their function.

To all who have had, in any way, to do with mental instruction, it must have become evident, that there are sluggish natures that bid defiance to every system; as there are gifted souls that will develop themselves in spite of every obstruction. It is with the mass between these extremes we have at present to do, and the means for their successful development.

PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION.

1. Parent and Teacher must go hand in hand to the work,—each fully persuaded that the *whole being* of the child is to be fitly and effectually exercised. A *fine nature* is preferable to a mere adept in any department of knowledge. Even allowing knowledge and skill to be of paramount importance in our present social state, there is surely a way by which we may attain to proficiency, while preserving the nature from those corrupting influences that mingle so much with every system of education.

2. That the Soul be kept open is of vast moment. On this condition only can Conscience be preserved active, and the Spiritual energies which alone perceive true harmony, be made to work towards an end, and not, like the merely intellectual, lose sight of the end in the means. Parents and guardians, thro' their own limited views, almost always mar and stint the natures springing up beneath their eye, by smothering that portion of being which is the glory of human nature. For example, when the child, pent up in a pew, looks out upon

the green fields and waving trees, it longs to be free—to be away in these sunny regions of gladness and love. This is the Spirit, not yet smothered, seeking communion with its own. But the Human Parent represses those noble impulses towards the Beautiful Mother in Nature; perhaps tells the child that it is wicked to desire such freedom; that the church (of stone) is the house of God; and that *he* must see it to be such! Nevertheless, he does *not* see it: the child's soul refuses to acknowledge the falsehood; his untrammelled nature detects the mock sanctity, the unwarranted restrictions of this day of rest and love. With a jubilant heart he would join the lark and the linnet in their truer song of praise; would instinctively, without the tedious process of the philosopher and sage, magnify God in the only legitimate way, amid the wilds of nature, and in the region of pure Ideas. His intellectual faculties being as yet undeveloped, however, he cannot communicate his nobler intuitions, which, thro' time, weaken or become dormant, and the true temple—the Temple of Nature—is forsaken for the temple instituted by Man. These pure aspirations once checked, all the child's after contact with the world has a tendency to foster *unnatural* notions, and to dim the lustre of the *light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world*, until the soul's dictates are no more heard. Once, in many centuries, comes a Great Teacher, declaring to us that *unless we become as little children we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven*; but the mass of human beings, sunk in worldliness and darkness, dogmatize where they ought to ponder, and dictate where they ought to learn; and still another field of time is blasted with mildew and canker-worm, and the millennial Reign of Spirit kept back. 'Few and far between,' are the visits of those gentle and deep-seeing natures who appreciate the sweet unworldliness of childhood; yet to preserve *it* in all its primitive purity, while the intellectual faculties are in process of development, is the great secret of Human Education.

MODES OF TUITION.

3. As far as mere *Instruction* in the usual branches of education are concerned, I see little need of improvement. If the Teacher be but careful to inculcate perseverance, punctuality, and habits of earnest attention, the prevailing systems are excellent. We have no reason to complain of a want of knowledge, but rather of narrowed, undeveloped *natures*. We have satellitic-brilliance, but no sun-heat. How is this last to be obtained? or is it unattainable?

4. When we peruse the biographies of Great Men, we ever find that there was something peculiar, something away from the ordinary mode, in their Training and Education. Some maiden-aunt told them old legends, or sung to them ancient ballads; or being thro' sickness unable to attend school, they read for themselves that inspiring lore that fills the mind with aspirations after the old heroic. These impressions made on the plastic minds of childhood are deep and lasting, and generally color the whole life. Why not, then, by some mode, soften the dry task work of the seminary? Many great ends might be thus accomplished. The fountains of Being would be stirred up. The imagination rendered active, and a taste for reading induced, thro' which the mind would continue to progress, and find entrance into inexhaustible regions of delight.

5. With girls, such a system might be easily attained. Some occupation for the hands being found, let them sit round the Teacher, while she reads aloud: at the same time explaining, simplifying, interrogating; and thro' time, even the

most careless will become interested—the most ignorant well-informed. Grace, goodness, gentleness, habits of observation, reverence, all great and desirable qualities, may be thus develope, —and *drilling* be dispensed with. It is only necessary that the Teacher be one not easily damped by inattention. She must not complain, tho her listeners be for a while the few; must patiently wait for the mass to be gained; nay, she must be content tho some are never imprest. She must remember the parable of the sower, and let the seed fall as it may; caring only that it be *really seed*, and not chaff, which the winds will quickly disperse.

6. Much greater results might be attained, if the Teacher were to go abroad with her pupils into the fields and woods, and preach from the ample page of nature. When pursued in a right spirit, apart from effort or grimace, this mode has many recommendations. 'At every step we tread upon a history.' We are in the great laboratory, and have examples before us in every intermediate state of the process. The sky is ever above and around, with all its changes. Morning, noon, night—how much they teach! I have known elder brothers stirred up to pursue science, thro the pleasure they derived from the remarks of young girls on the every day operations of nature. The mind that is thus imperceptibly won to observe and love, imparts its own enthusiasm to those it comes in contact with; and another and another mind is thereby rendered capable of noble and elevated thought. There is no necessity for immediate results, or scientific accuracy. That the perceptions be awakened; the eye habituated to investigation; and the soul accustomed to the attitude of reverence; are the chief requisites at the outset; or assuming that the mind ought never to get farther than these, is there not much good realized?

7. I would have this mode of training, however, adopted with motives somewhat higher than merely to induce a knowledge of Science, tho this itself were no mean aim. There is in every object a *higher* than science can teach, but which demands a knowledge of science for its due unfolding. This sorrel plant, spreading its faint pink blossoms among the moss, is one thing to a Linnæus, another to a Scheele. The one by examination of its minuter parts fixes its true place in the vegetable creation; the other extracts from it an acid before unknown in Chemistry. Each is satisfied that the utmost is ascertained regarding it, yet there still remains a higher, which *can only be spiritually discerned*. Many may not allow that there is such, but to 'the Open Soul' there yet remains *that* which yields a sweet and inextinguishable pleasure that transcends the Understanding—a somewhat which Emerson strives to define, when he tells us that 'every fact is a *beautiful fable*.'—An approximation, in short, to that deeper insight and correspondence which await manifestation.

8. This system, then, would resemble as much as possible the system adopted in the groves of Academe, the oral teachings of the old sages. It would of course require a large amount of information and thought on the part of the Teacher—would require one skilled in each inviting mode of tuition: fervid yet collected; enthusiastic yet patient; one seeing clearly into all arts and sciences, rather than knowing them practically. A lover of *Beauty*, yet capable of giving due attention to the *useful* in its own place: having nice tact, yet above mere worldly wisdom—in fine, one with large acquirements, and rendered alert and skilful by deep and

diversified experience. To manipulate rapidly and attractively, and quote fluently and pointedly, will be found of much avail. Neatness and accuracy win the eye, and emotion and fire beget emotion and fire, as love begets love.

9. I do not undervalue acquirements, or underrate systematic instruction, tho I maintain that *character* is superior to proficiency or skill of any kind. Instruction and acquirements are but the means, not the end. The end is the elevation and the enlargement of the Being. How meagre are the results of our 'improved systems of education'! There are polish and facility, but no vital quality; no growth; no *well of water springing up unto everlasting life*. How much better would it be, to strive after higher and more lasting results. Did we see human nature to be progressive, and the faculties and organs of vision, thro the culture of which the *latent nature* was to be deepened and enriched?—were music looked upon as the education of the ear,—a *key* to that manifestation of *Spirit* that dwells in sweet and solemn sound?—drawing as the education of the eye, fitting us to enjoy with a keener and holier delight, the grandeur of sunset and the sober grey of dawn: to perceive the beauty of the human form divine, as it is still occasionally to be seen on earth, and which even, at times, shines thro the transformation wrought by the charmed cup of Comus?—were all history viewed as the work of the Eternal's providence, and all science as his 'modes of action,'—then would each mind be strengthened with vital, hallowing energies, and Religion become somewhat more than an empty name.

10. *But*—'Is a system embracing such high subjects at all necessary for the general mind?' Some will affirm that 'the world has gone on well enough heretofore,' and that 'such training as we propose, would but unfit men and women for the tear and wear of the actual world.' This is shallow reasoning: the 'worldly wisdom' of 'practical people,' that profiteth nothing. If, according to Fichte (discarding the practical infidelity of these churchgoing folk), we are to be trained to render that entire obedience to the *law* of Reason as a free-will offering, which in our primitive state we rendered unconsciously to the *instinct* of Reason, we have somewhat more to do than merely to fit ourselves for being pleasant companions, or shining in society. We have a life to lead—'from God, and to God again.' *From* him, to make trial of the world,—to find that husks are not sufficient to satisfy our Divine nature, and that we must back to our Father's house again, where there is spiritual bread enough and to spare. This individual discovery is truly Regeneration. A true education would fit the mind to grapple with these high truths, to obey the spiritual laws, and penetrate the meaning and reality of life. No book fitted to the capacity of the young, teaches such things expressly; yet many books—the *Book*, tho there were no other, if rightly used, were all sufficient. But with the Book must be given the Teacher fitted to expound. The philosopher and poet in one, who would alike perceive the beauty of the myth, and grasp the deep truth conveyed by the myth: who could separate between the inspiration of the Spirit, and the error of the Man: who could mark in the unfolding, the advancement, and seeming triumph of suffering, the deep insight that the sufferer thereby obtains into the kingdom of Beauty, and Miracle, and Mystery, in which he and all dwell.

11. Emulation I look upon as a noxious weed, that once having gained en-

trance into the garden of mind, will eventually corrupt the whole soil. In the work of Archdeacon Hare, entitled *Guesses at Truth* (second series, second edition, p. 359), the reader will find, eloquently stated, what have long been my sentiments regarding this pernicious mode of exciting children to exertion.

12. The night of bigotry and dogmatism is, we trust, far spent. The morning breaks, already its light is on the everlasting hills, and our hearts beat high with hope and expectation, for we see in this, fair omen of *the perfect day*. God speed the work! and hasten the hour when all shall know him from the least even to the greatest; and be known even as He is known. B.

LET ME REST.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOT.

YET does well who does his best :
 Is he weary? Let him rest.
 Brothers! I have done my best,
 I am weary—let me rest.
 After toiling oft in vain,
 Baffled, yet to struggle fain;
 After toiling long, to gain
 Little good with mickle pain,—
 Let me rest. But lay me low
 Where the hedge-side roses blow;
 Where the little daisies grow
 When the winds a-Maying go;
 Where the foot-path-rustics plod;
 Where the breeze-bow'd poplars nod;
 Where the old woods worship God;
 Where His pencil paints the sod;
 Where the wedded throistle sings;
 Where the young bird tries its wings;
 Where the wailing plover swings
 Near the runlet's rushy springs;
 Where, at times, the tempest's roar,
 Shaking distant sea and shore,
 Still will rave old Barnesdale o'er,
 To be heard by me no more!
 There beneath the breezy west,
 Tir'd and thankful, let me rest—
 Like a child, that sleepeth best
 On its gentle mother's breast.

Hargate Hill, near Barnsley,
 26th March, 1849.

ROBIN HOOD'S GRAVE IN KIRKLEES PARK.

 WELL remember, when, with reverent foot,
 I made my first historic pilgrimage
 Unto the Outlaw's Grave. (Oft had I heard
 In Sherwood Forest, by the cottage hearths
 Of Edwinstowe, on many a winter night,
 Traditions of his death and burial;
 And all the scenes which Robin loved so well,—
 From Cresswell's savage crags, where Wollen rolls,
 And Budby's heath, and Birkland's faery realm
 Of silver birches, to the ruined oaks
 Of Bilhagh, lone and desolate,—I know.)
 And standing there, beside his mouldering bones—
 The dews of Sherwood I that morn had brushed
 From the dark ling, scarce dry upon my feet—
 I seemed to bring the forest to his manes,
 With all its wailing memories and trees,

Who now will come with me, and pay once more
 Sad homage at the brave old hero's grave?
 I know the spot which yonder pinetrees hide
 Under their sunless gloom; and we will go
 Down to the Porter's Lodge, and mount the heights
 Of the Great Terrace, past the seven beech trees,
 Where all the vale of Calder lies below,
 Soft dreaming, with the river in its arms,
 Under the shadows of the mighty hills.
 No fitter path could lead to such a tomb;
 Thick as a forest grow the towering trees,
 Thro' which the landscape, in its finest sweeps,
 Bursts like the vision of a sudden world!
 We tread o'er mosses soft, and beds of flowers,
 Crushing the kingcup into golden fire;
 Whilst round us on the banks the rabbits crop
 The moist rich grass, or, startled, spring below,
 Far bounding down the shaggy terrace side.
 Large seats of twisted wood, whose rude old arms
 Have circled many a gentle maiden's waist,
 Are rooted here and there along the path,
 Commanding all the distant hills and moors.
 Soft as a spirit's breath, the summer wind

Low murmuring 'mongst the trees, makes music sweet
 And various as the leaves thrö which it goes—
 Now surging like the mellowed roar of waves
 On the sea-beach at even, in the birch ;
 Now fuller-sounding, like an organ's swell,
 Thrö all the grand dark foliage of the oak.
 And hark ! how merrily in yonder copse
 The blackbird's song makes all the woodland ring ;
 Whilst at our feet the sunny shadows flash,
 And o'er us flames the vaulted dome of heaven.

Tread lightly o'er the earth—and speak no word
 Till the Great Spirit doth unloose your tongues.
 For where those yew trees nod their funereal plumes
 Upon the highest platform of the hill,
 Lies gentle Robin Hood ; his mighty heart
 All muffled up in dust, and his bright eyes
 Quenched in eternal darkness. Never more
 Shall the woods echo to his bugle horn,
 Or his unerring arrow strike the deer
 Swift flying, till it bites the bloody grass.
 Clean gone for ever all his merry band,
 Who erst in gaberdines of green and gold
 Waylaid rich abbots in the Watlyne-street,
 And broke their staves upon the Sheriff's men :
 Broad-humored Scathelock, and envious Much,
 Will Stutely of the quarterstaff, and Tuck
 The jolly friar, who liked more wine than prayer ;
 And all the hundred archers, vanished quite !
 And she whom Robin loved, Maid Marian—
 Light as a fawn, and beautiful as night
 When streams her starry hair along the heavens—
 Rests like a lily, in the wild wood laid,
 Amongst the moss and violets. Allan Dale,
 The gentle harper who was crossed in love,
 Lies silent as the rest, his grave unknown.
 And little John, the master's favorite man,
 Stiff in his giant bones at Hathersedge,
 Sleeps on till doom amongst the Derby hills.
 So here the Head of this broad history,—
 Who from his native hills in Loxley chace,
 With Simon Montford, fought at Evesham
 For the great Charter of the People's rights
 In unsuccessful battle, and became
 A wild wood rover rather than abide
 The whips and arrows of a tyrant's power,—
 Lies prisoned in black rails, his epitaph
 Proclaiming all his woodland gifts and deeds.

How lone and silent is the hallowed spot!
 O'ergrown with fringed ferns and mosses dank.
 The tall dark pines in solemn threnody
 Wail o'er his tomb—as o'er a wood-god dead:
 And not a sound disturbs the deep repose
 Which, like a slumbering spirit, broods around.
 Alas, poor Robin! thou art dead and gone!
 And *we* who slept within the fiery womb
 Of night and darkness, waiting to be born,
 When thou went down to silence in the grave,
 Are here at last, to die and sink like thee
 Again into the chambers of the dark.
 So rise, and vanish, all the ghosts of men!

Old and grey,
 With narrow windows facing the dark woods,
 The massy buildings of the Nunnery stand.
 Before them, on the slopings of the hill,
 Huge groups of lofty trees (beneath whose shade
 The hooded sisters of the convent walked
 In dim old centuries, lying far behind)
 Reflect their giant shadows in the brook,
 Which murmurs with its music voice below.
 The hospital, and dormit'ry, and barns;
 The long dark hall, whose iron window bars
 Admit the straggling light thro' loops of stone;
 The old lodge chamber,—where with treacherous skill,
 To please fierce Roger Doncaster, 'tis said,
 The Leech let out the life blood from the heart
 Of the old outlaw, who had claimed his aid,
 Sick lying at the posterns of the gate,—
 Are here, with all their ruined memories:
 And that low window saw the arrow shot
 Which fell upon the place which marks his grave.

Beyond the lodge, enclosed in mould'ring walls,
 The convent garden lies. The old oak door,
 Dropping with worms upon its crazy hinge,
 Admits you stooping. It is just the place
 One would have thought to find in an old land
 Long since deserted of all living men,
 And given up to bats and dreary owls,
 And lizards sleeping on the sunny walls.
 Thick nettles choke the earth, and hemlocks rank,
 And strange, wild herbs medicinal, are there;
 With scents of rotting leaves and hyssop flowers.

The fruit trees bear the scars of fruitless age,
 Their trunks all botched and knotted, with grey moss
 And lichens cleaving to the hoary bark.
 Their sapless branches bear no leaf or bloom,
 But bent and twisted rot, and fall to earth.
 Nature, well pleased with their old services,
 Seems to reward them with a slow decay,
 Protected from the violence of storms,
 And pensioned on the bounty of the sun.

Beyond the garden sleep the convent dead,
 Promiscuous mingled with their mother earth.
 The long, dark grass doth cover them; and trees
 Wave all their friendly shadows to and fro
 Over the silent graves; but not a stone
 Is left to tell whose daughters rest below.
 Alas! sweet spouses of the Risen Lord,
 Where, now, are all your chaunts and vesper hymns,
 That in the twilight chancels and the quire,
 Amongst the sculptured effigies of saints,
 Ye, in the chapel, sang at eventide?
 No more, in lonely cell, your pallid cheeks
 Shall glimmer in the broken light of stars,
 Streaming thro' iron lattices; no more
 In holy reverence shall ye bow your heads
 Before the golden image on the wall.
 The night hath passed, and night again is here,
 And many watchers wait to see the dawn.

Two tombs alone, of all the monuments
 Which pious hands erected to the dead,
 Remain within these sacred precincts.
 One holds Elizabeth de Stainton's dust,
 First abbess of the convent, now the last;
 Who with her sister here was laid to rest
 Under the grassy turf and greenwood's shade.
 But sacred evermore it is to me
 This old religion, which nine hundred years
 Our English fathers lived in and died.
 I love the large deep thoughts, the living fire,
 Which blossomed in the books and plastic works,
 The paintings and the music of our sires:
 And most of all the mighty architects,
 Who, in the lack of words to represent
 The vast creations of the laboring soul,
 Built epic poems in immortal stone.

G.S.P.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

‘Five Discourses on Subjects contained in the Book of Genesis. By JOHN W. JERVIS.’
London: Longman and Co. 1848.

EMERSON says, “The Hebrew and Greek scriptures contain immortal sentences, that have been bread of life to millions; but they have no epical integrity,—are fragmentary,—are not shown in their order to the intellect. I look for the New Teacher, who shall follow so far those shining laws, that he shall see them come in full circle; shall see their rounding, complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy.”

We should be glad to see the Teacher who could accomplish all this; we should even be thankful for all this from a number of separate teachers, each contributing his share towards securing so desirable an end; nor is it indeed, with us, a small thing to find a man who attempts the accomplishment of even the smallest share of it. The author of the work now before us seems to have had some such idea as that expressed in a portion of the preceding quotation. He commences his first discourse—headed **THE DOCTRINE OF A RESURRECTION**—thus:—

“1. The whole Bible is to be looked upon as containing a uniform design from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelation; so that the New Testament is contained in the Old, and the Old is completed in the New. It is, therefore, in the highest degree erroneous to imagine that the Old Testament is *superseded* by the New, or that it has been made a dead letter thereby: it was *of those Scriptures* [not the New] that Paul reminded Timothy that they were ‘*able to make*’ him ‘*wise unto salvation, thro’ faith which is in Christ Jesus*’.

“2. It is my desire to fix your attention, in this and in the four following discourses, upon some of the more remarkable passages occurring in the book of Genesis; and I have selected my subjects from this earliest portion of the Bible, both in order to show that it is capable of affording an intelligent view of the oracles of God, whilst laying down those first outlines which are afterwards to be filled up so as to embody and harmonize the entire system; and likewise because it will prove not a little gratifying to see the whole riches of prophetic knowledge and wisdom flow spontaneously from the treasury of this primeval and venerable *Abstract of Holy Scripture*.”

With this comprehensive conception, Mr. Jervis proceeds to the consideration of the parts which he has *selected* for the subject matter of these discourses. After furnishing us with this version of Gen. iii. 15—“*And I will put hostility between thee and the woman, and between thy offspring and her offspring: he shall beset thee in front, and thou shalt beset him in rear:*”—and presenting us with a learned dissertation to sustain his alterations, he comes (p. 21) to the profest subject of the discourse—the Resurrection:—

"The remark has been made that the Old Testament is deficient in promises of a future life, in the sense of a life not terrestrial: but I beg that it may be shown where the New Testament does, any more than the Old, set forth to the Christian's hope the promise of a state of being separate from the body: for concerning a separate state, the little that is produced from Scripture seems very indecisive and uncertain. It was a tenet of the Gnostics, who denied the human nature of Jesus Christ, that the Souls of men, after being imprisoned in the corrupt body for a certain time, were finally released from their impure tenement, and absorbed into the essence of the Deity. They held that matter was of itself evil, and of a nature inherently malignant; and that harmony and union never could exist between it and a pure and spiritual essence. It was against these self-constituted philosophers that St. John did so pointedly affirm that Jesus Christ was come in the flesh, and that the Word was made flesh. '*The heavens,*' says the Psalmist, '*the heavens are the Lord's: but the earth he hath given to the children of Adam. It is not the dead who praise the Lord: neither any of those who go down into silence.*' Hezekiah expresses the same thought: '*yea, it is not Shool that shall give thanks to thee, or Death that shall praise thee; it is not those who go down into the Pit that shall hope for thy truth: the living, the living, he shall give thanks to thee, as I do this day.*'—'*There is an animal body, but there is also a spiritual body.*' What doctrine, then, is that which has supplanted the sure doctrine of Scripture; and thrown a veil over the sacred page, while distorting its genuine and obvious import? Let those who assign to the resurrection a secondary place, weigh well the difference between their system and that of the Gnostic heretics! Let those who are pleased to substitute their own tradition for the right interpretation of Holy Writ, enjoy the complacency of their fancied Orthodoxy: but let *us* enquire whether the popular position be so secure as to render all examination superfluous; or whether it may not rather be necessary to unlearn a great deal of the divinity of the present day, in order to build up a sure foundation upon the bare rock of genuine Biblical-theology.

"But is it certain that in the Old Testament there is no allusion made to a future Life? I will take the Book of the Law, and I think it will appear to contain a clear allusion to, and not only so, but a distinct promise of, a Future Life; yet, I will repeat it, not of a celestial existence, which I am constrained to denounce as a fable of human superstition,—but a life such as the New Testament holds forth to us,—a state of glory, honor, and immortality, upon the earth. As St. Paul objected before Agrippa, '*What! is it judged incredible with you that God should raise the dead?*' I will also ask the advocates of a popular superstition, Why does it appear to you a thing either incredible or unsuitable that God should glorify human nature upon the earth? Away with the Manichean heresy, which affixes essential evil to the wondrous sphere on which we have our habitation! God created the earth: he created it not in vain; he formed it to be inhabited. The Scripture unites with true science in proclaiming the Work of God to be good, and his creation to be destined to last for ever. The earth is, and ever shall be, full of his glory."

Before proceeding any further with these quotations, it may not be out of place to let our readers see that, however heterodox Mr. Jervis's idea of a 'glorified humanity upon the earth' may be, something of the same kind was entertained by one in particular who has a wide reputation, not only for talent, but 'soundness' of creed. Dr. Chalmers, in his discourse on the '*New heavens and new earth in which dwelleth righteousness,*' gravely ridicules the 'popular superstition.' After disposing of the Manichean notion of the inherent sinfulness of matter, he says:—

"This may serve to rectify *an imagination*, of which we think that all must be con-

scious—as if the grossness of materialism was only for those who had degenerated into the grossness of sin; and that when a spiritualizing process had purged away all our corruption, then, by the stepping stones of a death and a resurrection, we should be borne away to some *etherial* region, where sense, and body, and all in the shape either of audible sound or of tangible substance, were unknown. And hence that strangeness of impression which is felt by you, should the supposition be offered, that in the place of eternal blessedness, *there will be ground to walk upon*; or scenes of luxuriance to delight the corporeal senses; or the kindly intercourse of friends talking familiarly, and by articulate converse, together; or, in short, any thing that has the least resemblance of a local territory, filled with various accommodations, and peopled over its whole extent by creatures formed like ourselves—having bodies such as we now wear, and faculties of perception, and thought, and mutual communication, such as we now exercise. The common imagination that we have of Paradise on the other side of death, is, that of a lofty aerial region, where the inmates float in ether, or are mysteriously suspended upon nothing!—*where all the warm and sensible accompaniments which give such an expression of strength, and life, and coloring, to our present habitation*, are attenuated into a sort of spiritual element, that is meagre and imperceptible and utterly uninviting to the eye of mortals here below,—where every vestige of materialism is done away, and nothing left but certain unearthly scenes that have no power of allurement, and certain unearthly ecstasies, with which it is felt impossible to sympathize. By the convulsions of the last day, this materialism may be shaken, and thus may the earth again become without form and void, but without one particle of its substance going into annihilation. Out of the ruins of this second chaos, may another heaven and another earth be made to arise; and a new materialism, with other aspects of magnificence and beauty, emerge from the mighty work of transformation; and the whole be peopled as before with the varieties of material loveliness, and space be again lighted up into a firmament of material splendor.”

Having enlarged on the moral transformation necessary to the existence of that righteousness which is to dwell in the new heavens and earth, Dr. Chalmers wisely adds:—

“It is thus that heaven may be established upon earth, and the petition of our Lord’s prayer be fulfilled, ‘*Thy kingdom come.*’ This petition receives its best explanation from the one which follows: ‘*Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*’ This is the way in which you may make a heaven upon earth, not by heaping your reluctant offers at the shrine of legality, but by *serving God* because you love him, and *doing his will* because you delight to do him honor.”

Now, what Dr. Chalmers utters as a conjecture, Mr. Jervis states as a solid conviction, arrived at from a critical examination of the Scriptures themselves: he indeed, in most cases, records those convictions in the very words of the Prophets and Apostles: so that his theory is no mere spider’s web, for catching simple flies, spun from matter of his own brain, but the direct impression made upon an enquiring mind by the Living Oracles. Chalmers comes, as it were, with a mighty besom, and sweeps away from the entrance to our minds, a mass of metaphysical rubbish which had been laid there by the pseudo-conservators of our spiritual interests—and Jervis presents himself for admission with his material-spiritual wares which had been for centuries trodden under foot by the thoughtless crowd and their blind guides—he presents as solid truths, what had

been treated as mere rhetorical flourishes; he sets forth as literal promises what had been tortured into mere types by metaphysically diseased minds; he requires us to receive as intelligible representations of things to come, what has been regarded as mere inventions resorted to for the purpose of giving a local habitation and a name to the airy nothings of the popular hope. He says:—

“To return to Deut. iv. 40: ‘*Thou shalt keep his statutes and his commandments, which I command thee this day; that it may go well with thee, and with thy children after thee.*’ Now, mark, when the thought has passed entirely from the present generation to the ensuing, the children that should come after, the prophet adds, ‘*and in order that thou MAYEST PROLONG DAYS UPON THE SOIL which the Lord thy God giveth thee for ever.*’ See the same in Deut. v. 16: ‘*That thy days MAY BE PROLONGED, and that it may go well with thee, upon the soil which the Lord thy God giveth to thee*’: of which Paul takes notice as containing an especial promise. See again, v. 33: ‘*In all the way which the Lord your God hath commanded, ye shall walk: that ye may live, and it be well with you, AND YE PROLONG DAYS in the land which ye shall possess.*’ vi. 2: ‘*That thou mayest fear the Lord thy God, to keep all his ordinances and his commandments which I command thee, thou, and thy son, and thy son’s son, all the days of thy life; AND THAT THY DAYS MAY BE PROLONGED.*’ Observe again xi. 9: ‘*And that ye may prolong days upon the soil which the Lord hath SWORN TO YOUR FATHERS TO GIVE TO THEM and to their posterity.*’ It is highly probable that the same thing is alluded to in Deut. viii. 16, and xxxii. 29, in the word which is translated ‘*latter end.*’ ‘Wherefore,’ as our Seventh Article declares, ‘they are not to be heard which feign that the Old Fathers did look only to transitory promises.’ No! they all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them from afar, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and sojourners upon the earth.

“The cardinal doctrine of all revelation is the Resurrection from the Dead at the appearing of the Lord from heaven. We are not taught to look upon this great event as one to be viewed at the distance, and not to be expected in this life. On the contrary, the Apostles made the expectation of the coming of Christ one of the fundamental articles of the faith, and exhorted their converts to persevere in the patient waiting for him. We ought, therefore, to direct our minds toward the glorious Advent as to the special object of our hope. The Bible does not lead us to think that man was ever intended to be *other* than an inhabitant of this terrestrial globe: ‘*nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.*’”

After showing, in the second Discourse, on ‘THE TIMES OF THE GENTILES,’ that the world “was not as yet in a condition to derive from the Gospel all the benefits which it is capable of conferring; and that a further measure in God’s providence was requisite, in order to develop fully the operation of divine truth upon the human mind;” and, in the third Discourse, shown ‘THE ESTABLISHMENT OF EL-ISLĀM’ to be providentially for the benefit of its subjects; our author resumes the subject of his first Discourse, in the fourth, entitled ‘THE NAME YĀHAWEH,’ thus:—

“It is generally allowed that the promises made to the three Patriarchs anticipated the occupation of the land of Canaan by the tribes of Israel: but it would not be an arduous task to point out in Holy Scripture a promise, made to the Patriarchs personally, of a future inheritance in the land flowing with milk and honey. Thus, Gen. xiii. 14, we find it

written that, *'The Lord said unto Abraham, after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward, for ALL THE LAND WHICH THOU SEEST, TO THEE WILL I GIVE IT.'* That the promise is extended to the posterity of the Patriarch equally with himself, it would be a very fallacious mode of reasoning to adduce as abrogating or cancelling the intention of the words preceding: and altho the words *'and to thy seed forever'* unquestionably follow the promise made to Abram individually, and may be thought to have reference to the occupation of the land under Moses and Joshua; yet the words which I have brought forward, containing a complete sense, and depending in no degree upon the final clause for their elucidation, *set forth an unqualified declaration and a plain proposition*, the evident meaning of which can neither be annulled nor mistaken, *in favor of the doctrine which it is my present object to establish.* In the fifteenth chapter, immediately after the recording of Abram's faith, that *'he believed God and He counted it to him for righteousness,'* God says to him, *'I am the Lord who brought thee out from Ur of the Chaldees, to GIVE UNTO THEE THIS LAND TO POSSESS IT.'* And he said, *O Lord God whereby shall I know THAT I SHALL POSSESS IT?* Observe the implicit manner in which the divine communication is understood and received. In Genesis xvii. 8. *'And I will give unto thee—the land of thy sojournings, all the land of Canaan for an everlasting possession.'* In xxvi. 2, the Lord appears to Isaac, and says to him, *'Go not down into Egypt; dwell in the land which I shall tell thee of; sojourn in this land, and I will be with thee and will bless thee; for UNTO THEE I will give all these countries. And I will perform the oath which I swore UNTO ABRAHAM thy father'* (that is, to give him also the land as he had promised to him). In xxviii. 3, 4, we read of the same promise made to Jacob: *'And God Almighty bless thee, and make thee fruitful, and multiply thee, that thou mayest become a multitude of peoples; and GIVE THEE THE BLESSING OF ABRAHAM TO THEE, and to thy seed with thee, that THOU MAYEST possess the land of thy sojournings, which God gave unto Abraham.'* And ver. 13: *'And lo, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord, THE GOD OF ABRAHAM thy father, and THE GOD OF ISAAC: the land whereon thou liest, TO THEE WILL I GIVE IT. And lo, I am with thee, and will keep thee, whithersoever thou goest, and will BRING THEE AGAIN into this land: for I will not leave thee until that I have done what I have spoken unto thee.'* In xli. 4, God says to Jacob for the last time, *'I will go down with thee to Egypt, and I will also surely bring thee up again.'* Finally, it was in the land of Canaan, in the cave of Macphelah, that the three Patriarchs were buried; and Jacob and Joseph were carried up thither out of Egypt. From all these particulars enough has been produced to demonstrate the fact that it was with reference to a future life, and a Resurrection from the Dead, that the land of their sojourning was promised to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob; and that they must previously (Gen. xv. 15) be gathered to their fathers until the appointed time.

"Now if the promise, contained in Gen. xiii. 15—*'I will give the land to thy seed FOR EVER'* [for ages?], is supposed to allude merely to the past occupation of the land by the Israelites, the fulfilment must be confessed to fall far short of the prophesy, which speaks of an everlasting possession. If however, we compare the promise, as in Gen. xvii. 8, our argument becomes inconceivably stronger: *'I will give to thy seed all the land of Canaan for an everlasting possession, AND I WILL BE THEIR GOD.'* The additional strength which our position derives from the concluding clause renders it wholly impregnable; as it directs our attention to the consummation of all things, and the final results of all God's counsels—to the new heavens and earth wherein dwelleth righteousness (Rev. xxi—3, 7, 27, comp. 2 Pet. iii. 13). Thus Jer. xxiv. 6: *'And I will set mine eyes upon*

them for good, and I will BRING THEM AGAIN to this land; and I will BUILD THEM UP and NOT PULL THEM DOWN; and I will plant them, and NOT PLUCK THEM UP: and I will give them a heart to know me, that I am the Lord; and they shall be my people, AND I WILL BE THEIR GOD, FOR THEY SHALL RETURN UNTO ME WITH THEIR WHOLE HEART. Jer. xxxii. 37: '*Lo, I will gather them out of all the countries whither I have driven them in mine anger—and I will BRING THEM AGAIN UNTO THIS PLACE, and I will cause them to DWELL SECURELY; and they shall be my people and I will be their God.*'—Ezek. xi. 17: '*Thus saith the Lord God, I will even gather you from the peoples, and assemble you from the countries whither ye have been scattered, and I WILL GIVE UNTO YOU THE LAND OF ISRAEL.—And they shall be my people, and I WILL BE THEIR GOD.*' The same promise is reiterated in the thirty-fourth and thirty-seventh chapters, in connection with the kingdom of the Messiah. Lastly, not to multiply instances, I shall content myself with adducing one more, from Rev. xxi. 3: '*And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the Tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall tabernacle with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them,*' and be '*their God.*' Thus it is very clear that the promises concerning the inheritance of the land of Canaan, have not, in any sense, been fulfilled, either as regards the Patriarchs themselves, or the people descended from them."

Mr. Jervis next proceeds to show that the occupation of the land under Joshua was only an earnest of the final and durable inheritance which was eventually intended for the children of Israel; and then points out from the Scriptures, that there is to be a Second Exodus, which will resemble the first.

"For instance, '*the outcasts of Israel shall be assembled, and the dispersed of Judah shall be gathered together, from the four corners of the earth*'—Is. xi. 12. Secondly, '*The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian sea, and with his mighty wind shall he shake his hand over the river, and shall smite it in the seven streams, and make men go over dry-shod; and there shall be a highway for the remnant of his people which shall be left, from Assyria; like as it was to Israel in the day that he came up out of the land of Egypt*'—Is. xi. 15, 16.

"Thirdly, there will be a triumphal song, Isa. xii; which is identical with Exod. xv. "Fourthly, They shall wage war with surrounding nations and subdue them, Is. xi. 14. "Fifthly, There shall be a '*Prophet like unto Moses*' appointed over them. The character of this Prophet is described Deut. xxxiv. 10, 12, and the marks by which he is to resemble Moses are there particularized: '*And there arose not a Prophet since in Israel LIKE UNTO MOSES whom the Lord knew face to face: IN ALL THE SIGNS AND THE WONDERS which the Lord sent him to do in the land of Egypt, to Pharaoh and to all his servants, and to all his land: and IN ALL THE MIGHTY HAND and IN ALL THE GREAT TERROR, which Moses did IN THE SIGHT OF ALL ISRAEL.*' Elijah met God in mount Horeb, as Moses did, and fasted forty days and forty nights. Elijah brought down fire from heaven upon the adversaries; and denounced judgment upon Ahab and his family. Elijah is evidently reserved for some great transaction: like Christ he was taken up into heaven. Elijah is promised to be sent before the great day of the Lord in order to convert the children of Israel. Elijah will appear in the wilderness."

Those who wish to acquire much *Scriptural* information on this exceedingly interesting subject, will get this learned and beautifully printed work itself: the following is from the conclusion of the fourth discourse.

"The Patriarchs, then, died in the days of their sojournings: but they beheld, thro' the vista of futurity, the great day of the Son of God; they saw it and were glad (John viii. 56). They discerned afar off the Christ, the Messiah, the Anointed King; they descried in the faint horizon, the Lord of the world to come, the Founder of Eternal dominion, the Prince of Peace (Is. ix. 6), arriving from heaven with all his saints, the angels of his power (2 Thess. i. 7; Deut. xxxiii. 2; Ps. lxviii. 17; Dan. vii. 10; Zech. xiv. 5; 1 Thess. iii. 13). Michael, the great Archangel with a shout (Dan. xii. 1; Numb. xxiii. 21. 1 Thess. iv. 16); Immanuel with the voice of a trumpet (Exod. xix. 16; Ps. xlvii. 5; Is. xxvii. 18); The great Prince who standeth for the children of their people: '*O my people, I will open your graves, and will raise you up out of your graves, and bring you to the land of Israel.*' Ezek. xxxvii. 12; John v. 28."

The view of this subject taken by Mr. Jervis has long been gaining ground with the advance of correct and the decline of credal criticism. Clearly to us the Hope of the primitive Christians (as represented in the Gospels) was, that Christ, their head, had *gone to prepare a place for those who loved him and realised his example*; and that he *will come again* to ensure their reward.

In Dr. Arnold's Life (p. 54-5) we find the following passage:—

"If there is any thing special in the Atheistic tendency of medicine, it arises, I suppose, from certain vague notions about the soul, its independence of matter, etc., and from the habit of considering these notions as an essential part of religion. Now I think that *the Christian doctrine of a Resurrection meets the materialists so far as this, that it does imply that a body, or an organization of some sort, is necessary to the full development of man's nature.* Beyond this we cannot go; for, granting that the brain is *essential* to thought,—still no man can say that the white pulp which you can see and touch and anatomize can itself *think*, and by whatever names we endeavor to avoid acknowledging the existence of mind,—whether we talk of a subtle fluid, or a wonderful arrangement of nerves, or anything else,—still we do but disguise our ignorance, for the act of thinking is *sui generis*, and the thinking power must in like manner be different from all that we can commonly mean by matter."

We fully concur in the verdict of the learned and acute author of '*A vindication of Protestant Principles*' (Parker, Lond. 1848), who bases the Doctrine of a Future Life upon a *prior* Organic Resurrection.

"The vagueness and inconsistency of any other idea respecting heaven and a future state, is obvious to any one who *thinks*, however easy it may be to use words which have no meaning for ourselves or others."

What, indeed, is a *Soul* without organs, parts, or faculties,—save mere senseless sound?—a something only in words, but without any substantial *reality*!

THE WINES OF SCRIPTURE.

A Biblical Cyclopædia: Edited by JOHN EADIE, LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature to the United Presbyterian Church, Scotland. London, 1849.

FLAGONS. "Where this word occurs," says Dr Eadie, "it [he should have said the original word *eshishah*, so translated] does not signify drinking vessels, but rather *cakes formed of grapes*." Dr. E. does not refer to the probable reason of the translators' blunder—some confusion between the Septuagint term *laganon* 'a cake,' and *lageenos*, a flagon. Why does Dr. E. call 'flagon of grapes' in Hosea iii. 1, 'the literal rendering'? It is no more the literal rendering there than is 'perfumes' in the Song of Solomon. The Greek of the LXX in Cant. ii. 5, *muroids*, 'unguents,' has again led astray.

PALM-TREES. Under this article we have a neat wood-cut of a Palm Tree, erroneously ticketed 'Olive—cultivated.' Speaking of Dates Dr. E. says:—

"Some are eaten fresh, and some laid aside for future use. Others yield a rich *syrup*; which being expressed, the remaining mass is steeped in hot water, and after being macerated and cleansed, affords a pleasant drink. These different kinds of *syrup* are the celebrated *Date-wine*, which was greatly prized in ancient times by the Orientals."

Nevertheless, led astray by the obscure definition of Jerome, and the philological fancy of Fürst, Dr. E. cannot even include this celebrated 'Date-Wine' under the generic term *shechar*, 'sweet-drink'! When Jerome said—"Drink called *Sicera* by the Hebrews, is every kind which can inebriate, or (sive) that which is made from grain," etc.—he may have designed to distinguish that which inebriates *from* 'the fruit of the palm expressed into a liquor.' At any rate, the meaning as inclusive of beer, etc. could not have applied to the ancient *shechar* of the wilderness, since beer was only *invented* about 400 B.C. In opposition to our suggestion, that as 'honey' is, in 2 Chron. xxxi. 5 (margin), used for dates; so in Deut. xiv. 26, *shechar* may be used for the dates also, Dr. Eadie says:—"it can at no time mean the mere fruit of the palm, any more than *ale* can signify the barley." But, in *gayin*, the Prof. adopts a very different argument, for he declares that it "sometimes seems to signify the growing fruit of the vineyard."

Dr. Kitto, in his *Cyclopædia*, article 'Tamar,' says:—

"The Date-tree is as much esteemed for its fruit, 'the date,' as for its juice, whether fermented or not, known as *Palm-Wine*."

"The tender part of the spatha of the flowers being pierced, a bland and sweet juice exudes, which being evaporated yields sugar, and is no doubt what is alluded to in some passages of scripture."

Whether Dr. Kitto means the 'juice,' or 'the sugar' made from it, is not very clear; but it is likely that the former should *never* be named? Jericho, *Seghor*, and other places of Palm Trees, show the *value* of the article, so highly esteemed,—is it credible that it should not *once* be named in the Bible? The *Palmer tree* and *fruit* of India were once called *ZHAGRA*; this name was also applied to the *juice* (*suri*), and is still the name of the honey *sugar* made from it. Why abandon these plain facts, to follow the fancy of Fürst for referring the word *shechar* to the root *ker*, hot, 'burning.' *Curry* and *capsicum* have no analogy to palm-wine.

"GRAPES. (Gen. xlix. 11; wash his garments in *gayin*, his clothes in the *blood of grapes*.) The fruit of the vine."

We are glad to perceive Dr. Eadie thus classing *yayin*, and its equivalent *the blood of the grape*, under 'Grapes'—the hanging-wine. He adds:—

"The grapes of the Holy Land are mostly *red* or black. Hence the juice is called '*the blood of the grape*,' translated red-wine (Isa. xxvii. 2)."

Redness might have first suggested the idea of resemblance to blood, but the phrase '*blood of the grape*,' would afterwards be extended to all juice, white or red,—indeed the name '*blood of the tree*' has been extended to *sap* generally, because it bears the same *relation* to plants which blood does to animals.—In the passage in Isaiah, does not Dr. E. prefer the reading of some copies, *hemed* 'fruitful,' to *hemer*, 'red' or 'turbid'?

Under this head Dr. Eadie quotes from Mr. Homes's article in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, which gives due prominence to the grape as an article of *food*—a fact so strangely denied in an early note to the last edition of the Pictorial Bible!

Under HONEY and PALM Dr. Eadie states that the syrup of dates is supposed by Robinson and others to be included under the Hebrew *debbash*, as *dibs* in Arabic is still applied to grape and date syrups, which are extensively manufactured in Syria. He also says—'*Milk* and *honey* were the chief dainties of the earlier ages.' We need, then, scarcely be at a loss to explain the language of the Prophet who conjoins *wine* with *milk*, as appropriate viands. If not grapes, it was probably the syrup or honey-wine—the seekers of drugged liquors would scarcely value the mild, unexciting milk.

LEES. The Hebrew word so translated, is *shemarin*, which we have been accustomed to regard as signifying '*preserves*,' from the verb *shamar*, 'to preserve.' As in Isa. xiv. 6, no *yayin* is mentioned,—and as '*preserves*' form a most important element in an oriental feast—the subject of the passage,—we see no reason for quarreling with the derivation. This, however, Dr. E. calls 'fanciful'! and prefers one which compels him to suppose that the lees (*yest*) meant both its own subject and *the wine* to boot!—by 'a figure,' of course. Thus by the convenient aid of a 'figure,' a philologist can make an obstinate phrase cut whatever figure he fancies! He declares this word to be 'of another family of etymons—denoting what is *driven* or *heaped* together, like the sediment deposited in fermentation.' We answer—not proven. *Shamar*, *Shomer*, *Shemer*, have all the sense of '*preserving*, *keeping*,' which well applies to the *substance* '*preserves*'—whereas, in the text in question, nothing is explained without *adding a supposition*, in order to add a *word*, to the language of the Prophet. That a term similar to *shamar* should be found in the Coptic, still signifying '*fermentation*,' does not much strengthen the argument. The word, after all, may not signify '*fermentation*' in the modern, exclusive sense; primitively it meant no more than the appearance of '*boiling*,' '*foaming*,' or '*turbidity*.' Moreover, it is quite possible, nay probable from analogy, that SHMR itself, and 'HMR, have a common relation to a more primitive word—and that (like *yavan*, the root of *yayin*) they should equally have the first simple sense of '*boiling*,' hence *ferm* (*warm*), and give rise ultimately to the secondary one of *yest* (bHaRM by corruption), and dregs. If so, the primitive sense of *sh'mr*, will be referable to the word from which comes our English SiM'R, shimmer, seamer, etc., expressive of heat, boiling, *tsimmer*, *zimmering*, etc. A similar connection exists between other words, as *syr* (a boiling pot), and *siræum*, '*boiled wine*,' *m-sir-t*, '*a frying pan*,'—or *tsim*, '*heat*,' *tsimukim*, '*grapes dried with heat*' (Ital. *simuki*), etc.

From the root for *simmering* or boiling, naturally comes *shamar*, 'to preserve' by boiling, and hence *shemarin*, '*the preserves*,' or substance preserved. This primitive meaning suits our context, and gives a complete sense—the secondary one does not.

The verb זקק *zakkak*, if understood as *sakkos*, *saccus*, equally refers to the mode of preparing jellies and wine, by straining them thro' the *sakos*, or sack-cloth.

We do not, therefore, perceive any reason for receiving this new theory, which is not only fanciful but funny! Only think of *fermented-wine*, refined with such a vengeance

that it can stand on a *heap*—with the Lees underneath it! ‘*heaped up*,’ or miraculously ‘*drawn*’ together, like the Red Sea when the Israelites passed thro’ it. But Dr. E. may say, ‘I do not mean that *the wine* was the thing heaped or drawn together, but the *lees* below it; which, I suppose, became used as a *metaphor* for the *wine* above it!’ This is the second link in the chain of ‘suppositions’ which is to ‘demonstrate’ the fallacy of *our* theory (which *fits* both with philology and fact, and makes the prophet *say* what he *means* besides).

Even if the word *did* clearly signify *lees*, or that which became ‘*heaped together*,’ this would not necessarily imply ‘fermentation,’ nor prove a fermented-wine to be the thing meant by the word. On the contrary, it might still signify a ‘Tectotal Preserve.’

Mr. Palgrave Simpson, M.A., in his ‘Letters from the Danube,’ thus speaks of the Syrmian Wines:—

“The Syrmian *Ausbruch*, the choicest and most valued of all these wines—that which often obtains the preference over the more generally celebrated wine of Tokay—is not to be produced every season; its fabrication can only be expected in a very favorable year. It is made then by a process peculiar to the rich Hungarian wines. When the weather is especially dry and advantageous, the fuller and richer grapes are allowed to remain upon the stalks until they are dried to raisins [not those of the shops] in the sun; under less favorable circumstances they would rot, not dry; they are then only gathered in the late season. *These raisins are picked very carefully*, and heaped together in tubs, bored below like sieves; and their oily juice is allowed to run off, pressed out by their own weight alone. It would appear almost impossible, at first, that any drinkable liquid should be extracted from the *thick liquor* thus expressed from the sweet, dry grape. By degrees, however, the *thicker particles settle to the bottom of the tub* into which it is conveyed, and the *pure wine is run off clear from the top*.”

OLIVES. This is an excellent article, crowded with scriptural illustrations of the use of oil and olives. Here we find *yitzhar* rightly rankt amongst *solid* productions—as one of a comprehensive triad of natural blessings—*field-fruit*, *vineyard-fruit*, and *store-fruit* in general.

Dr. Eadie here displays a thoro insight into the ancient senses of ‘corn—wine—and oil.’ He views them, not as confined to the liquid produce in the last two instances, nor merely as corn, grapes, and olives,—but as including *various other productions* of the *field*, *vineyard*, and *orchard*, of which those were only the chief,—the type, as it were. [We wonder he does not see that the term ‘drunkenness’ had, in like manner, a sense very different from our modern word—‘intoxication.’] “Each of the terms,” says Dr. Eadie, i. e. corn, wine, and oil, “as used in modern language, is too specific a translation of the original”—he means ‘for representing the original,’ since specific exactness is the very thing needed in a translation—“for they denote, respectively, the ingathering of the Field, the Vineyard, and the Orchard.” This term of distinction—‘*orchard-fruit*’—we some years ago suggested in the Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature; we mean by it, however, *all store-fruit* not included under the terms *wine* and *corn*.

VINES. Under this head we find the following passages:—

“It is said that the vine was not cultivated to any extent in Egypt. The assertion is so far erroneous: Herodotus appears to have been misunderstood. It is true, that the vine cannot live if laid under water, as so large a portion of Egypt is for months every year. The rich mud of the Nile, did not, therefore, produce vines, and this seems to be all that Herodotus asserts—when he speaks of it not being planted among those who inhabit ‘the sowed land.’ But the great valley of the Nile seems to have been bordered with vineyards. The dream of the chief butler also implies its cultivation. (Gen. xl. 11.) The monuments prove it. According to Champollion, there are found in the grottoes of Beni Hassan representations of the culture of the vine, the vintage, the bearing away and the stripping off for the grapes; two kinds of presses, the one moved merely by the strength of the arms

the other by mechanical power, the putting up of the wine in bottles or jars, the transportation into the cellar, *the preparation of boiled wine*, etc.”—"In the inscriptions of the time of the Pharaohs, at least *seven different kinds of wine* are represented."

In reference to the first part of this paragraph, we observe, that tho the vine likes a dry and loose soil for a permanent abode, it will yet manage very well to keep alive during the floods. In Persia it is irrigated artificially. Certainly Herodotus does *not*, in the place so often quoted, refer to the border land of the great valley, but to the sowed lands around Heliopolis; but we caution Dr. E. against conclusions drawn from confounding together various periods of Egyptian History.

"VINEGAR. (Prov. x. 26). The Hebrews seem to have had two kinds of vinegar, one of which they used as a drink (Numb. vi. 8), which was probably a weak *red-wine*; and the other as an acid diluted with water."

Why a red-wine, to the exclusion of a sour-white-wine?

WINE. This article contains much to admire, and somewhat to condemn. Commenting with the erroneous supposition that the fact of the common existence of intoxicating wine amongst the Hebrews had been controverted by somebody, Prof. Eadie says:—

"It is not inconsistent with any known facts to suppose that their wines *generally* had the intoxicating principle. Whether the wine into which our Saviour miraculously changed the water at Cana (John ii. 3) possessed this principle or not, *we cannot know*, nor would a decision of the question in the least degree affect the character of the transaction, any more than it would affect the prescription of the apostle to Timothy (1 Tim. i. 33)."

Prof. E. is wrong: 'the character of the transaction' would be very materially altered; since one supposition implies that *good* water is converted into *bad* wine—the other that a pure drink has superadded to it the beautiful taste and nourishing matter of pure wine. We are surprised at the reason immediately assigned:—

"And the process by which the juice of grapes, apples, pears, etc., preserves itself by fermentation, is as kindly and *benevolently provided* [for what end?] as the process by which those fruits themselves come to maturity."

Corn, it is true, if not preserved or consumed, will, by a natural law, *rot* and *decay* until it has returned to its ultimate elements, which become *food* for *fresh corn*, etc. What then? Such a process is a *loss* considered with reference to the *provision* of food; and to urge this argument to a famishing Irishman (while pointing to a rotting *potato* heap,) would be as bad as to offer a stone when he asked for bread. The *juice of grapes*, etc., is good adapted food—but the carbonic acid, the alcohol, and the yeast, into which fermentation changes that juice, are not food but poison.

In the subsequent paragraph, however, Prof. E. is again worthy of himself. He thus piously, as well as rationally, submits to FACT—to God-in-Fact! We require no more as teetotalers, whatever we may do as Biblical Critics, than the following pregnant sentence concedes to us: 'LET SCIENCE DECIDE' has ever been *our* motto.

"So far as the use of the liquid, after this process has taken place, tends directly or indirectly to the injury of body or soul, *so far are we forbidden to use it on any pretence or consideration whatever*. The enquiry, therefore,—What the wine of the bible was? in this respect seems to be WITHOUT ANY PRACTICAL ADVANTAGE, inasmuch as *the injurious use of it* is forbidden in a thousand forms; and when it possesses the intoxicating quality, *the unnecessary use of it* is *unexpedient*, if not *SINFUL*."

"WINE VESSELS. The Hebrews, as well as the Greeks, preserved their wine in large earthen vessels, or jars, which were buried up to their necks in the ground." "The Hebrews poured even the *must*, or 'new wine,' into skins; but for this purpose they used such as were fresh and flexible, and therefore not liable to be broken by the fermentation of the liquor. (Matt. ix. 17)."

We observe, here, 1st., that the *Nouveaux Secrets concernant les Arts et Metiers*^b (Nancy, 1721) shows how, formerly, 'the wine in the must' was 'preserved' by burying the cask in the earth, or in cisterns, *without fermentation* (Vol. i. p. 370): 2nd. As Archdeacon Jeffreys has observed, 'if the husbandman really desired to make a fermented wine, there was no occasion to burst the bottles: he had nothing to do but leave the mouth open till the wine had done working, and the wine would become incapable of bursting the bottles, whether old or new.'^c The true explanation is given in Dr. Kitto's Cyclopædia, article 'Wine.'

If we bear in mind that even in the second slighter fermentation, *iron-bound casks* are burst by the generation of carbonic acid, when too soon closed up,—that the conversion of sugar into that gas at the temperature of a Judean Autumn, will cause an *immense increase* in the space occupied,—we shall perceive that the theory of 'flexible bottles' for *fermenting must* is far from being 'flexible' enough for the case. If the *must* once fairly begin to ferment, a bottle made from the skin of a Rhinoceros could scarcely be preserved unbroken, much less one made of the skin of a sheep or kid, unless put into some intensely cold place, so that the elastic gas might become condensed.

Dr. Eadie, closely following our own article in Dr. Kitto's Cyclopædia, considers the several Hebrew and Greek terms for Wine, in orderly succession. He observes:—

"It is admitted on all hands that our English translation has not been very precise in defining the meaning of the Hebrew words usually rendered by the generic term *Wine*. The Hebrew language is unusually rich in vocables denoting the fruit of the vine in the various forms in which it was preserved or used. No less than eight Hebrew terms are, in our version, rendered *wine*, either simply or with some adjunct."

Prof. Eadie, distinctly recognizes the generic character of the word *yayin*: it includes, he admits, 1st. grapes; 2nd. fresh grape-juice (*must*, new wine); 3rd. boiled grape-juice (*sobhe*); 4th. *drugged* intoxicating *yayin*; and 5th. *fermented* intoxicating *yayin*.

That 'in the majority of instances, *yayin* denotes a fermented *and* intoxicating liquid,' is a statement quite impossible to prove. *Yayin* might be intoxicating without being fermented, just as it might be fermented without being drugged; but even if the assertion be altered to 'fermented *or* intoxicating,' it will still be unprovable. No one can prove *yayin* to be applied to an intoxicating drink in more than 33 texts out of 141.

Prof. Eadie thus notices *yayin* in the sense of 'grapes,' and that of 'grape juice.'

"1. *Yayin* was a generic name, and occurs 141 times in the Old Testament."^a (1) "It sometimes seems to signify the growing fruit of the vineyard. (Deut. xxviii. 39; Jer. xl. 10-12.) Such a use of the term is common in other wine countries. In Germany the vine-dresser will say in spring or summer,—'the wine blooms or flourishes well,'—'the wine will be good this season'." (2) "The treaders sung and shouted (Isa. xvi. 10), while the red-blood of the grape flowed around them, and thoroly stained their garments. (Isaiah lxi. 1-3; Jer. xxv. 30; xlviii. 33; Lam. i. 15; Rev. xix. 13-15.)"—(3) "Psalm civ. 15: juice in the growing grapes."

Some of the remarks on *Tirosh* are excellent; if Prof. Eadie, however, will attentively peruse the *Letter to Prof. Stuart*,^d he will discover some reason for a further modification of his views. His strongest texts are there disposed of. As it seems to us, there is not even one passage in the whole Bible which necessitates the liquid rendering of *tirosh*.—This term, by the way, is rather a *collective* than a generic term: it has no species under it, properly speaking, but only parts or articles.—

^b *Standard Temperance Library*, p. 76. In the same page will also be found two recipes (of the dates of 1721 and 1733) for making *unfermented* 'Wines from the Lees.'

^c *Ibid.* p. 74. ^d *Ante*, p. 163.

"2. *Tirosh* is also a generic term, and occurs 38 times in the Old Testament. The term appears often to mean *the solid produce of the Wine*, and is frequently used along with the word *corn* or field produce, and *oil* or orchard produce."—"In some passages it means *the fruit of the vine irrespective of its character*, the preparation it has gone thro', or the change made upon its appearance." [?]

Dr. E., however, rejects our argument for the *original solidity of Tirosh* founded on the fact, that if it only meant *wine*, then is the Law of Deut. xiv. 23, not comprehensive enough to enforce the tithes of vintage-FRUIT in the form of *raisins*, etc. (See the argument in full, in Kitto's *Cyclopædia*, Art. Fruit, p. 720.) He alleges that *the Mishna* (or traditional law of the Jews) makes 'wine' subject to tithe 'from the time it is *purged*'—i. e. done fermenting. If our argument, however, founded on the Ancient Hebrew Text, is 'without foundation,' the objection, founded on the post-Christian traditional law, is without even 'the shadow' of a foundation.

1st. Suppose the Mishna to have been written as early as 200 after Christ, is it any *real authority* for deciding what articles were titheable on the entry of the Jews into Canaan, by virtue of *the terms of a law* given in the wilderness 1500 years before Christ? On *such* a question the Mishna can be of little value in *any* case, even as a confirmation; much less can we suffer it to over-ride the context of the original law on which our argument is founded. The *tithe* of liquid *wine* must have been a late introduction, for it is not once mentioned in a series of texts extending over eleven centuries of time!

2nd. Dr. Eadie admits that older and greater 'authorities' than the Mishna (for example, the Ancient Greek, Chaldee, Syriac, and Latin versions of the Hebrew Text) *have not* thoroly understood this old Hebrew word *Tirosh*, but have often mis-rendered it: how, then, is the Mishna to be free from the prevalent error? or the practice of the Jewish Rabbins for a century or two before Christ? The objection of Dr. E. will destroy his own theory as well as ours: for *upon what* did the Jews base their practice of *wine-tithes*, if not upon the gradual misunderstanding of this very word *tirosh*? If, as Prof. E. admits, the word 'wine' has, since the Christian era, become restricted, and *nearly* lost its ancient, more *general sense*, may not *tirosh* have suffered a similar corruption before the Christian era? Nay, it is admitted that such is the fact. Hence, the objection of Prof. E. is but reasoning in a circle—or, at least, urging an ancient *error* against the still more ancient *truth* of which it was a corruption,

3rd. Instead, therefore, of acknowledging the *practice* of the later Jews as an objection, we demand an *explanation* of the practice itself. It remains, as yet, unaccounted for; and is, we believe, to be explained only in the way we have just pointed out. As the modern Peasant of the Vineyard says, '*the wine* blooms'—so, probably, the ancient Jewish one said, '*the tirosh* blooms'—'*the tirosh* will be good.' But, in course of time, the *juice* of the tirosh (*yayin*) became the thing *most thought* of, therefore, emphatic—and hence, at last, with the post-Biblical Jews, it got confounded, first with the generic sense of *yayin* (as including 'hanging' as well as 'expressed wine'), and finally with *ausis*, the fresh-express (or specific) yayin.

4th. Dr. E. thinks that it was "of this tithe of *purged* wine that *the Jews* were to drink in Deut. xiv. 26." But how is it proved that the things named here were for the *Priests* to drink, for whom the true tithes were? The literal reading refers to *this* tithe as being for the *People* to eat? (See our *Strong Drink Question*, 1842. § xi; Burne's *Concordance of Scripture and Science*, p. 71.)

Why, in Judges ix. 13, we may not represent *the vine* as saying, 'shall I *leave* my *offspring*?'—grapes in the cluster—it is hard to conceive: but Dr. E. prefers to view the *tirosh* here, and the *yayin* of Ps. civ. 15, which is said to come *out of the earth*, as 'the juice in

the growing grapes.' If so, the Sacred Writers might much more appropriately have spoken of 'the grape letting out its *tirosk*,' and of 'the *yayin* as coming out of the grape.'

"3. The other terms rendered 'wine' are more specific in their nature. One of these is *hamer*,—the word is spelt in different ways,—which denotes fermentation."

This is both mistake, and assumption. 'Fermentation' is only one of the secondary meanings, because fermentation is accompanied with the appearance of 'boiling'—which is the primitive meaning of 'HMR—viz *ghomer*, *schaum*, *foam*, turfiness, turbidity, or 'miriness. (See our Review of Dr. Lillie, p. 35.)

Once, this word had a perfectly innocent meaning, as is evidenced by its early occurrence as an adjective to describe the juice rushing forth and foaming from the grape into the wine vat—'the pure blood of the grape.' *Yayin*, from *yavan*, arose in a similar way, and from denoting the fresh foaming juice, gradually became the name of the juice in every state it was made to assume, and even occasionally of the grapes themselves. Perhaps this word *hamer* had an exotic origin; for, in the Chaldee and Arabic, it is used as a generic word, exactly corresponding to *yayin*, and therefore, like all ancient words for wine in general, inclusive of both kinds, fresh as well as fermented. It is not at all likely that the ancient Hebrews had any special distinctive name for 'fermented-wine': certainly their neighbors of Chaldea used this term generically. We find *hhomets* used for liquid fermentation, *seor* for solid, *matsoth* for 'unfermented,' but no trace of the use of *hamer* in this way.

"*Hamr* is yet the chief word in Arabic for wine."—"A mild liquor, of exhilarating qualities, is called in Arabic *Nebidh*, in distinction from *Khamr*, the name for ordinary fermented wine."—"This word [*hamer*], or some of its forms, occurs 9 times in the Old Test. 4 of these are in the Book of Daniel, and 2 in Ezra, in all of which, both the simple term, and the Chaldee emphatic *hamra*, are rendered in our version 'wine' [generically]. In the other places, our translation once (Deut. xxxii. 14) renders it *pure*, in the rest *red-wine*."

We deem the true reading of Isa. xxvii. 2, to be חמך (*fruitful*), not חמר (*red*). No word for 'wine' occurs there at all.

"4. Another term, *Sobe*, is used thrice in the Old Testament, and various parts of the verb frequently occur. In Isaiah i. 22, it refers to *wine of a rich quality*, which had been made weak, or diluted with water. In Hosea iv. 18, the meaning is somewhat similar,—'their *sobe* is sour,'—their fine wine has become acid and undrinkable."

Columella states that the *sapa* and *defrutum* were liable to turn *sour*, so that the character, as well as name, of *sobhe*, seems to correspond to the *sabe* of later times. That the technical Roman writers should distinguish it from common wine (as a thing '*allied to wine*'), and chiefly use for a *condiment* what the Hebrews employed as a *beverage*, is of no force against the identity of the article. Tastes and titles alter while things remain. Besides, after all, unfermented *sapa* and *oino-meli* (*honey-wine*) were used as a beverage, both in Greece and Italy. They were '*the drink of the Elderly women*.' (See Dr. Smith's *Class. Dict.* art. *Vinum*.)

In *Tirosk lo Yayin*, and Burne's *Concordance*, there is a much better explanation of Nahum i. 10, than the one given by Dr. Eadie. The *sobhe* had a clear connection with the *sy*, or boiling-pot, of the Jews.

"5. The Hebrew had also a term signifying mixed wine, *Mesech*. (Prov. xxiii. 29, 30; Ps. lxxv. 8; Isa. lxxv. 11.) The practice of mixing wine was a common one among the ancients. This *mixed wine*, often mentioned by the sacred writers (Psal. lxxv. 8; Prov. xxiii. 30), was not diluted with water, but, on the contrary, was increased in strength, or improved in flavor and color, by a mixture of *drugs, herbs, and spices*. (Sol. Song viii. 2.)"

Surely, however, the *Wine* that 'Wisdom' mingled, was not 'increased in strength by *drugs*,' but 'diluted with water'?

"6. *Asis*, in Song of Solomon viii. 2, is applied to the *juice* of pomegranates. It is evidently supposed to possess an intoxicating quality in Isa. xlix. 26."

How "FEEDING with *flesh*, and SATIATING with *blood*, as with *asis*," supposes an 'intoxicating quality' we cannot divine! It is a proof of the strange influence of pre-judgments, that they should induce any clever, clear-headed man to 'suppose' that blood was intoxicating! Shall we read, elsewhere,—'Thine arrows shall be *intoxicated* with blood'?

7. *Eshishah* is, under Flagon, rendered Grape-Cakes.

8. *Shemarim*, by 'a figure,' is rendered '*Wine on the lees*'!

9. "In the New Testament, the general term ΟΙΝΟΣ is employed."

10. *Gleukos* is defined as sweet-wine, *fermented*, and Columella xii. 37, is quoted in proof. Dr. Eadie translates *cum deferbuerit*, not as we do, 'when cooled down,' but 'when it has ceased to ferment'—and on this ambiguity founds his criticism! Now, in the *Nouveaux Secrets* (Nancy, 1721) we find this very recipe of Columella's given, but not one word about 'fermentation'—simply '*bouilli*,' boiled or effervesced. Both the Latin and French had the word *ferment*, had that been the word wanted. *Ferber*, *fervor*, 'warm,' *bouilli*, boiled, *khamer*, 'foaming,' etc., have more and very different meanings than that of 'alcoholic fermentation.' The grapes were trodden after lying from sunrise to noon absorbing the heat of the *fervid* Sun, and the direction is, that when the juice has become *de-ferberized*, i.e. *de-warmed* or cooled, the iris shall be added. †

We are surprised at the next passage:—

"The Hebrew term *tirosk* is said by high Jewish authority to be the correct rendering into that language of the Greek word *gleukos*, used in Acts ii. 12. *Gleukos* stands correctly in the Septuagint, Job xxxii. 19, for the ordinary Hebrew term *yayin*."

The first part of this paragraph is mere modern 'authority,' the second shows that the generic use of *yayin* includes the unfermented *gleukos*, or '*must*,' put into new bottles.

In quoting from Mr. Homes, Dr. Eadie argues that Gen. xi. 11, being a *dreaming* representation, does not authorize the inference that grape juice was 'wine,' or that it was even commonly used in the way represented,—any more than the representations of the Greek and Roman Poets engaged in drinking 'the blood of the grape' from clusters, entitle us to infer that they were teetotalers. We reply, that the fact in question entitles us to suppose that the representation had some *corresponding fact* in usage, whereon it rested—that, for instance, the Pompeian Bacchus 'crushing out the *must* from a cluster of grapes,' had, once at least, a *type-in-fact*,—but we do not 'infer' that the Poets drank nothing worse!

It is objected that Travelers call various preparations of grapes, 'wine,' improperly: but who ever founded an argument on *their* calling it so? It is another affair when travelers inform us what it was formerly *called by the people* themselves.

"Thus, Parry states, that the Turks carry with them on their journeys, *unfermented-wine*, which we have seen could only be some kind of *grape-syrup*."

Dr. Eadie's authority is again at fault! We wish 'authors' would examine for themselves with a discriminating eye, and not trust either the accuracy or judgment of others so implicitly. This slavish surfacism is the great vice of theological critics.

1. This Parry, is no Parry at all! Sir Edward Barry, M.D., is the person meant,

2. Nor was Dr. Barry an Eastern traveler at all, but a stay-at-home Physician,

3. Nor did Sir Edward ever make any statement of the kind.

4. Nay, the very distinction between ordinary *wine* and *saba*, which 'Parry' is reproved for *not* making, is a distinction which 'Barry' has very carefully made. The

• If it be said that 'fermentation' is implied by the further statement—'rack off the wine from its *lees*'—we reply, Not so! Take an extract from Dr. Shaw's *Chemical Lectures* (1721);—"By *stum* [*mustum*] we understand the unfermented juice of the grape, several times racked and drawn from its sediment." (p. 192.)

following is the passage from his book:—"Others were made from inspissation of the *mustum*.—With this the women were allowed to dilute their aqueous liquors, when, by the severity of their laws, they were denied the use of Wine. *Such preparations*, with some aromatic ingredients, made into a more firm consistence, are made by the modern *Turks*, which they frequently carry with them on long journeys, and occasionally take as a strengthening and reviving cordial." (*On the Wines of the Ancients*. Lond. 1775, p. 96.)

Nardenk is named as an Eastern beverage, which, if carelessly prepared, will ferment.

Recalling the statement of Dr. E., that 'the Hebrew is unusually rich in words denoting the fruit of the vine in the various forms in which it was used or prepared,' we wish to know how he has illustrated the statement?

Generic	{	1. Grapes, and RICH, NEW WINE; otherwise <i>asis</i> , <i>sobhe</i> , and <i>gleukos</i> ,
YAYIN		2. FERMENTED RED WINE: otherwise <i>hhamer</i> .
and		3. Wines on and off the Lees (<i>shemarim</i>), or mixed with the dregs;
TIROSH	{	otherwise <i>mesech</i> , or drugged; also the dregs <i>themselves</i> !
ANABHIM, Grapes:		ESHISHAH, Cakes of Grapes: TSIMMUKIM, Raisins.

We here find no beautiful or 'rich' distinctions concerning Wines: but deformity and confusion. Why two generics, each including both the fresh and fermented species? *Gleukos* is 'rich-wine' corresponding to *tirosk*! Which, again, is *must*, and yet again, fermented! in short, it is *sobhe*, and *asis* also! and if the *asis* be strong 'asis,' or the *sobhe* 'strong' *sobhe*, they are also *shemarim* 'the liquid Wine'—and then *shemarim*, by a convenient figure, can suddenly *settle down* into the solid lees of Wine! This classification is both superfluous and poor.

In like manner, *SHECHAR* is made to include *beer* and *broth*, *mead* and *ale*, and certain unnameable burning, or as Fürst might say, hot-poKERY drinks (that burn like a hot-poker)—but some how or other, the *SACCHAR* of Palms, the *ZHAGRA* of Dates, the 'celebrated' sweet or sherry Date-Wine, is forgotten! The ancient Jews, no doubt, cultivated Topes of the Tamar for the sake of it, but, alas! they have quite forgotten *its name*, if not its 'local habitation' in Jericho, 'the City of Palms.' It may probably be included under the word for *honey*—but it certainly has no connection with the *sukkar*, the Palm-Wine, honey, and sugar, of the neighboring Arabs! It is certainly more nearly related to the more distant and obscure *Ker* of the Sanskrit language; for, whatever we may say of its *head* (Persic shah, King), its lower limbs are dressed in *Kersinere* (i.e. warm, or hot-cloth)! Ridicule is the only fitting answer to this fancy of Fürst.

Compare Dr. Eadie's hypothesis—'confusion worse confounded'—with the consistent and fact-according scheme we have long proposed:—

NAMES FOR SOLID PRODUCTS OF THE VINE.

- I. Collective { The Vine-Fruit, etc., comprehending *anabhim*, 'grapes,' Tsimmukim 'raisins,' TIROSH. { Vine-stock, leaves, blossoms, berries, etc., viewed as natural products,
- II. ESHISHAH, 'Cakes of grapes or Raisins.'
- III. SHEMARIM, 'Preserves,' eminently of Grapes.

NAMES FOR LIQUID PRODUCTS.

- IV. Generic { 1. *Asis*, juice of grapes or pomegranates, etc., *Demsh*, 'tears' or 'droppings.' (*Gleukos*, *Meth*, or *Protropum*, 'distilled juice.')
- YAYIN, wine; { 2. *Hamer*, pure wine, unmingled. (*Merum*.)
- Greek *Oinos*; { 3. *Mesech*, mixed wine, or drink. (*Akratou*.)
- Chaldee *Hamra*. { 4. *Sobhe*, or syrup-wine—a rich boiled wine (a kind of *sapa* or *sabe*.)
5. *Hhomets*, acid-wine, or vin-aigre. (*Ozos*.)

Dr. Eadie thinks the nature of the Jewish Passover Wine does not admit of much dispute. We think so too, provided the *original law* is to determine the dispute; but if later Jewish custom, then no matter can be more disputable, since both practice and theory are conflicting.

Fermented-grape-wine, we have no doubt, has been pretty generally employed by the Jews in this feast for the last 2000 years, tho a wine widely different in power from the factitious wines used by the Christians: But it is equally clear that a simple *infusion of Raisins*—"used within a few hours after it has been made"—has also been often employed, and deemed sufficient. (See *First Prize Essay on the Sacramental Wine Question*; and *Manx Truth-Seeker*, p. 78, where recipes are given as used by Jews.) Such is unquestionably 'the fruit of the vine,' which alcoholic-wine is not. Furthermore, the Mishna distinctly records the fact, that wine—"save for the Heave-offering"—was *sometimes boiled*, and that Rabbi Yehudah declared such boiling improved it. This boiling was not a preparatory boiling of wine intended to be afterwards fermented, but one that *lessened* wine after its presentation.

Now, it can never be proved that OUR LORD did not use unfermented grape or *Raisin wine*, or wine that had been boiled, and hence no *infallible* sanction can be quoted in favor of alcoholic wine. Our objections to such wine are based upon four chief grounds:—

1st. The inappropriateness of *the article* as a type of *spiritual nourishment* or *life*, arising from the certain fact that *Alcohol* is an agent irrepealably hostile to the vital-tissues, and can never answer the purpose either of food or drink.

2nd. That the SPIRIT and *letter* of the original law, prohibit *fermented products*, whether liquid or solid.

3rd. That the language of our Lord is only truly applicable to *old unfermented-wine*, or to 'Raisin-Wine,' which alone are best when *new*, i. e. in the season of the Vintage—for, of fermented-wine we say—"the *old* is better."

4th. That the Nestorians, and other Eastern Christians 'least corrupted by Romish influences,' have, from an early period, used the *un-fermented* 'fruit of the vine.'

Against this Dr. Eadie has nothing to adduce by way of *positive* argument, for the practice of the Rabbins, based on the distinction between approving an alcoholic-product of fermentation, while discarding the *ferment* and the *process* itself, is a device which does not at all affect our reasonings, but stands very much in need of justification on its own account. What is that hypothesis?

The BREAD must not be subject to the '*purging*' of ferment (i.e. the decaying gluten of the corn must not be allowed to change the *nature* of the flour); but the same natural and essential elements existing in the GRAPE, may be subject to the decomposing action of the *purging-yeast*, and the product be consumed as pure!

Was this theory, in the judgment of Dr. Eadie, a part of Divine Revelation?

It is just a part and parcel of the false hypothesis which Prof. Eadie's authorities—Maimonides and Bartenora—held concerning the fermentation of Fruits. They distinctly assert that *the juice of fruits does not ferment*! that this was an *hypothesis* of the ancient Jews!!—and on this *hypothetical ground* such juices were permitted to be used!!!

The corner stone, then, of Dr. Eadie's argumentative structure is *not* scripture: it is a mere post-biblical Jewish *hypothesis*—an hypothesis framed in ignorance and founded in falsity.

The FACT of Nature is, that the liquor of all fruits *does* 'ferment': hence, by the confession of the Mishna itself, the original law demands *unfermented Wine*.

Dr. Eadie has little of the dogmatical about him, and his candor is continually displaying itself. Thus, after a long quotation from Eli Smith, concerning the boiled, fermented Syrian wines of the present day, we have this frank confession.

"We cannot say that such modes of manufacturing wine are common over all the East, nor do we know that they resemble the ancient practice."

MAY.

MAY, immortal, fair, and free,
 Comes to bless the earth again,
 Flushing life and revelry
 Over river, rock, and plain;
 Dropping flowers of every hue,
 Gold and purple, red and blue;
 Thrilling thousand hearts with gladness,
 And a rich and lofty madness,
 And a soft, delicious pain.

Sunshine woos the green and gold
 Of the mighty forest tree;
 Flower, in conscious beauty bold,
 Smiles its smiling mate to see;
 Cloud for cloud hath rosy glances,
 Stream to streamlet prattles, prances;
 Wooring breezes whisper low
 Where the rich laburnums glow,
 And luscious lilacs court the bee.

High, above the beechen grove,
 Floats a loud and loving sound;
 And the skylark, mad with love,
 Plunges in the blue profound;
 While humbler birds their passion tell
 Among the copsewood in the dell,
 And shepherd lads their lasses woo
 In deeper shades where ring-doves coo,
 And the bluebell-blooms abound.

Necromance of ancient story
 Is by sweet May understood;
 In a robe of crimson glory
 Stands the old crab by the wood;
 Ragged hawthorns, numberless,
 Wear a white, embroidered dress;
 And the brown and blasted moor
 Groweth green, and blazes o'er
 Where the golden gorses bud.

Every thing doth love its kind
 In this warm and pleasant weather;
 And, on lilled bank reclined,
 The poet loves them all together;
 Rock and river, sun and shade,
 Bird and flower and rosy maid;
 He, the beating pulse of nature,
 Loves and joys with every creature,
 Like the Universal Mind.

J.W.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

BY JAMES HOLE.

LECTURE IV.—ORGANIZATION OF SURPLUS LABORERS.

IN the present occasion we shall not insist on the *right* of the unemployed laborer to demand employment from the state, but, for the sake of argument, assume that all the great advantages would be realized, which are promised by the *Laissez-fairians* as the result of confining the functions of the State to the administration of Justice solely. Indeed, until we can commence a *social* state with perfect arrangements, which, admitting no despotism and monopoly, shall give every one a fair chance of using his *natural* powers, a properly conducted system of relief and labor for the able-bodied poor may safely rest for its defence on the ground of expediency. We do not here so much propose a *new* interference as a *wiser* one. It is vain to object to the employment of the pauper, because we shall have ‘such a good time, when universal Justice prevails.’ As we *are* compelled, even *now*, however inadequately, to protect the laborer and feed the pauper, would it not be the shortest way of doing both, at once to provide employment for the surplus laborers, thereby rendering a host of minor interferences by the state, and a vast amount of mischievous private benevolence, quite unnecessary?

Perhaps no two things are more dissimilar, than such a system of poor relief as would recommend itself to any humane and intelligent individual, not laboring under the domination of a political dogma, and the systems of relief adopted under the old and new Poor-law. The primary fallacy which lies at the root of both systems, is the making of pauperism into a sort of venial sin, to be remedied only by a system of relief which takes the shape of punishment. Hence the gravel pit atrocity in the old and the stone-heap and oakum picking abominations of the new law. The Poor-law Commissioners were anxious that the law should not destroy the strongest motives to good conduct—steady industry, providence, and frugality, among the laboring classes; and thus induce persons, by idleness and imposture, to throw themselves upon the poor-rates. This object they affirm, could only be secured by making the condition of the pauper less eligible than that of the independent laborer.* The notion, if sound, would strike at the principle of relief altogether. If to make the pauper condition ineligible be to stimulate the motives to good conduct, providence and frugality, to make that condition still more ineligible would be to stimulate to the practice of these virtues still more, and to deny relief altogether would afford the strongest motive of all. The fact is always overlooked, that the greatest of the sources of

* Report on the amendment of the Poor Law, 1839. Page 45.

pauperism,—deficiency of employment,—is not to be cured by intimidation,—nay, that a very Socrates must perish, in spite of his virtues, under the same circumstances in which a vast number of our population are so often placed.

But how can it be just to let those who *must* be supported by the rates, fare as well, or better, than those who contribute to them—the independent laborers?

Ans. 1st. We also object to the pauper being maintained by the semi-pauper, but this only shows that the rich should pay more. The rich are most capable of paying the tax, and if they felt its pressure more, their sympathies and interest in preventing the poor becoming paupers, might possibly be quickened. *They* who have partaken most liberally of the vast increase of wealth, may fittingly contribute most bountifully to those less fortunate ones who have not at all participated in the advantage.

2nd. A liberal pauper-relief conditional upon work, instead of being a hardship to the rate payers, is in fact far juster than a system of relief which aims at *no return* for the rates, and contains no machinery for the eventual extermination of the evil. Pauperism is now a continual tax. The amount of rates spent since 1834 is nearly 70 millions, one quarter of which, properly expended in employing the paupers, would have extinguished pauperism itself, whereas we are now more remote from the cure of it than ever.

3rd. The most important advantage of a liberal poor law would be, that of acting as an effectual protection in keeping up the rate of wages—an advantage equally to landholder, capitalist, and laborer. If the competition of laborers reduces the wages of the masses, so that they are compelled (while surrounded by wealth which they cannot touch) to subsist on garbage, amid rags, filth, and all the brutalizing influences of poverty, it is the merest delusion to expect that they will submit to their fate in peace and quietness. They will begin to manifest their own view of matters by Swing-fires and agrarian outrage, they will end by reducing England to the condition of that political opprobrium—unhappy Ireland. The capitalist compels his work-people to take less wages, under the terror of a harsh poor law. But if they receive little, they consume little,—if they consume little, he can sell little; for every new pauper made, there is, besides the cost of his keep incurred, a customer lost; and the final result is, Capital saddled with an increasing pauper population and diminishing income. Such a state of things may speedily come to a crisis not very agreeable to those who now so insolently reject the claims of the laborer.

4th. A liberal poor law would be the cheapest on another account. It is an undoubted fact that the very poor are the most prolific of offspring, and of an offspring most costly to the state. They either grow up the outcasts and enemies of society, or never reach that period of life which should repay the expense of their early rearing. The solitary merit of the old poor law was, that the liberality of the relief often helped to maintain the rate of wages. Even for the avowed object of the Malthusian school,—that of keeping down population,—we would advocate a liberal poor law. It is not the man constantly at the verge of destitution, who is regardful of the calculations of prudence. His condition cannot be worse,—possibly his children may be able to support him,—the instincts of nature turn the balance, and he marries, reckless of taxing the funds of the over-

seer to purchase the bridal-bed. The worst feature of Irish distress is not that the laborer subsists on so little, but that he is *content* to do so. In those countries where the primary wants are supplied with ease, the greatest obstacle to civilization is this very contentedness. The lever of progress is without its fulcrum.

The arguments in favor of a better division of landed property, confirm this view. J. S. Mill, Laing, Thornton, and other opponents of the monopoly of the soil, all claim, as their justification, that population does not progress with dangerous rapidity when men are in a comfortable condition. It seems, indeed, that where affluence and luxury prevail, population absolutely decays. Whether the effect be traceable to the greater prudence which the comfortable classes exercise to avoid endangering their advantages, or, as Mr. Doubleday has rendered probable, to a great law of nature, extending to the entire animal and vegetable kingdoms, may be matter of debate,—but the fact itself is certain.^b There is, in fact, no greater security against the increase of population than the comfortable condition of a people, while the surest way for a state to incur the evils of a redundant population, misery, turbulence, and eventual decline, is to let the great mass of the people suffer destitution. Knowingly or unknowingly, the rich are compelled to be sponsors for the poor, by a law higher than acts of parliament. They may *learn* 'let-alone-ism' from their books and newspapers,—they will *act* it at their peril.

Having already traced the failure of the attempts to employ pauper-labor productively, to the disregard of the most simple principles, we proceed to consider the Plan on which labor may be successfully organized.

Three important elements in production, are Labor, Capital, and Skill in superintendence. The greater efficiency secured in these elements, the greater the success to be attained. If the state intends to employ the whole surplus laborers (which it never will do, however, until labor is *represented*), most of whom it now maintains unproductively, the proper procedure seems to be the following. Taking the proportions of the various occupations existing in so vast a number, as a tolerable approximation^c to that which exists in general society, it would be needful to ascertain the previous employment to which the paupers may have been accustomed, and to classify them according to age, general character, number of family, etc., thus placing the Poor Law Commissioners in full possession of the material to which they have to apply the principles of an industrial organization.

As the superintendence of so large a number of paupers would be impossible, they should be subdivided into *colonies*, putting each under the superintendence of persons of known ability in those departments of industry to which the colony

^b What an arrangement of the world it would be, if the increase of wages but increased population in as great or greater ratio! In what a gulf of misery would the mass of mankind be irrevocably fixed, since from such a state they could never emerge.

^c Among the pauper body there will be a larger amount of unskilled laborers. But this disadvantage will not be great, since their first occupation will obviously be to supply the *primary wants*. The pauper population may be conceived of as a kind of state within the state. The government assumes functions with regard to them, new in themselves, and hitherto entrusted to individual efforts solely.

was to be principally devoted, and who also possessed habits of discipline, and the power of governing numbers. The appointment would not of course depend on popular control. Men so elected, seldom possess that skill and intelligence in the application of capital which is essential to success. Neither must they be subject to the accidents of political intrigue, mistaken benevolence, or commercial rapacity, nor marked by that consummate dulness which has so often characterized the administrators of the poor fund. These, indeed, have not hitherto *professed* the possession of the qualities necessary to an industrial chief. Bronzed impudence, and a tolerable toughness, are all now deemed requisite in 'a good overseer.' When we set about creating wealth for the pauper (instead of ruining his character or breaking his heart), we shall look for very different qualities. Happily, in this country, there are hundreds of men qualified for the task. Under them would be a number of overlookers or foremen, partly selected from the superior portion of the paupers themselves, making the reward of each, as far as possible, contingent on the results of their management. The occupations selected should be principally those in which, from use, the paupers had the greatest aptitude—an important point, hitherto miserably disregarded in attempts to employ pauper labor, it being so much easier to the parish philosophers to turn the pauper on to a parish farm and thus get rid of his importunities, than to make a judicious adaptation of his powers by which he might ultimately have become self-supporting. There are many paupers, indeed, whose previous employments deprive them of even that strength and skill necessary to make a tolerable laborer on the soil. When a transfer of occupation is unavoidable, the transition should be as easy as possible, since, otherwise, the previous skill and habits are not only rendered useless, but become hindrances.

All who reflect, however slightly, on this subject, must regard the labor at the stone heap, and the picking of oakum, with extreme indignation. These tasks would be performed at a hundredth part the expense by means of machinery.^d But the waste of labor is the least evil. Men become very much, what their mode of treatment implies them to be. Condemn a man to a drudgery scarcely fit for the criminal, and he loses all his self-respect. Treated as a thief, *why* should he not be one? His poverty which claims pity as a misfortune, is punished as a crime. Knowing that he only breaks stones as a test, he contracts a slovenly, lazy mode of working, destructive even to his future efficiency. After he has worked at the stone heap, he is worth less as a working machine,—as a man he is degraded. The right plan is to treat him as an unfortunate brother,—to make him feel that he has not sunk in the estimation of society,—and that it is his duty, because in his power, again to become the supporter of himself and family. Instead of giving the pauper degrading labor, labor for labor's sake, or as a test, we would, while preserving all its value as a test, make the laborer honorable, by making his labor useful in the production of wealth. Not only should the division of labor be introduced, but also machinery for *saving* labor, to the greatest practicable extent.

^d From a report of the Guardians of the Leicester Union (1847), it appears that in the course of 14 weeks, £1051 were expended in breaking stones, of which no more than 5 tons were sold, yielding 17s. 6d. against the cost of labor.

As a good proportion of the colonies would be mainly employed in agriculture, the question arises, where should they be situated? It is very desirable that the first experiments in the organization of pauper labor should take place in Great Britain and Ireland, but especially in Ireland, where an infusion of English character would do great good. Home-colonies would secure a great saving in the item of transit, obviate much opposition, and leave the management open to discussion, by which abuses and errors would be more easily repressed or rectified.

The system of living in these self-supporting colonies should be based on the principle of *Association*. Greater comforts are obtained in the workhouse in comparison with those which the same sum would purchase under isolated expenditure. The model lodging-houses in London have secured to the lodgers excellent accommodation at a cheaper rate than that previously paid for bad lodgings, besides paying a handsome per centage on the investment. The baths and wash-houses for the poor, the club-houses for the rich, equally exemplify the advantages of the same principle. All the best features of these various *practical* institutes are combined under the title of the 'self-supporting village' advocated by Mr. John Minter Morgan, and perhaps this would be the most desirable form, with such modifications as the different character and number of the inmates might demand.

It is owing to the power of combination, aided by machinery and the division of labor, that a few hundreds of people in a factory are capable of producing such vast quantities of commodities. Yet the workers are conscious that they are working for the benefit of another, and can do little toward increasing their own comforts, or securing a provision for sickness and old age. With the pauper laborer it would be desirable to add every stimulus possible to his exertions. This could be done most effectually by placing him in the position of a partner, which would also have the desirable effect of multiplying the superintendence.* The motives of present and future advantage, with good superintendence, would doubtless insure tolerable efficiency.

The *only* restrictions should be such as tend to secure good conduct. The diet, clothing, etc., should at first be just what are essential to health, and *nothing more*. The large and shameful items sometimes seen in Poor-House accounts, for *Wine, Beer, Tobacco*, must find no place. The pauper would be considered as a Debtor to the state for the whole amount of food, clothing, and share of capital advanced to him, and Creditor by the proceeds of his labor. When these two have balanced (i. e. when he has repaid the whole he had consumed), the restriction will cease,—he assuming the position of an independent laborer, tho still enjoying the advantages of the associated colony. When the entire colony has cleared its expenses, and becomes *emfranchised*, as it were—its connection with, and responsibility to, the GOVERNMENT, will also cease, except in the relation of subjects. Similar arrangements might even be continued by the colonists on their own account, for their mutual profit. The advantages of subordination and association would be such, we apprehend, as not only to justify, but demand, the continuance of the system.

* See details of M. Leclaire's experiment, No. 91, Chambers' Journal.

During the period of their probation the neglected education of the adults should be atoned for as far as possible, and a superior training given to the younger portion of the colonists.

This system would secure several advantages. It would attack Pauperism at its chief sources, viz. deficient wages-fund, and immoral, improvident conduct. It would be humane,—free from useless pains and degrading processes. The worst class of operatives it would deter, the better kind it would invite, preserve, and enrich. The condition of *labor* would deter the idle, enforced sobriety the habitually intemperate. The general restrictions now recommended have all the advantages, without any of the disadvantages, of ‘the test.’ The voluntary pauper who likes to *eat* without fulfilling the condition of work, would find no encouragement, while to the honest pauper, with an average labor, and the quantity and quality of food sufficient for health,—the consciousness that he is not deemed an outcast, but earns what he eats,—that his children will be educated,—that when he has earned his independence he will obtain it, and may leave it to his children,—abundant motives are supplied for self-improvement and industry. If the ‘Organization of Labor’ mean anything, it means that the laborer should have the OPPORTUNITY, if he deserve and will it, to become *free* and *independent*,—not independent of *labor*, and free from the *other duties* of life—(as the so-called ‘Independent men’ but really most dependent of all, now misuse the word),—but independent in the sense that each man shall be the arbiter of his own fate, instead of being a slave or hanger-on to his fellow man. He deserves not his liberty who will not pay its price. No government, no Communism, can much mend the lot of the drunkard, the glutton, the idler, or the knave. It is the *duty* of society to snatch the innocent child from the pernicious influence of its worthless parent, but for him there is no ‘Paradise made easy,’ or Paradise of any other sort, till he shall become willing to quit the sty. It would be unjust in society, even if possible, to secure a comfortable subsistence to the pauper, unless he should merit it. So long as it offers premiums to imposition, whether by bad Poor Laws, or Alms-giving, it will have plenty of the article.

It should be our object to remove, as speedily as possible, every trace of *penal treatment* from self-supporting pauper colonies, since it is not necessary as a criterion of those who can, or cannot, find adequately remunerative employment elsewhere. The tests should be of such a nature, that the man of honest and independent character, might *show* his honesty by *accepting* them, when other work fails him, so that he would not hesitate between a cold hearth and pining children on the one hand, and the acceptance of the means of relieving his necessities in an *Industrial Colony*, on the other.

There is another class of persons, to whom such a system would extend help and protection, and save from ultimate crime—the thriftless and the improvident,—who oft-times possessing the means of earning a livelihood, but conscious of their inability to refrain from vicious indulgencies, would gladly substitute for their own deficient self-denial, the wholesome discipline and restraint of arrangements which at once denied indulgence and compelled economy.

A ample room exists in Britain for such an organization. The state might repurchase the rights to some of that land which was taken from the use of the poor by the Reformation, and since then by numberless inclosure bills, and which

has simply gone to swell the means of those who have already far too much. There are 14,000,000 acres of waste land in this country, and many landholders would be glad to *sell* (for it should never be leased) land which in many cases produces them nothing.

We propose that the sum now expended in *punishing* the poor (more than £7,000,000 sterling), should be expended in *employing* the poor. To this sum may be added a large portion of the present cost of crime, nine tenths of which originates in the early vagabondage occasioned by poverty. If half a million of able-bodied laborers, working 300 days per year, only created produce equal to 13d. a day in value, it would amount to £8,125,000 yearly—i.e. a million more than the total amount now paid in poor rates. Yet 13d. per day is far lower than such a person would earn even in agricultural operations. In the strength and industry of our unemployed population we possess a mine of wealth, worth a dozen Californias. Not only do we not appropriate our idle wealth, but gladly export it, kill it, do anything with it, to get it out of the way. Mr. Poulett Scrope, speaking of cultivating the waste lands of Ireland, quotes the digest of the evidence taken by the Devon Commission [Vol. i. p. 565], where the compilers affirm, as a result of much experience in similar improvements, and a mature study of the question—statistical details and calculations supporting them—that cultivating the waste lands of Ireland would provide a livelihood for no less than half-a-million of the laboring population, representing at least two millions of souls; and would thus not merely prove a saving of the national capital now lost in the unproductive maintenance of the able-bodied poor, but “would produce a very large permanent gain to the country at large; raising the produce of the 3,755,000 acres of reclaimable waste, now not averaging four shillings per acre, to a value of at least £6 per acre; i. e. creating a *new produce* of the ANNUAL VALUE of £22,000,000,—while the first three or four years’ crops will return the cost requisite to bring about this change.”

Pauper laborers are indeed less efficient than other laborers; but not irretrievably so; and when we reflect that the labor of the independent workman, maintains *not only himself*, but ALL THE OTHER CLASSES OF SOCIETY,—soldiers, sailors, paupers (both rich and poor), and that far too large class who subsist on profits arising from the mere ‘distribution’ of commodities,—we can have little doubt that the pauper-laborer, free from several of these burdens, will *at least maintain himself*, and very speedily contribute his fair share towards the general expenses of Society.

But would not the funds requisite for such an organization of pauper labor, be considerably more than the sum at present required to relieve them?”

It *would* be greater, by all the amount needed for the erection of the necessary buildings and the purchase of the tools and raw material. What then? While under skillful management the cost would not be so much greater, the return and the results would more than justify any temporary sacrifice. The first buildings need not be palaces, but have the simple cottage character, and might, in a great measure, be erected by the paupers themselves, with the assistance of a small staff of skilled laborers. They must *rough* it, as they would have to do in emigrating to a foreign soil. With the progress of accumulation, their debt to the state being first discharged, they might increase their expenditure with the in-

crease of their means, and, machinery no longer working *against* but *for* them, this would very soon come to pass.

To render the funds now dispensed in relief available for the purposes of production, it would be expedient to collect them into one sum, or into a few large amounts. The poor tax should be considered as a national, not as a local one, since the chief causes of pauperism are national, not local, in their character. If the Bradford Wool-comber is pauperized by the introduction of a new machine, it is *the public* who receive the benefit, and it is the public—the Nation—that should remove the evil.¹ Some of the advantages of a national Poor-rate are thus enumerated by the Poor law Commissioners.

“It would put an end to settlements. With settlements would go removals, labor rates, and all other restrictions and prohibitions by which each agricultural parish is endeavoring to prevent a free trade in labor, and to insulate itself by a conventional cordon as impassable to the unsettled workman, as Bishop Berkeley’s wall of brass. There would no longer be a motive for preferring in employment the men with large families to those with small; the married to the unmarried; the destitute to those who have saved; [the commissioners could not conceive of a man willing to work and save too, being destitute]; the careless and improvident, to the industrious and enterprising. We should no longer have those local congestions of a surplus, and therefore a half-employed, dissolute population, *ascripta glebae*, some driven not by the hope of reward, but by the fear of punishment, to useless occupations, and others fed on condition of being idle; character would again be of some value to a laboring man. Another advantage, much smaller than the first, but still considerable, would be the diminution of expense; a considerable sum would be instantly saved in litigation and removals, and we might hope to save a still larger sum by substituting the systematic management of contractors and removable officers, for the careless and often corrupt jobbing of uneducated, unpaid, and irresponsible individuals.”²

The objection advanced by the Commissioners as a reason for not recommending the change, was, that it made government “general insurer against misfortune, idleness, improvidence, and vice.” We are attempting to propound a plan which meets pauperism arising from every source. But even if no such plan were practicable, one cannot discover the difference, in this respect, between a local and a national tax. Whether the government shall provide relief, or only insist that the parish provides, makes little difference so far as insurance is concerned.

A national rate would remedy such inequalities as the following:—The parish of St. George’s, Hanover Square, pays sevenpence three farthings the pound; the West End of the Metropolis, elevenpence halfpenny; while Leeds pays five shillings and fourpence; and Norwich six and five pence. The agricultural gentlemen who drive the poor from the soil given to them by God for their maintenance, would at least pay a little more of the penalty, so far as it is measureable by money.

The plan here proposed must not be confounded with the one now being carried out in various places,—that of *Parish Farms*. The plan is a good sign, how-

¹ If it be objected that the Bradford Capitalist gets rich by a particular improvement, and should therefore pay the penalty of keeping the laborers thereby pauperized, we reply, that in general he receives no higher profits than are sufficient to encourage the accumulation and diversion of capital into the new channels. If the object were to tax the *machine* which supplants the operative, it should be laid at once upon the machine itself—a plan which seems open to several objections.

² Poor Law Report, 1834. Page 179.

ever, showing that we are getting weary of sending the unemployed to the stone-heap. The parish farm serves the purpose of a test equally with the stone-heap, while its results are vastly superior. An experiment was made at the Chorlton Union. A piece of moss land worth nothing, was, in the space of two years, made worth £50 an acre; the sum of £629 6s 3d of wages was divided among 385 paupers who had accepted work; and a profit of £176 8s 6d was left in favor of the plan. At Farnley Tyas, near Huddersfield, in 1842, the able-bodied poor reclaimed some acres of moor land. In four years the Committee who managed it "had relieved all their able-bodied poor in a healthy and industrial mode, had converted a piece of barren waste into a fertile garden, had thereby permanently augmented the wealth of the country; they had, moreover, *gained ten per cent. on their transactions, and had their original relief fund undiminished.*"

These experiments, in-so far as they are more productive than stone-breaking, and less degrading in their character, are entitled to praise, but they do not touch the cause of pauperism, *deficiency of the wages-fund*. In fact, the Chorlton experiment was only intended as a test. The pauper had no share in the proceeds, nor indeed could he have, seeing he was only designed to be in the field when not wanted in the factory. On this principle the parish farms are conducted. When a press of business sets in, calling for many laborers, the parish farm is deserted: when trade is again depressed, it will not contain the applicants for relief. There is no real attempt at the creation and accumulation of capital *for the express purpose of employing surplus labor*. The general surplus laborers keep down wages in bad and middling times, while in good times the manufacturer can draw as many hands from the Pauper Body as he requires, *thus preventing the competition of capitalists for laborers from raising wages*. There can be no hope of the removal of pauperism, till a capital equal to the permanent employment of *all* is created, nor can there be any advance in wages, until the entire surplus labor is thus absorbed.

An interesting experiment was tried by Count Rumford, at Munich. The city was beset by beggars until the nuisance grew intolerable. He formed, with the concurrence of the authorities, a large establishment for feeding and employing all who were without adequate means of subsistence. His plans were remarkably successful, and quickly cleared the city of beggars. In the first six years of the existence of the institution, "the net profits arising from it amounted to above 100,000 florins (£9090), after expenses of every kind,—salaries—wages—repairs, etc.;—were deducted."¹ The subjects of this arrangement were certainly a much inferior class to the majority of our unemployed operatives. If, then, wise arrangements accomplished so much for the Munich beggars, what might not be expected from a better population, with greater inducements and superior powers of organization? Even Rumford, with all his benevolence,¹ tho he did not

¹ Rumford's Essays, Vol. i. p. 84.

¹ When Rumford was ill, the poor of Munich went in procession to the Cathedral Church, where they had divine service and public prayers for his recovery. Well might he exult at hearing the confused noise of a multitude, going to offer prayers for him:—for him! a private person, a stranger, and a protestant, but a true hero, fit to rank with the Howards of Humanity.—Four years later, when the Count was ill at Naples, his grateful Munich friends set apart an hour each evening, after work, in which to offer up prayers in his behalf.

scruple to give to his work-houses an aspect of elegance, never aimed at the curing of poverty—but only at relieving it. “In fixing the amount of the sums which they receive weekly upon stated days, care was always taken to find out how much the person applying for relief was in a condition to earn, and only just so much was granted as, when added to their earnings, would be sufficient to provide the necessities of life, or such of them as were not otherwise furnished by the institution.”¹

Mr. Nicholls, one of the Poor Law Commissioners, referring to this and similar experiments, asserts that “Experience has proved that pauper labor can never be profitable.” We cannot too often repeat that the facts of the case warrant no such inference. *The experiments did not aim at creating a capital for the benefit of the workman, but only in turning a temporary relief into a source of profit to the State*—objects as distinct as can well be imagined. Nor can the experiment be truly represented as a failure. Mendicancy was removed, and the most ignorant and degraded members of society were rendered useful. That the machinery ceased to work with its original efficacy, after the master spirit which constructed had left it—is an objection that applies to every human arrangement, and of which the New Poor Law is itself a flagrant proof.² That a single commercial firm seldom lasts three generations, is no objection to trading. A successor has not been found for Wellington, yet we do not disband the army. Each succeeding day develops the talents of a greater number competent to the task of Direction, while, for extraordinary talents, there is less play and less need.

An experiment of an agricultural character was tried by the Dutch Government in 1818, when pauperism there was even greater than it is in this country. It adopted the plan of locating paupers on waste lands. The total expense of each family, of six to eight persons, was about £150, including the building of each house; the furniture and implements; the clothing; two cows, or one cow and ten sheep; cultivation and seed, first year; advances in provisions; advances of other kinds; flax and wool to be spun; and seven acres of uncultivated land. The settlers were expected to repay their advances, in rent and labor, in 16 years, and maintain themselves in the interval. Conjoined to a kind of military superintendence, the desire of gain and the approbation of the Directors were generally found to be sufficient motives to good conduct. When not so, forfeiture of privileges, confinement, and hard labor, were resorted to. Badges of honor were instituted, such as medals of copper, silver, and gold. Those who had the copper medals might leave the colony on Sundays without asking leave; the silver ones were given to such as had made some savings, who were allowed to go beyond the colony, in the intervals of labor, on working days; and the paupers were entitled to the gold medal on showing that they cleared £22 a year by their

¹ Rumford's Essays, Vol. i. page 97.

² Second Report on Irish Poor Laws, 1838, p. 11. We may retort the Commissioner's words upon himself. “It cannot reasonably be inferred, that because insulated establishments, originally founded on a false principle, unchecked, and undirected [as the French National Workshops, or the Irish Public Works], have fallen into decay on the Continent, *therefore* institutions founded here on different principles, with different objects, and under different management, will also fail.”

labor, when they became free tenants, released from the regulations of the colony. Great attention was also paid to the education of the young. Upwards of 30,000 paupers were thus located, who speedily became self-supporting, placed on a spot where everything was against the experiment. The very soil had to be *created*,—the colonists were located far from the great towns and populous places,—they were deprived of the advantages of accumulated capital, of mechanical and horse power,—and yet they succeeded in literally making the wilderness to blossom as the rose, and that social and moral wilderness of pauperdom give place to a healthy and thriving peasantry.¹

Contrast this humane system with the heartless policy which drives the unemployed laborer to the profitless and demoralizing stone-heap,—contrast it even with the plan of the parish-farm, a plan which tosses the operative from the factory to the land, and from the land back again to the factory, making him into a mere shuttlecock of the overseer and the cotton-master,—a plan which does not cure pauperism by gradually absorbing the surplus laborers, but leaves that terrible surplus to accumulate, with all its monster miseries of ignorance, improvidence, and idiocy,—contrast, we say,—*this* picture with *that*, and then, if we can, let us hug ourselves in the belief that we are the wisest and most humane people in the world!

Superior as are the Dutch pauper colonies to anything attempted in this country, they are by no means *such* as should be demanded for the organization of our own paupers. We do not find so much fault with the stringency of the Dutch regulations, for in the present degraded state of our population it would perhaps be impossible to govern them, still less to attain useful results from their labor, without a *strict discipline*. But the vastly greater wealth of Britain, the far larger amount of good soil lying waste, and the progressive improvements made in the government of large organizations, warrant grander attempts. To give them the benefits arising from the division of labor is strict common sense; while there would be both political and poetical justice in giving *those* the benefit of machinery whose pauperism had in many cases been occasioned by it.

Another remarkable proof of what can be done with a pauper population, is exhibited in the poor colony of Ostwald, near Strasburg, founded by Dr. Schutzenberger, which has more than realized the sanguine expectations of its originators. From the first settlement in 1841 up to the year 1843, it received 191 individuals the vagrants, beggars, and outcasts of society. The most of them had arrived at an age when the habits are fixed, yet a most remarkable improvement was effected in them. "Not less than 83 left the colony as highly moral, talented, and industrious persons, and settled in the neighborhood with success. Only two were imprisoned for theft, and twelve were sent back to the workhouse in Strasburg. * * * All these wonderful improvements were wrought in the colonists, not by the introduction of the silent system, increase of labor, diminution of food, or privation of all that tends to cheer life, but simply and solely by keeping them to a strictly organized activity, and habituating them to cleanliness, by not making labor a burden but a pleasure to them, and by rousing in them the feeling of human dignity, and a desire to live honestly and work diligently, by mild and humane treatment."

¹ For a fuller account of these Colonies consult the *Quarterly Review* for 1828.

It was as successful in an economical as in a moral point of view. "Before the establishment of the colony, the half of Ostwald which belonged to Strasburg, only yielded a net income of £16, and the capital value was computed at £5,800. At present the value of the land alone is now estimated at £10,080 or nearly double. To this must be added the edifices now estimated at £4,040, and furniture, cattle, etc., valued at £1000. In the year 1843 the total expenditure was 27,193 fr. while the revenue was 46,515 fr. Thus showing that the colony has not only maintained itself by its own resources, but even promises gradually to increase its revenues, and to hereafter become itself a source of support for poor communities within its neighborhood."^m

Such instances might be greatly multiplied, but we shall cite one other and most important example, because it realizes most nearly what we conceive ought to be attempted in this country. It may be confidently affirmed, that if a *will* existed, a *way* might be found, for the extinction, not only of involuntary Pauperism, but of Poverty likewise. Both spring from removable causes, and not from some dread decree of Fate.ⁿ

The experiment we more particularly refer to, is the one made at Ralahine, Clare, Ireland, by Mr. Vandaleur, under the management of Mr. Craig.^o

"The rent of 622 acres, interest of stock, buildings, etc., was estimated at £900 per annum, to be repaid from the produce at the prices of the Limerick market. By the adoption of this mode of payment, in a fixed quantity of produce, the society undertook the risk of good or bad seasons, and Mr. Vandaleur the hazard of high or low prices. By the terms of the agreement Mr. Vandaleur placed a large amount of property in the hands of persons completely devoid of capital, and whose prejudices and ignorance led them to oppose the plan in the first instance, tho they became subsequently alive to its advantages. It was agreed therefore, that if the scheme should fail, the property should revert to the proprietor at the end of the first year. The objects of the association were,—1st. The acquisition of a common capital. 2nd. The mutual assurance of its members against the evils of poverty, sickness, infirmity, and old age. 3rd. The attainment of a greater share of the comforts of life than the working classes ordinarily possess. 4th. The mental and moral improvement of the adult members. 5th. The education of their children. The advantages anticipated by the proprietor were,—1st. To obtain a higher rent for his land. 2nd.

^m *The Topic.* Art. *Famine, its causes and remedies.*

ⁿ "It is curious," says Mr. Minter Morgan, "to observe with what a tender regard for the extreme sensitiveness of the public, some of our little plans for giving a basin of soup to the poor are prefaced by a solemn assurance that no *new* organization of society is in contemplation, while nothing *but* a better organization of the people can yield them regular and healthy employment and a just compensation for labor, no longer subject to the fluctuating demand of a market. We hesitated not to organize the people when we wanted them to destroy the people of another country, as innocent and perhaps as ignorant of the cause of the national dispute as themselves, and to be as little benefited by the result of the battle. We hesitated not to organize multitudes of women for working in mines. We hesitated not to organize troops of little children to toil in the factory for twelve hours in the day. But to organize them for their own benefit, for their moral and religious improvement, and in order that they may be brought unto him who said, '*Suffer little children to come unto me*'—then indeed, to our eternal disgrace, we do hesitate."—*Letters to a Clergyman.* Letter 10.

^o Communicated to the *British Association for the advancement of Science*, by the Rev. E. R. Larken, M. A. Report of 1847, p. 98.

Better interest for his capital. 3rd. To secure the punctual payment of these. 4th. Security for the advances made upon the labor of the people. 5th. The safety of the stock, machinery, and capital entrusted to them. 6th. To effect their objects in accordance with the laws, and at the same time to improve the condition of every member of the Association. The members were to work as many hours, to do as much work as common laborers or workmen, and to draw no more from the fund of the Society, than would have been paid them as such. This they were to continue to do until they had a capital of their own. A regular account was kept of the time and labor of each individual each day, and at the end of the week the same sum was paid to each, upon his or her labor, that Mr. Vandaleur had formerly paid them for wages. All the profits were to accumulate until the value of the stock and implements, as per inventory, should be paid off; when the society should decide what was to be done with the surplus in future. Education was afforded to the infants, children, youths, and adult members. Meals were taken in public or private, as best suited the convenience of each person. The labor of women was rendered available to the increase of the Society's wealth, or the cleanliness of their habitations, the washing and cooking being performed apart from the dwellings, and the children being taken care of in the schools. The Association had rapidly improved during the second year of its existence. The landlord was satisfied with his rent in produce, and the members had increased their comforts. Their number had increased to 81, and the society had built several cottages for the newly married members. They had improved the property by spade cultivation, and each enjoyed greater individual comforts than they possessed before. Some who entered the society with a scarcity of clothing, had now two suits and a reserve fund of money. Their morals and personal appearance had improved. All articles of consumption were paid for as received, and habits of prudence were acquired which before had been unknown. The aspect of the Association promised a career of success, when circumstances compelled Mr. Vandaleur to leave Ireland, which put a stop to proceedings that had exhibited to the world the possibility of governing the Irish people upon a plan at once practicable, profitable, and prudent; and which, it is conceived, might be introduced with very little additional capital to that now invested in that country in agricultural and manufacturing operations."

Let the powerful machinery put in action in 1833 for exhibiting the effects of the old Poor-law and the possibility of supplanting it by a better, once more be set in motion—to ascertain the precise nature, the advantages and defects, of these and similar industrial experiments. This at least is no very extravagant demand, seeing the decided failure of the New Poor-law, after a fifteen years trial.

There is one form in which this question of Home Colonization is likely to press itself early into notice—that relating to the treatment of criminals. At the colony of Mettray in France, ^p it has been found that by a rational and benevolent adaptation of the labor of criminals, they were not only reformed but rendered nearly self-supporting. From 1840 to 1848, 967 young criminals were admitted into the colony. Of the 373 who have left the establishment 29 have relapsed, 19 have conducted themselves tolerably well, 5 have escaped observation, and 320 have remained irreproachable in respectable stations of life. The total annual cost of these wonderful results was £12 per head—(about as much as it costs to murder a child at Tooting). It was 54 francs per head less than it would have

^p For an account of this colony, see 'Letters to a Clergyman,' by John Minter Morgan, where the delightful results of good training and rightly conducted organization on ill trained youths, including even the children of convicts, are clearly exhibited.

cost to support them in prison, without the benefit of any reformatory process whatever. The expense of maintaining criminals in England and Wales is estimated at £400,000 per annum, whose productive labor only realizes £30,000. With the example of Mettray before us, and of many American prisons entirely self-supporting,¹ and the fact that 83 per cent of our male criminals are between the ages of 15 and 45, an age when they are capable of labor,—it is but reasonable that the same principles should be applied here. As truer perceptions of the cause and cure of crime prevail, we may hope to find useful employment and rational treatment for the criminal. But this will pass sentence on the system of wretchedness and destitution under which the pauperized portion of the working classes suffer. We shall, then, either have to go back in our prison reform, or forward in elevating the laborer, since the latter will find that crime is the only condition of receiving the treatment due to a human being. In numberless instances prison diet is a temptation even now. Of the reformed prisoners discharged from the Reading gaol, a large per centage are recommitted, simply because they have no outlet for their exertions such as Home Colonies would supply. Mr. Field, the Chaplain, justly observes that the system of criminal treatment will remain sadly imperfect “until some plan for employment of the released offender shall furnish him the opportunity of obtaining an honest subsistence from his own efforts.”

Some advocates for the profitable employment of the poor, strongly recommend their employment in Public Works. So far as the intention of preventing private individuals from appropriating the benefits of labor to which they have no claim is concerned (as when the estates of Irish Landlords are drained at the public cost), the principle is good, but the end is equally attained by securing to the pauper the results of his own labor. Mr. Poulett Scrope thinks, that “if the rate-payers provide the funds, the work should be carried on for their benefit in the aggregate; if the public are called on to pay the cost, the proceeds must be carried to the public account.” To such a conclusion there are several objections.

1st. It prevents the attainment of what should be the object of every rational poor-law—the cure, the utter extinction, of pauperism. However largely Public Works add to the wealth of the country, so long as the present system of Wealth-distribution exists, they may and will add very little to the *Wages-fund*, on the extent of which the prosperity of the laborer entirely depends. Roads may be made, canals dug, arterial drainage effected by an army of pauper laborers, it is true; but that army would still exist depending on public bounty, and subject to public officials, keeping down wages by its own low standard of remuneration, and ready, at the first failure of public employment, to rush into, and glut, the general labor market.

2nd. Public works by means of pauper labor, are peculiarly liable to abuses.

¹ “The prison for the state of Indiana contains only 125 prisoners in a population of 800,000. They are set to work in yards and workshops, as coopers, joiners, blacksmiths, etc., and provisions are so cheap that the sale of the produce of their labor yields a profit to the state of £1,600 a year, after deducting all the expense of their maintenance, including the salaries of their officers. * * The older state of Kentucky also, with above 800,000 inhabitants, has only 160 convicted prisoners, and a considerable profit accrues from their labor, after defraying the cost of their maintenance.” *Prentice's Tour in the United States*, 1848. Page 57.

We put a quantity of the least efficient labor into circumstances most likely to increase the inefficiency and diminish the checks on its detection. It is very difficult to balance the value of a road, or a drain, against the quantity of labor required to produce them; laxity and sometimes dishonesty creep in, and nothing is known of it until the public discovers that it might have been cheaper to pay the paupers to do nothing, and to employ independent and skilled laborers to do the work in the best manner. This objection does not apply to industrial colonies. These necessarily contain a self-acting and self-registering test of their efficiency, in the degree to which they become able to dispense with the pauper ration and government surveillance,—that is, in the degree to which they become self-supporting. In public works bad management is infectious, and might ruin the whole plan; but tho half-a-dozen separate pauper colonies might fail and need re-organization, the example of those which succeeded would clearly indicate both the source of the failure, and its remedy. Public Works almost exclude the greatest element of success—the stimulus of present and future advantage to the *individual* laborers. The managers are stipendiary, the paupers have fixed rations, with no prospect of increasing them. Pauper colonies, on the contrary, could give the managers the same stimulus which the intelligent and humane capitalist desires, his own and others interest; while to the paupers themselves they would afford the strongest possible combination of motives.

3rd. Nor does it follow, that a public fund must be expended in public works. If the capital advanced be reimbursed,—if the public be saved from the pressure of a certain tax in the shape of poor rate, and of another large tax in the cost of crime,—if the wages of labor and the profits of capital are raised, and a better feeling established between the laborers and capitalists themselves,—surely the public will be infinitely more benefited than by the most judicious public works.

If it be objected that pauper colonies remove pauperism altogether from local control, we answer, that one of the chief causes why pauper labor has been so unproductive, was the inefficiency of its conductors, and this very subjection to popular clamor and control. To suppose that a person who has to conduct productive operations, shall be subject to the control of an external power totally uncognizant of a multitude of circumstances which he will have to foresee, adapt, or reckon upon, betrays the grossest ignorance of industrial processes. It is but an illustration of the fallacy of the day, to fancy that *majorities* are identical with wisdom. The Lilliputian intellect can never imagine that the insight of one Gulliver is greater than that of fifty thousand dwarflins. We do not see how the organization of anything can ever be effected, unless people will rely a little more on the intellect of those whom it has selected to govern, and a little less on the infallibility of votes. The *best* Government is the government of the wisest and best—*with checks*. We do not want ignorant servants, but wise representatives, whose interest is made *identical* with our own.

If it be insisted, however, that the rate-payers should have a direct interest in the repression of pauperism (tho this is as well attained by a national as by a local tax), it would only be necessary to render the admission of paupers into the Industrial Villages, contingent on the district which sent them forwarding the funds needful for their support, until they were able to maintain themselves. It is not to be supposed that the rate-payers have any particular qualms as to the

nature of the occupation and fate of the pauper laborer, seeing how reconciled they are to the unemployed operative being reduced to the shame and slavery of the stone-heap. How many shillings in the pound? is the main point: and while the terror of heavy rates still acted as before, it would be accompanied with the pleasing conviction of their speedy termination. It is not important now to discuss, whether the tax should be assessed upon rents, property, or income, tho the latter seems the most fair and economical. The important point to secure is, that the funds, however collected, be not (as now) dissipated in a number of infinitesimal amounts, incapable of any function in the employment of labor.

Our first object, then, should be, to make these Home Colonies self-supporting—the second, to repay the capital advanced to them by the government. This last object could not be attained until they produced a surplus amount of commodities, which would be sold in the open market. This may seem exposed to the objection of throwing *other* laborers out of employment. But it must be remembered, that the greatest portion of the evil arises from the monopoly which the pauper-produced commodities enjoy. If no produce from pauper labor were permitted to enter the general market *until they themselves were entirely self-supporting*, their commodities would be sold on the same footing as those of all other producers.

If it be objected, that in seasons when trade is brisk and the demand for hands great, the manufacturer could not supply himself with hands so readily as he now can—we reply, *so much the better!* He could not then go on glutting a market and speculating for future ruin to himself or others. It would act as the Ten Hours' Bill acts (only far more beneficially), in distributing employment over the whole year,—and, like the weight and safety valve in the steam engine, prevent the deviations of pressure. The only mode of raising wages is to render labor scarce, but labor cannot be scarce, while a vast mass of the population live on 'Charity.'

If it be further objected, that, in rendering the pauper laborer moderately comfortable, the applications from the other classes of laborers will rapidly increase, until, instead of having to organize half-a-million of paupers, we shall have two or three million's claiming to come into the pauper colonies;—*what then?* Such an issue would be the saddest and severest commentary possible, on the present relations of capital and labor; it would show that the pauper's prospect of earning *a bare subsistence under the restriction and discipline proposed*, and with the condition of repaying the advances, was in fact *superior to the boasted state of the 'independent' worker!* High time, indeed, to begin setting our house in order! But even if claimants came faster than it was found possible to organize them, could we not stop at any point just as with the numbers of the army? Whether 50 or 500,000 paupers be put to reproductive employment, is a matter perfectly within the control of society;—only the further it proceeded the better, until there was not an individual left who could plead want of work in excuse for mendicancy.

But why, it may be asked, if it be desirable to organize pauper labor, should not the state proceed further, and organize other labor, as proposed in France? We answer, that tho other labor *be* organizable, it is better organized *without* than with government assistance. If the surplus population be absorbed or

removed, so that wages may be raised, the workmen will then possess the *means* of accumulation and combination, and if they have sufficient intellect, self-denial, and virtue, can organize their own labor. Without these realities a voluntary combination of workmen, to create capital for themselves, and thus supersede their present state of servile dependence, is impossible. If, in their absence, however, a government steps in to supply their place, it must be a kind of despotism, such as that we suggest for the government of paupers. Must we, therefore, approve of this mode of dragging up *Society*? We prefer elevating it by the infusion of Ideas of Progress; but the *starving* pauper wants something else; and first. The organization of labor is not to be *brought to Society*; it must proceed *from* it. The disturbed mass is not to be crystallized at once, but at various points, which shall eventually converge, until the whole mass become symmetrical. In this way, as soon as Association has become a part of the *life* of the People, it will become a function of the Government—for the latter is simply the expression of the former.

The case of the pauper differs from that of the employed laborer. He is already the dependent of society, and the alternative is, whether he shall find a cruel and foolish paymaster, or the reverse. We conceive that, by locating all the surplus labor under a well developed organization, first on the waste and available lands of Great Britain and Ireland, and next on the Colonies,—the government might always keep the rate of wages at the point of comfortable subsistence. This, we apprehend, is all that government can do, in the present state of society, so far as presiding over the processes connected with the production of wealth is concerned, tho, as we shall show hereafter, not by any means all that it can do to elevate the lot of the laborer. It would be a fatal error to devolve upon a Government duties which it could not fulfil,—for example, to organize the whole labor of society. Society can no more overleap any of the steps and conditions of progress, than the babe can pass to manhood without the intermediate stages of childhood and adolescence. Let us first learn to raise wages, before we attempt to do without wages. Let us try to raise the laborer from his degraded position by all those helps which each day is rendering more practicable.

In our view that arrangements similar to those recommended would materially tend to raise the wages of the working classes, we are by no means singular. James Mill long since admitted it: * but holding the Ricardo theory of rent, that as the progress of population continually compelled recourse to soils of decreasing fertility, the income from capital must be lowered as population increased,—he inferred that the very source from which such establishments first drew their support would be ultimately dried up; therefore, that the main remedy was to prevent the increase of births beyond a certain point. We have already combated this objection. But even if it were sound, it would not invalidate our position, since it is with an *existing* surplus population, not a prospective one, we have to deal. By making that surplus work, we at least diminish the disparity between the wages-fund and labor, and get breathing time to look about us. The immediate want—the point so strongly urged by J. S. Mill—is an arrangement which shall remove poverty for one entire generation. Such an object

* Elements of Political Economy. Chap. 2, Sec. 4.

might be attained without committing a single injustice,—without even doing anything to alarm those most conservative of existing institutions, or most jealous of new ones.

It is a matter of surprize that great social theories are not, like scientific ones, at once subjected to the test of adequate experiment. When we see the state expend immense sums (not unwisely) in tracing the course of a river, a North West passage, the path of a planet, or in testing the value of Warner's long-range destructive,—is it too much to insist that efforts at least equally extensive shall be made in behalf of humanity? However important or interesting these scientific matters are to man, they are surely less so than his own nature and the true principles of *Social Science*. While to the former he is continually adding by experiment, the issues of the latter hang on the breath of an accident. Supposing the theories of the great social reformers to be a mere delusion, yet, if only to save the valuable time and feeling now wasted in discussion, to say nothing of the preservation of order, such experiments ought to be made. Columbus did not dispute about his fourth continent,—he sailed in search of it. The astronomer applies his telescope to verify the place of the newly found star. Were an equally common sense procedure applied to social questions, the results would guide the legislator and the public,—it would accelerate mankind by ages in the career of improvement,—and the national activity so often dissipated in useless or injurious channels, would take a proper and profitable direction. How much better would be *such* experiments, than the beggarly associations of mistaken benevolence formed for distributing soup-tickets and blankets,—or than those which offer premiums for bringing up large families on eight shillings per week, and systematically destroy the self-respect and independence of the laborer! How much more easily might we suppress mendicancy by the higher motives presented in our Industrial Colonies, than 'put it down' by the empty thunder of the *Times*, or the frown of some sapient Justice who punishes poverty with the treadmill!

Industrial organization has been well compared to the organization for fighting; for the analogy holds good in more points than may be at first apparent. For instance, it would be considered absurd to let every village, town, or country provide its own quota of troops,—to clothe, feed, and quarter them,—to select the officers and to superintend the discipline; in short, to exercise in reference to soldiers, those functions which the Union and the Parish think themselves entitled to exercise over the paupers. Were the British Army established on the local instead of the centralized principle, then, in place of being the most perfect machine for cutting off mankind ever devised by human ingenuity, it would degenerate into an ineffective mob of whom Falstaff himself would be ashamed. Yet, if we consider it, the military machine demands far less ingenuity than the industrial. It is easier to guide the mechanical evolutions of ten thousand men, than to regulate the labor of five hundred operatives to productive employment. If the simpler elements *need* 'organization' to make them effective, the more complex need it *still more*. The destructive business goes on tolerably well, altho six feet height fares no better than five feet, and a ferocious pair of whiskers obtains no more than a beardless chin. Why, then, must the Industrial Army go wrong, with higher motives, and equal discipline to keep it right?

"Is organization to fight the only organization achievable?" In the name of human nature, I protest that fighting is not the only talent which can be regulated, regimented, and, by organization and humane arrangement, be made—instead of hideous—beautiful, beneficent, and of indispensable advantage to us. Not the only arrangeable, commandable, capturable talent, that of fighting; I say that of digging is another, and a still better. Nay, there is no human talent whatever but is capable of the like beneficent process, and calculated to profit infinitely by it. As shall be seen yet, gradually, in happier days, if it please Heaven; for the future work of human wisdom and human heroism is discernable to be even this: Not of fighting with, and beating to death, one's poor fellow creatures in other countries, but of regimenting into blessed activity, more and more, one's poor fellow creatures in one's own country, for their and all people's profit, more and more. A field wide enough, untilled enough, God knows; and in which, I should say, human heroism, and all the divine wisdom that is among us, could not, too soon, with one accord, begin! For the time presses; the years, and the days, at this epoch, are precious; teeming with either deliverance or destruction!

Yes, much is yet unready, put off till the morrow; but this, of trying to find some spade-work for the disorganized Irish and British spademan, cannot be delayed much longer. *Colonels of Field-labor*, as well as colonels of field-fighting, doubt it not, *can be found*, if you will search for them with diligence; nay, I myself have seen some such! Colonels, captains, lieutenants, down to very sergeants and sifers of field labor, can be got, if you will honestly want them,—Oh, in what abundance, and with what thrice-blessed results, can they be 'supplied,' if you did indeed, with due intensity, continue to 'demand' them! And I think one regiment, ten regiments, of diggers, on the bog of Allen, would look as well almost as ten regiments of shooters on the field of Waterloo; and probably ten times as well as ten war-ships riding in the Tagus, for body-guard to Donna Maria da Gloria, at this epoch of the world! Some incipency of a real effective regimenting of spade-men, is actually a possibility for human creatures at this time."

Strange indeed, that a Persian Xerxes leading two millions of men to destroy Grecian liberty, or a French one leaving the bones of half-a-million men to bleach on the plains of Russia, should be regarded as *historic facts* and *human possibilities*, while the organization of an industrial army, for the most beneficent purposes, should be treated as an *impossible* Chimera! Strange that wealth, talent, genius, health, life, and life's best gifts, should not be esteemed too high a price for a good destructive engine, while *chance* is considered the best preparation for the grand industrial machine! Still stranger, that the behests of one selfish man should awaken energies and enthusiasm, which the woes, the aspirations, the best and noblest purposes of humanity, will fail to evoke.

No! we will not despair of seeing, ere long, an industrial organization of Humanity. The Railway alone refutes the common notion that nothing can be done well by extensive associations. This wonder of the Nineteenth Century, throwing the vast works of antiquity into the shade, indicates the immense possibilities which lay before us. Unlike the Egyptian pyramids,—those tombs of kings, made at the cost of the sweat and blood of millions,—the Railway symbolizes an age when kings are less and men are more. And tho our Railway now classifies its burden, whether of pigs, peasants, or princes, simply according to their powers of paying, we will yet believe in that 'good time coming' when all social appliances shall arise in obedience to higher laws than those of Mechanics or of Mammon,—a time when these, and all other works of Art, may be produced with a plenteousness, and scattered with a generosity, which shall imitate the processes of all bountiful nature.

* The question is asked by THOMAS CARLYLE; the quotation is from *the Spectator* Newspaper.

ODE TO JUNE.

WHEN 'tis here, the leafy month of June.
 'Tis here, and I would lay
 Ere it hath passed away
 A tribute on its altars. I would sing
 Of verdant meadows—young flowers opening—
 Of all that thou dost bring
 To woo us to thy fanes, thou glorious noon
 Of the rich, varied year!
 The waving corn fast shooting into ear,
 The freshly gurgling spring,
 Each warbler on the wing,
 Is by its own sweet music uttering
 Its joy that thou art here!
 Thy garments smell of roses, Tyrian dyes,
 Bright rainbow harmonies,
 Adorn thy mantle, spring around thy feet.
 The orchis rears its cones among the grass,
 For thy warm sun hath visited its cell;
 The delicate heath-bell
 Comes with it, and each pale and pensile sweet
 That loves the deep retreat
 Of bush-wood, lonely glen, or shady brake.
 I see the lily leaves upon the lake.
 The brier-rose expands. Sunshine and rain
 Have well performed their office. Yes, again
 I hail thee, month of flowers—
 Sit in thy radiant bowers,
 And in thy warm embrace a Lethe find from pain.
 Enamoured of high intellect, we pray
 For gifted intercourse. New thought inspires,
 Our zeal shall be rekindled at its fires.
 Our wishes granted, learn we day by day
 That purest impulses may lead astray.
 That even these lofty aspirations bring
 But other, deeper forms of suffering.
 Yet sitting in this cloistered solitude
 Of elm and fragrant lime,
 Hearing the river's chime,
 And gazing thro' the openings in the wood
 Upon the dazzling sun-bursts, now revealed,

Now veiled, and now concealed
 By masses of dark thunder clouds that lie
 Along the western sky,—
 I feel that the supply
 Of holy Beauty granted me, will bless
 And leave no bitterness,—
 That God, to nerve me for the Life divine,
 Places before me his own Spirit-Wine.
 I drink of it, and feel
 A jubilant joy; I kneel,
 But not to pray. I may not ask for more.

All is revealed! No longer as a shroud
 Hangs the great thunder-cloud
 Between me and the glory. I adore
 With bird and flower. Nature and Soul unite
 And lose themselves in the vast infinite.
 A new transfiguration hath revealed
 The majesty concealed
 Behind the bodily veil. I bow subdued.
 A deep mysterious awe pervades this wood—
 Like God's own solitude!
 Solemn the stillness now the sun is down.
 Earth and its fullness own
 That they have gazed on glory. Deeper hues
 Are on the distant mountains—freshening dews
 Are on each fragrant blossom. In the north
 The Olenian star gleams forth,
 Companionless and pale.
 Thee Nature, ever beautiful, I hail!
 Leave with reluctant steps this still retreat—
 This lone Gethsemane,
 Where I have lived with thee
 One hour of high communion! I depart—
 Beneath the mourner's garment a strong heart,
 Within a spirit-world—a calm abode
 With but one altar, to the *Most High God*:
 And I, the vestal, o'er the sacred fire
 Shall incense daily pour, lest the pure flame expire.

K. B.

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.

BY RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

It appears to have been a belief or suspicion entertained by several of the earliest Christians that the end of the world was just at hand; which opinion was probably founded on a misinterpretation of our Lord's prophecies respecting the judgment about to be executed on Jerusalem; which, in a certain sense, was called "the coming of the Lord;" and which 'coming' they confounded with his final coming to judge the world; a mistake the more natural, because He himself did at the same time prophesy concerning his final coming likewise; so that what related to the one and to the other of these two events, was in some degree mixed and blended together.*

The Thessalonians, moreover, seem to have had an idea, that some advantages would be possessed by those of them who should be alive at the coming of Jesus Christ, over those who had died before it; and that these would be admitted to some higher privileges; which of course increased their sorrow for their friends who were departed. This occasioned the Apostle Paul to assure them, that all Christians who had continued in the faith and fear of God, should be partakers of the same blessings, whether they should be living or dead, when the day of judgment should arrive, and should enter upon the enjoyment of those blessings at the very same time: that those "who are alive shall not prevent" (that is, precede or be beforehand with) those of the faithful who are in the grave; but that "the dead in Christ shall rise first;" that is, the *first thing* in order of time will be, that the *dead* in Christ shall rise, and shall be admitted into the presence of the Lord, together with those that are still living.

This is sufficient to afford comfort to all who have a lively faith in God's promises; both of the Thessalonians and of all other christians in every age and country: with this the Apostle is contented; it being generally the practice of the Sacred Writers to reveal that the most distinctly which it is of the greatest practical importance to know; and to speak less frequently and more obscurely of matters on which, however interesting to our curiosity, we may safely remain in ignorance or in doubt, during our time of trial here on earth.

The Apostle accordingly, tho he has said enough to encourage his disciples not to sorrow as men without hope for their deceased brethren, gives no account of the intermediate state, that state in which men remain from death till the final resurrection. He merely tells them, that as "Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

And this (the intermediate state) is a point on which, I think, nothing is so clearly revealed in any part of Scripture, as to allow us to pronounce positively that such and such a belief respecting it is to be held as an essential part of the Christian faith; since, if such had been the design of the Almighty, I cannot but think there would have been some explicit and decisive revelation given on that point.

Those who believe that the soul, when separated from the body by death, retains

* See Hinds's 'History of the Rise and Early Progress of Christianity,' for some remarks on the prophecies of our Lord; and also his 'Catechist's Manual,' on the same subject.

its activity, and consciousness, and sensibility to pleasure and pain, and that it enters immediately on a state of enjoyment or of suffering, appeal to several passages of Scripture, which appear to favor this doctrine, tho without expressly declaring it: among which is the parable of the rich man and Lazarus; the former of whom is represented as being in a state of torment: altho the end of the world is plainly supposed not to have arrived, since he is described as entreating Lazarus to warn his surviving brethren, "lest they also come into this place of torment." And if all that is here told were to be considered as a narrative of a matter of fact which actually took place, it would be perfectly decisive. But all allow that the narrative is a *parable*, that is, a fictitious tale framed in order to teach or illustrate some doctrine: and altho such a tale *may* chance to agree in every point with matter of fact,—with events which actually take place,—there is no necessity that it should. The only truth that is essential in a parable, is the truth of the moral or doctrine conveyed by it. Many accordingly of our Lord's parables are not, altho many are, exactly correspondent with facts which actually occur. For instance, in the parable of the sower, the account of the different success of the seed which fell on the trodden wayside, in the rocky ground, among thorns, and on good land, agrees literally with what actually takes place daily; tho no particular sower is intended, even here: the object is to illustrate the different reception of the gospel by men of different characters. On the other hand, in the parable of the good Samaritan,—in that of the king who destroyed the ungrateful guests who refused to come to his feast,—of the husbandmen who killed the servants and the son of the lord of the vineyard,—and in many others,—there is no reason to believe that any such events did ever actually take place; it is enough for the object of the parable, that it is *conceivable* they *might* take place; and that we should be able to derive instruction from considering how men *would be likely* to act, or how they *ought* to act, *supposing* such circumstances *should* actually occur.

The parable therefore of the rich man and Lazarus, is not, I think, decisive of the point in question. It seems to imply, indeed, very plainly, that there is a future state of reward and punishment (a doctrine however, which most of Christ's hearers had no doubt of); and also that those who have been devoted to the good things and enjoyments of this world, will have no share in those of the world to come, and will regret, when it is too late, their not having "laid up for themselves treasure in heaven."^b This appears to have been the general moral design of the parable; in the detail of which many things are spoken figuratively, to give force and liveliness to the description, which are plain enough *when figuratively* understood, but could not have been meant, of course, to be taken literally; as, for instance, when the rich man is represented as holding discourse with Abraham, and entreating a drop of water to cool his tongue, because he is tormented in flames: which is a lively figurative description of the future misery of the wicked, and is so employed by our Lord in other places: all of which corresponds exactly with what *would* be said and done *supposing* such circumstances actually and literally to occur; but does not imply that the fact is literally such as the parable describes. Indeed, the very circumstance of the torturing *flames*, implies, literally, the presence of the *body*; and therefore cannot be literally true of a state in which the soul is *separate* from the body.

It may be said that as our Lord must have known what is the actual state of the departed, He might have been expected on such an occasion as this, to reveal it. That he did

^b It has been supposed, and I have no doubt with reason, that there is also another meaning, more appropriate to the Gospel-scheme, in this parable: that the rich man represents the Jews, originally God's "peculiar people," and Lazarus, the despised Gentiles, who were afterwards admitted to "sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." This however does not concern the present question.

not, however, in fact, give a literally true account of this state, is plain from what has been just said: nor does it appear to have been his design, generally, to reveal all that He was able to reveal.

The same view, I think, may be taken of the vision presented to the Apostle John (in the Revelations) of the souls of those who had suffered martyrdom for the Christian faith, calling upon God to avenge his Church, even as the blood of Abel is said, in Genesis, to cry to the Lord. We may collect from this, that a notice was intended to be given to John of the severe and bloody persecutions of the Christians, which took place not very long after,—and an assurance that God would give deliverance to His Church, and that those who had suffered in the cause of Christ should be highly exalted and everlastingly rewarded by Him. But many of the circumstances of the vision are evidently such as can only be understood figuratively; such as the *white robes* of Martyrs, which denote their being justified and accounted pure before God thro' the blood of Christ. So that I think we cannot from this passage conclude with any certainty that these martyrs, or any other Christians, enter into a state of reward or punishment immediately after death. Indeed, if it were but recollected that nothing but *material, bodily* substance can be an object of *sight*, it would be plain that all the passages in which a departed soul is spoken of as *appearing to the eyes*, so far from proving even the existence of the soul in a *separate* state from the body, and unconnected with any material substance, would, if they were to be understood literally, prove the direct contrary,—that the persons so spoken of as visibly appearing, actually *had* bodies at the time.*

Again, the transfiguration on the mount, in which Moses and Elias appear talking with Jesus, may be brought forward as an argument for the supposition of a state of sense and consciousness after death before the final resurrection; Moses and Elias having been dead long before. But nothing generally decisive can be concluded from any case which is manifestly an *exception* to general rules; as this was, in every respect. The prophet Elijah (or Elias), we know, did not die at all; but was visibly, in his bodily state, taken from the earth; and in the case of Moses also, a prophet still more highly favored of God, there appears to have been something peculiar as to his departure; for we are told indeed that he died, and was buried in the land of Moab, but that "*no man knew of his sepulchre.*" Whether he also, like Elijah, and like Enoch, was permitted to forestall the general resurrection, we cannot tell; but it seems clear that the soul separate from the body is

* It is remarkable that a great part of mankind, and those not least who profess to hold not only the distinct nature of the soul from any material substance, but even its power of continuing active and conscious when disunited from matter, are nevertheless altogether *materialists*, and mean by a *spirit* only some thin and delicate kind of matter, like a cloud, or a ray of light, etc., which is an object of the senses, but not of *all* the senses. This is plainly the case, not only with those who believe in the common stories of ghosts (that is, spirits) *appearing* and speaking, but also with those who, tho' they disbelieve these accounts, yet perceive nothing *contradictory* and inconceivable in the idea of the *appearing of a spirit*; which of course would be to them mere words without meaning, if they understood by 'spirit' something which does not consist of matter, and consequently cannot have (as a visible object must) shape, height, color, etc.

Whatever is actually seen, or presented to any of the senses, whether naturally or supernaturally, must of course be material; but a like *effect* may be produced on the *mind* (as we experience in the case of imagination and dreaming, and, as we read, in the case of visions) without the presence (as far as we know) of any material object. And the inaccuracy of common language, when we are speaking of such things, perhaps tends to confuse our thoughts. Thus we say, indifferently, "*I saw* in my sleep this or that," or "*I dreamed* that I saw it:" the former expression, interpreted literally, would imply the presence of a material object; the latter, not.

not an object of *sight*, since, at a man's death, all that was formerly visible of him, remains before our eyes in the corpse; so that nothing can be inferred respecting a *separate* state of the soul, from the *visible* appearance of Moses and Elias, which the eyes of the Apostles witnessed.

It is to be observed also, that there can be little doubt the appearance of Moses and Elias on this occasion was designed to represent "the law" (delivered by Moses) "and the prophets," of whom Elias was especially venerated; and that their appearing in friendly communing with Jesus, denoted the agreement of his Gospel with the Law and the Prophets, which He "came not to destroy, but to fulfil." This was the lesson which the appearance conveyed to the disciples; and the *appearance* alone is all that concerned them, or that concerns us. The actual condition of the persons themselves, is a point which did not concern them. Every thing, indeed, that is recorded in the Gospel-history, is to be considered in reference to the *instruction* it was designed to convey to the disciples: "this voice," said our Lord (of that which then came from heaven, announcing Him as the "Beloved Son of God,") "came not because of me, but for *your* sakes."

The promise of our Lord to the thief on the Cross, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," has been urged with more reason, in favor of the opinion that man passes from death at once into a state of enjoyment or of suffering. But this also is a very peculiar case; and therefore can hardly be regarded as decisive as to what shall be the lot of other men. I mean, supposing the promise to be understood in the literal sense of the word *to-day*; which is not absolutely necessary.

The remarkable circumstances which made the dying thief's profession of faith most distinguished and eminent;—[are] his acknowledgeing as his *King*, that Jesus who was at the very moment expiring on the Cross, when all his own disciples had fled in despair,—his being the *first*, probably, who ever perceived and acknowledged the true nature of Christ's kingdom, as being one into which He should enter *by suffering*;—his being the *only* one who ever did confess this faith before the resurrection. *His* faith, therefore, was most peculiar and pre-eminent. And so also was the period of his death, at the very time of the mighty sacrifice of the Son of God; which was accompanied with many miraculous circumstances, and, among others, by the resurrection (as the Evangelists inform us) of the bodies of several holy men, who came out of their graves, and "entered into the holy city (Jerusalem) after the resurrection, and appeared unto many:" a kind of event which no one expects will take place with Christians in general before the day of judgment.

Whether the immediate admission into Paradise^d of the penitent thief, supposing this to be understood literally, is to be regarded as one of the miraculous and extraordinary circumstances of that awful period, and consequently different from what takes place in other cases, or whether the same will be the lot of all Christ's faithful servants immediately on their departing this life, we are not, I think, authorized by that portion of the sacred history positively to pronounce.

The passage in the first Epistle of Peter, about our Lord's "preaching to the spirits in prison," has been supposed to allude not only to the conscious state of departed spirits, but even to Christ's having visited, in the interval between his death and resurrection, the souls

^d There was something remarkable and seemingly peculiar in the very promise itself which was made to this man. The full purport of it, we cannot, I think, positively determine. If the 'Paradise,' into which he was promised immediate admittance, be the place in which "just men made perfect," will, after the day of judgment, dwell for "ever with the Lord,"—or if it be the place or state into which good Christians pass immediately after death,—it is remarkable that the word Paradise is not the one commonly used in Scripture to convey either of those meanings.

of those who perished in Noah's flood. But this seems to me a very unlikely interpretation. The passage is indeed extremely obscure; and I have seen no explanation of it that is free from objection; but I will subjoin that which seems to me the most probable.*

"By the power of which Divine Spirit of His, long before His manifestation in the flesh, he came to the old world; and by the mouth of Noah, that 'preacher of righteousness,' spake to them whose spirits are now fast prisoned in hell; which were in their lifetime wicked and disobedient to His holy counsels: when the patient long-suffering of God gave a large respite to them for their repentance and conversion, even all the while the ark was preparing by Noah."—*Bishop Hall*.

* Scripture Revelations concerning a Future State. 1842.

THE CIRCLE.

weet Twilight comes; and her blue eye
Smiles on the evening placidly;
The gentle winds go murmuring by,
And nightingales are singing nigh.

The Moon is up, and all the air
Is filled with light and beauty rare;
And every thing she maketh fair
Seems wishing she were always there.

The Morning breaks—the rosy morn,
And, lingering to see him dawn,
The moon and stars, of lustre shorn,
Look down upon the world forlorn.

The Sun arises, clothed in gold,
Shaking the rocks and mountains bold,
Waking the Forests green and old,
And tingeing all the waters cold.

The Day has come; the gaudy day;
And starry night has gone away;
With all that was so fair and gay—
And where are they? O where are they?

G. S. P.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

A SPOKEN DISCOURSE.

BOOKS are our household gods; and we cannot prize them too highly. They are the only gods in all the Mythologies that are ever beautiful and unchangeable; for they betray no man, and love their lovers. I confess myself an Idolator of this literary religion, and am grateful for the blessed ministry of books. It is a kind of heathenism which needs no missionary funds, no Bible even, to abolish it; for the Bible itself caps the peak of this new Olympus, and crowns it with sublimity and glory. Amongst the many things we have to be thankful for, as the result of modern discoveries, surely this of printed books is the highest of all; and I for one, am so sensible of its merits that I never think of the name of Guttenberg without feelings of veneration and homage.

I no longer wonder, with this and other instances before me, why in the old days of reverence and worship, the saints and benefactors of mankind were exalted into a kind of demi-gods, and had worship rendered to their tombs and memories; for this is the most natural, as well as the most touching, of all human generosities, and springs from the profoundest depths of man's nature. Who does not love John Guttenberg?—the man that with his leaden types has made the invisible thoughts and imaginations of the Soul visible and readable to all and by all, and secured for the worthy a double immortality? The birth of this person was an era in the world's history second to none save that of the Advent of Christ. The dawn of printing was the outburst of a new revelation, which, in its ultimate unfoldings and consequences, are alike inconceivable and immeasurable.

I sometimes amuse myself by comparing the condition of the people before the time of Guttenberg, with their present condition; that I may fix the idea of the value and blessedness of books more vividly in my mind. It is an occupation not without profit, and makes me grateful and contented with my lot. In these reading days one can hardly conceive how our good forefathers managed to kill their superfluous time, or how at least they could be satisfied to kill it as they did. A life without books, when we have said all we can about the honor and nobility of labor, would be something like heaven without God; scarcely to be endured by an immortal nature. And yet this was the condition of things before Guttenberg made his far sounding metallic tongues which reach thro' all the ages that have since past away, and make us glad with their eloquence.

Formerly, the Ecclesiastics monopolized the literature of the world; they were indeed in many cases the Authors and Transcribers of books; and we are indebted to them for the preservation of the old learning. Now, every Mechanic is the possessor of a Library, and may have Plato and Socrates, as well as Chaucer and the Bards, for his companions. I call this a heavenly privilege, and the greatest of all known miracles, notwithstanding it is so cheap and common.

Plato died above two thousand years ago, yet in these printed books he lives and speaks for ever. There is no death to thought; which tho it may never be imprisoned in lettered language, has nevertheless an existence and propagative vitality as soon as it is uttered, and endures from generation to generation, to the very end of the world. I think we should all of us be grateful for books: they are our best friends and most faithful companions. They instruct, cheer, elevate, and ennoble us; and in whatever mood we go to them they never frown upon us, but receive us with cordial and loving sincerity: neither do they blab, or tell tales of us when we are gone, to the next comer; but honestly, and with manly frankness, speak to our hearts in admonition or encouragement. I do not know how it is with other men, but I have so much reverence for these silent and beautiful friends that I feel in them to have an immortal and divine possession, which is more valuable to me than many estates and kingdoms. The noise and babble of men disturb me not in my princely domain, enrich by the presence of so many high and royal souls. What can our foolish politicians, and long-winded teachers of less profane things, have to say to me, when Socrates speaks, or Shakspeare and Milton sing? I like to be alone in my chamber, and obey the muse or the spirit. We make too little of books, and have quite lost the meaning of *contemplation*. Our times are too busy; too exclusively *outward* in their tendency; and men have lost their balance in the whirlpools of commerce and the fierce tornadoes of political strife. I want to see more poise in men, more self-possession; and these can only be obtained by *communion* with books. I lay stress on the word *communion*, because, altho *reading* is common enough, *communion* is but little known as a modern experience. If an author be worth anything, he is worth bottoming. It may be all very well to skim milk, for the cream lies on the top; but who could skim Lord Bacon?

The choice of books is not the least part of the duty of a Scholar. If he would become a man, and worthy to deal with manlike things, he must read only the bravest and noblest books; books forged at the heart and fashioned by the intellect of a godlike man. A clever interesting writer, is a clever interesting fool; and is no Master for the scholar I speak of. Our literature abounds with such persons, and will abound with them so long as the public mind remains diseased with this morbid love of 'light reading.' We have exchanged the martial tramp of the Commonwealth's men, for the nimble foot of the lamp-lighter and the thief-taker. This comes from the false culture of men, and the consequent false tendencies of their minds and aims. We have had enough of this inane, unmanly discipline, and need a higher and truer one. I am not, however, for any Monkish exclusion of men from the world in their study of books; for the end of all study is *action*; and I would not cheat the Master by any bye laws in favor of the Scholar. But a certain kind of exclusion is necessary for culture in the first instance, and for progressive developments of that culture afterwards. The human mind will not be played with, or the Player will find it out to his cost. For the laws of the intellect, and of man's Spiritual nature, are as stern and binding as those of matter, and you cannot neglect or violate them without loss or suffering. Hence books should be our constant companions, for they stimulate thought, and hold a man to his purpose.

It is difficult to say precisely what books should be read, for men's minds differ

so much that what one has a great aptitude for, another would reject as out of his kin. In this respect every one should, for the most part, follow the bent of his own mind. There is a general discipline, however, to which all who aim at scholarship must submit. History, Moral Philosophy, a general acquaintance with the Physical Sciences, Mathematics, Grammar, Geography, and the Literature of their country, are indispensable to them. Some of the ancient and modern languages may likewise form a part of this discipline, but, with very few exceptions, they should be subordinates, and not, as is too much the case at present, principals. The literature of England would require a wide generalization.

For Poetry I think a man should begin with Milton. He is the finest epic example we can boast of; and his language is the best and richest English. There is a high religious tone likewise in his poems, especially in his *Paradise Lost*, which reminds one of the Cathedral and the swelling of a mighty organ. A mind thoroly imbued with the poetry and religious feeling of Milton, would not be likely to descend to lower sentiments, or have its taste perverted by a writer of less merit. As a general rule the scholar should *read none but the best books*; those most approved by the judgment of time. It is waste of time to go fishing for excellences in the shallow and obscure waters of literature, whilst the great deep sea is before us. Not Mrs. Hemans, nor the melodious Thomas Moore—the two musical snuff-boxes of Poetry—can tune the soul to grand aspirings, or build it up to high purposes. If you want to be a Female-man, take these grinders of the muses' shell for your exemplars; but if you would be a godlike man and learn the music of the spheres, read Milton! Next to Milton I would recommend Shakspeare; not that I think Shakspeare second to Milton, or to any man living or dead, but because a person read in Milton would be likely to appreciate Shakspeare better, and keep his balance more securely in the presence of that wide, diversified, and universal man. I commend Shakspeare also, for his knowlege of life, and his deep insight into the nature and workings of the human heart. He is the only writer that can set the soul at liberty, and make it sympathize with the lowest as well as the highest forms of existence. A student of Shakspeare could not be a bigot, a tyrant, a manhater, or any bad thing, even if he would. He *must* grow and expand in the sunshine of that mighty heart. For Shakspeare holds all things cheap and dear at the same time. He is not cramped, stunted, dwarfed; is not poorly and painfully tied down to one Idea, or set of ideas; but in the largeness of his nature he embraces the world, and clasps the very Infinite to his bosom. His ideas are rich and numerous as the stars, and his creations are all types of character. Nowhere do we see Shakspeare in the Plays of Shakspeare. He has not left upon them a single mark of his own *individuality*, properly so called; but every one of his characters is distinct in itself, and speaks and acts from its own personal nature. Falstaff is not Shakspeare, neither is Lear nor Hamlet; the creative-Bard is greater than them all. It is strange how much could come out of one man!—how the great and terrible, the high and the beautiful, could dwell so near to the ignoble and the mean. Between the wonderful creations of Caliban and Miranda what a wide gulf gapes! And yet the poet made them both, and they are warm with human sympathy, and with a beauty that is proper to each. I am charmed with this wonderful annihilation of self in Shakspeare. He is no Byron to repeat and

re-repeat himself and his sorrows, in endless Manfreds, Corsairs and Harolds; but from first to last he respects the personality of a man, and is too great for egotism. He stands for Nature; and a Pedlar is in his eyes as sacred as a King, and as worthy as he of an interpreter. For the human heart and the human soul are one, wherever they exist, in the cottage or the palace; and have the same passions and emphasis of existence,—the same hopes and infinite longings. There is an unconsciousness, also, in Shakspeare, which stamps him royal; and this unconsciousness is the highest atmosphere in which a great soul can move; the highest souls indeed move in no other. He obeys the fiery spirit that takes possession of his nature, and is ignorant of his greatness. He is as pious as a saint; but his religion comes out in beautiful radiations, like gushes of silent sunshine, not in set discourses. His words drop with love, and the odor of a sweet sanctity; nothing morbid escapes from him. God is the Creator and the Preserver; the giver of all good; and for Shakspeare that is enough. I like him very well as a Clergyman; for he speaks to the purpose. Nay, I could call every one of his plays a sermon; and all his Plays a Complete Body of Divinity. I know of no writings that have done better service to humanity; or that have taught high and sacred truths with such striking practical examples. It is quite true that in many of his Plays there are the embodiments of mean, vicious, and vulgar persons; but Shakspeare found the men he drew, and did not make them. The Devil might have had a hand in this latter business, perhaps; but that was no concern of the poet. His object was to re-present men as they were; not to write Utopia's. He called black black; and white white. Altogether he is the most plain spoken and truthful man I know. Hence his immense fame. But nowhere does he recommend vice or vicious pursuits. He certainly enters with great spirit into all his characters, and hits them off to the life; but this is the cunning of the Artist, not the sanction of the man. He comes from the lewd dens of Cheapside, and the companionship of Hal, and Poin, and Falstaff, into the presence of Ophelia and Desdemona, without spot or corruption. He knew men and women by heart. Nature, with her most cunning artifice, could not elude his all-seeing eye. He is the Biographer of Humanity. His intuitions are the deepest philosophy. He did not aim at results, but achieved them. Un-speakably great was this man Shakspeare. Think of Hamlet; the mystic embodiment of scepticism, with its wavering purposes, cowardice, immaturity, and aimless life;—a man without roots; tost upon the shoreless sea of doubt and irresolution; wooing despair, madness, and annihilation, but perpetually haunted by the awful uncertainty of the future, the canon against self-slaughter, and the shadow of God's presence and splendor. Hamlet is called upon to revenge the murder of his father; but he is too weak; for scepticism can do nothing; nay, he himself becomes a murderer, and is involved in the fearful retribution that closes the tragedy. Think of Lear, the uncrowned King; of his unnatural daughters, and that sweetest, most loving and beautiful one, who, with the heart of Ruth, clung to the deserted father in his madness and desolation. For this is a drama of life which is acted every day; and that is a phase of individual experience thro' which all earnest men pass. Othello, Shylock, Macbeth, Romeo and Juliet, and the historical dramas, are equally wonderful and instructive—for they contain every variety of human character, and unfold the workings of every

human passion. Shakspeare is so great and solar a monopolizer, that the succeeding dramatists, altho they may trim their own lamps, must borrow of his oil.

Of the elder poets from Chaucer to Sackville, and from Sackville to Shakspeare, it is well to have a general, if not a critical knowlege. Chaucer stands first, not only as the Father of English Poetry, but as the richest of those old delineators of character. We get more knowlege of the life and aims of men in Chaucer's time, from his poems, than from any history. He is of a fine, free, and generous nature, and, like all true poets, is the scourge of the vices of his age. Spenser should have the next reading, for he is full of a rich and melodious beauty, which no writer before him, or perhaps since, has equalled. The Faery Queen is pitched in a higher key than the Canterbury Pilgrims, altho both are works of power and genius. The latter is practical, deals with every day people, and is, as I said, a picture of the times; whilst the former is a pure creation of the imagination and the fancy. The chief Dramatists before Shakspeare were Kyd, Greene, and Marlowe. The best works of Marlowe are his 'Faust' and the 'Jew of Malta.' After Shakspeare, and some of them co-temporary with him, were Ben Jonson—'rare old Ben' as his companions called him,—Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton, Massinger, Heywood, Ford, and Shirley. These writers should be read, and some of them carefully studied. There are rare things to be found in 'rare old Ben,' in Beaumont and Fletcher, in Ford, and the later writings of Philip Massinger. Poor Massinger! his life was consumed by poverty; and he lived and died in obscurity. I cannot call to mind a more melancholy epitaph than that which is inscribed upon his tomb. 'Philip Massinger! A Stranger!'

Amongst the innumerable poets who please me best in this early period, are George Herbert and Robert Herrick. I like the mystical beauty of the one, and the sweet lyrical music of the other. Of the later poets Cowley and Dryden should be read; but Pope is no favorite of mine; I hate his stilts. He is too mechanical, and his verse reads like the grinding of a barrel organ. His numbers are well measured, but they are not inspired. He was too careful and curious in the structure of his verse, and did not give the muse fair play. I love the wild and witchlike beauty of Shelley much better, and reverence Keats, who, had he lived, would have built up a new Olympus. Cowper, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Campbell, Rogers, Scott, Byron, Akenside, Elliot, and Leigh Hunt, are all, more or less, favorites with me; and I have found it good and profitable to be in their company. Byron is the poet of the passions, and as such will be read by the young of both sexes as long as our literature lasts. At one time I knew most of his poems by heart, and thought every other writer tame in the presence of this fiery demi-god. I now go to Wordsworth for inspiration, and would sooner read one of his odes than listen to an Oratorio. But there is no such thing as *forcing* the spirit; it will seek its own food; and, what is cheering enough in this consideration, it will grow strong upon passion as well as upon thought. Hence I cannot join in the cant cry of the day, and warn the young *not* to read Byron; for I think we might as wisely warn Nature to be careful how she dealt the dangerous passion of love amongst her Children;—altho I confess this poet is not altogether orthodox in matters of the heart, and makes ugly sin look beautiful sometimes, with his poetic sorceries. But thanks to the aspirations of man, the time comes when Byron ceases to satisfy, and here amongst the

modern poets, Shelley and Keats await him, and after them Campbell and Rogers prepare the way for Coleridge and Wordsworth.

Of course I cannot here pretend to do more than relate the names of a few authors whose books are worthy to be read. There is, however, an occult magnetism existing between books and men, which draws the right man to the right book whenever there is a true desire to learn. This is verified in some remarkable instances in my own experience; and there is not a book whose name and weight have attracted my attention, but some lucky chance or excellent friend has brought it to my hand. The dearth or scarcity of a book is no impediment in the way of the good genius who presides over the fortunes of the scholar. The book will come in its time; and I am so reconciled to this belief, that whenever I hear of a new book to which I fancy myself related, I rest satisfied that it will gravitate to my centre in due season.

But the chief business of the scholar, both in the furnishing and education of his mind, is with prose writers. Lord Bacon is admirable as a philosopher, an essayist, and a historian. His 'Advancement of Learning' is a fine paper, full of power and poetry, which ought to be studied with as much care as his 'Novum Organon.' He is the founder of that Inductive Philosophy, to which modern science is so largely indebted for its discoveries and progress. Locke is remarkable for his strength and his brave common-sense; Paley as a special-pleader for Theology. I would have Hobbes read, if at all, after Fichte's 'Destination of Man'; and Berkeley after David Hume. Fichte's 'Vocation of the Scholar' should be the Secular Bible of all young men. Voltaire, Rousseau, and all the Encyclopedic School, may then be read with profit, and not injury. As a summary of ancient and modern metaphysics, I commend Lewes' 'History of Philosophy' in four volumes, printed by Knight in his shilling series. It is the ablest work of its class in the language, altho I do not agree with the writer that there can be no such thing as philosophy, which is the conclusion to which he comes after all his labors. On the whole, however, the study of Metaphysics is not a profitable occupation; and no one should devote too much time to it unless he has a decided genius for the pursuit. It is good to know the history of philosophic opinions—but to study those of each school or sect is an endless and confounding, if not a totally disheartening work. It is better to be a sound historian of nations than a knower of, or a dealer in, philosophical traditions and theories. No doubt there are subjects of metaphysical enquiry which arise in all earnest minds, and *will* be settled; but this done, let the scholar begin to improve his time forthwith.

The Prose works of Milton are noble compositions, and may be read after the British Essayists. The reader will then perceive the difference between writings of taste, and those of power and imagination. Of the old Divines, I like Jeremy Taylor and Isaac Barrow most. I think it is somewhere said that Taylor is the Shakspeare of Divines; and I call Barrow the Philosopher of Divines. Bishop Hall's 'Contemplations' are likewise good, and improve the heart; but like most of the men of his time, when he would revive the old Bible pictures, and present them before us in words, he is *too material*, and lays in so much coloring, that, in spite of the power of the conceptions, we recoil from them in horror, mingled, shall I say, with feelings nearly allied to disgust. The

most charming book, and, with the exception of Milton's Epic, the greatest work of genius, belonging to the Commonwealth era, is John Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which is the representation of the Spiritual Experience of his age. Of the philosophic and Platonic books of this period, are Cudworth's 'Intellectual System,' and the 'Utopia' of Sir Thomas More. The scholar will do well to read these Authors, that he may see the various ways in which the English mind develop'd itself at this strange epoch of our history.

But of all books affording instruction and delight, those of Biography are the best. And here we must come to Plutarch, whose 'Lives' are as vital as the men were that lived them. There is nothing like this book in any modern language. These are the heroes that moved the world in the old days of Greece, and from whom all its history proceeded. I do not care to worry myself with dead records when I can live with the men who made the events of the records; as I can at any time on opening the Picture Gallery of Plutarch. In the absence of British Biography—for, with the exception of Foster's Lives of the Commonwealth's Men, we have none properly so called—the scholar must cement the biographical *facts* recorded of great men, in his own way. Autobiographies, when they are faithful and genuine, are invaluable aids to the student. Gibbon has left us a book of this sort; so have Franklin and Jean Jaques Rousseau; and now that of Goethe is accessible to us in a volume of Bohn's series, just published. The Pel-Verjuice papers by C. R. Pemberton, contain, in somewhat colored language, a memorable history of that poor wanderer's life, feelings, and thoughts; which is too good not to be included in this Autobiographical list.

I had nearly forgotten to include works of fiction in this outline of reading. They are, however, as indispensable as books of the higher sort, and must not be neglected by the scholar. But let it be understood that I do not recommend them too much; and never except as a dessert after a hard dinner. Too much novel reading weakens and dissipates the mind, unfitting it for the strong and muscular exertions of thought. But a wise use of such inventions relieves the mind and restores it even after great fatigue to its former elasticity and vigor. I need scarcely say that novels are not alike good; and that choice is to be made in the reading of them. Walter Scott's are the best modern writings of this class; and Bulwer has given us a book or two, in which he has shown high skill as an artist; altho one feels that it is rather a dilettante than an inspired hand that paints for us. Bulwer is maudlin, sentimental, often immoral; and seldom or never touches the soul. He is too cold, sceptic, and formal. His very fire is not hot, and altho one is amused, and often intensely interested, in his narrative and characters, yet he makes no man the better for his writings.

Cooper is a better writer to my thinking than Bulwer. His novels smell of the pine forests and prairies; and his pictures of savage wood life, and the early civilization of America, are beyond all praise. The finest character ever drawn upon the canvas of fiction is Cooper's Natty Leather Stocking; and I know nothing to equal in solemnity and pathos, the death scene of the poor old Trapper in that Indian wigwam. The only fault of this character is that it is spun over too much space, and we could very well spare one or two novels in which he appears. But the Prince Royal of all books in this ancestry is Fielding's Tom Jones. It

is a bit of real life; and will never die so long as the English language exists. Amongst other works of fiction, I remember to have *read* with great pleasure Roderick Random, Tristram Shandy, the Don Quixotte of Cervantes, the Robinson Crusoe of Defoe, and the Gil Blas of Le Sage. These are all first class books.

As an Essayist, Montaigne is my ideal. Emerson has more spiritual insight and reverence; but he lacks the blameless beauty of Montaigne's style, and his large practical experience. Emerson is a revealer and a priest—Montaigne an observer and reporter. But notwithstanding the basal difference in the minds of the two men, there are striking analogies between them in the upper structures. If I mistake not, Emerson has taken a broad leaf out of Montaigne's book, and is indebted to him for much of his freedom and felicity of expression. He is a master worth following, altho Emerson coquettes a little between him and Sir Thomas Brown,—not scrupling to take whole counters out of the latter's mint. I remember that Emerson, in his conversations with me, recommended Swedenborg to be read once, and no more. He calls him 'Swedenborg the Mystic,' and properly so. I, on the same grounds, recommend Jacob Behmen and George Fox to be read, and then laid aside. There are curious revelations in these books, out of which a wise person may get many lessons. They contain the burden of all the highest literature, ancient or modern; viz. the infinite value of the Spirit, and the consequent duty of man to live a pure and holy life. These persons were seized with the unspeakable significance of life, and the Vision assumed the Puritanic form of the Age in which they were cast. The root of the matter is not less true for that, whatever we may think of the branches and foliage. It is as old indeed as the Brahmins, as their Bhagavat Geeta shows; and as new as the last pious soul who believes in his Testament. The latest philosophic form of this idea, which I have called the Unspeakable Significance of Life, is to be found in the writings of Carlyle and Emerson in this country, and in those of Goethe, Fichte, Jean Paul, and others in Germany. Carlyle, and his great brother over the Atlantic, are unquestionably the greatest English thinkers and speakers of the age. The influence which they have exercised over men of Letters and Literature, is altogether incalculable. De Quincy and Coleridge have done much to make us acquainted with the German mind, but Carlyle has inoculated us with its thoughts, learning, and aspirations. His chief books are his 'French Revolution, a History'; 'Sartor Resartus,' and his 'Letters of Oliver Cromwell.' He has written also five Vols. of Essays; a book called 'Past and Present,' besides several translations and other minor works. The 'French Revolution' is a series of vivid pictures of the characters and events of that period. It is not so much a history, as a flame painting. It is divided into three sections, which Carlyle calls the Constitution, the Bastille, and the Guillotine. To be appreciated it must be read *after* a good history of the Revolution, and not before it. It contains all the beauty and defects of Carlyle's strange and mystical style. His Essays are made up of the best English words and the best German thoughts. The lectures on 'Hero Worship,' which he delivered in London, are the most readable, in a popular sense, of all his writings. 'Sartor Resartus' requires that the reader should bring with him an amount of culture to the study of it which few persons possess. It is a profound and wonderful book, and is an attempt to solve

the mystery and meaning of life. It is a new book of Job. As a work of Art it is far greater than Festus, altho both are built upon the same ground-plan. I reverence Carlyle for his genius, and the earnestness of his nature. He is a poet, a dramatist, a philosopher, and a historian. He has immense power, and can paint epochs in single sentences. There is likewise a rugged, volcanic laughter in him, which shakes his sentences here and there, as if an earthquake were laboring beneath them. Tenderness, pity, and love are not wanting in him; but his general characteristics are insight, force, and earnest grappling with his subject. He unravels the most tangled characters—that of Cagliostro for example—with the perseverance and merciless fidelity of a god sitting in judgment. He has a keen eye for, and a deep hatred of, the coward and the quack. How he hates cant; and what a scent he has for that kind of game, which he runs down to the death with exulting and almost savage triumph. Carlyle, however, is not what I call a healthy writer; especially in his later works, which indeed are cynical and morbid. He has got the Hebrew Small Pock, and his conversations remind you of the spasms of a sick giant. He scoffs at men and literature alike, and thinks there is no good thing out of Israel. The books which he calls ‘Chartism’ and ‘Past and Present,’ are well deserving to be read, as every thing of Carlyle’s is; but in these books, which are professedly political, and in which he paints our miseries with awful, Salvator-Rosa power, he does not suggest any remedies. It is characteristic of the man. He believes in no outward remedies, and thinks that every good thing comes in its season; that when men are sufficiently prepared for better laws and institutions, they will have them. He is a sorrowful, wailing Jeremiah, crying out against the woes, wrongs, crimes, and spiritual death of the people; and exhorts men to get back their souls as a remedy for all. The advice is good if men could only *find* their souls, or believe that there really were such things in existence.

Emerson is a very different writer, altho it is not uncommon to compare him with Carlyle. He is essentially a Seer and Revealer. His first series of essays are superior in depth and insight to his later writings, but they are not so practical. In point of style, I like the second series best. They are more graceful and equal, and indicate, to the practical eye, a much greater degree of artistic power. Neither Carlyle nor Emerson is likely to become popular; but they will always attract a high and rare company to their standard.

I have hitherto purposely avoided speaking of the Ancient Classics, of the European writers of the middle ages, and of the ancient religious books of the world, because I thought my audience would not be sufficiently interested in these matters to listen to me; but if any of the more studious amongst you are anxious about them, I refer you to Valpy’s translation of the Classic Authors in his Classical Library; to the translation of Dante’s great poem by Filmore; to Wilkin’s translation of the Bhagavat Geeta and Purana Vishnu; and to Mallet’s Northern Antiquities, which contains the Prose Edda of the Scandinavians. A synopsis of the Triads of the Ancient Druids, and specimens of their religious poetry, are to be found in James’s Patriarchal Religion of Britain, a small handbook which can be had for a trifle; and the moral sentences of Confucius can readily be obtained thrō any bookseller. The Zendavasta of the Persians and the Institutes

of Menu, are to be found, I think, in the Asiatic Researches. Sale's Koran is well known to all readers.

Of the classic writers, Homer and Eschylus are highest; Hesiod, or at least those fragments which we have of him, are fine remains, and carry us back to the earliest ages of the world, amongst gods and unknown men. And before I conclude, let me request all who have the wish to be scholars, to read the Divine Dialogues of Plato, and become acquainted with Socrates.

I now close these hasty and disjointed remarks, which are to be regarded rather as Guide Posts on the literary High Way, than as anything else.

G. S. P.



SILENCE.

ld Time was dead ; and the pale Hours lay
In his tomb around him solemnly :
And Earth like a vision had passed away,

And not a wreck of its beauty stood.
For mountain, and meadow, and silvery flood,
And all that was bright and fair and good,

Had turned to a shapeless void again ;
And Death whose arm had its thousands slain
Had broken his sceptre, and ceased to reign.

And there was none o'er this scene to mourn,
Save one pale maiden whose locks were torn ;
And whose tearful eyes, and looks forlorn,

Spoke more than her voiceless tongue could tell
Of all that the lovely Earth befel
Ere she heard the sound of its funeral knell.

And she did weep, tho her lips were sealed ;
And tho naught she felt could be revealed ;
And tho, her heart with its grief concealed,

Was ready to burst ; she wandered on,
Thro the paths of space all sad and lone,
For Silence knew that she wept alone.

J. S.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

BY JAMES HOLE.

LECTURE V. THE LAND.

INTIMATELY connected with the labor question is the subject of the land. Before the laborer listens to the claims of the 'rights of property,' it behoves him to ask *what* things are property? Before he listens to the clamor of over-population, it becomes him to enquire whether the *means* for supporting population are rightly distributed? Nay, what avails it to us, to reckon up the vast space of uncultivated soil in this country and elsewhere, if it is destined only to be possessed for the benefit of the few to the exclusion of the majority? Were this planet to be swelled to a million-fold its present bulk, there exists among men a lust of possession which would put a fence around it all, and call it 'mine.' Their "Want," says Emerson, "is a gulf which the possession of the broad earth would not fill. Yonder sun in heaven they would pluck down from shining on the universe, and make him a property of privacy, if they could; and the morn and the north star they would quickly have occasion for in their closet and bed-chamber. What they do not want for use they crave for ornament, and what their convenience could spare, their pride cannot." There is no limit to individual greed, except that which society is, for its own welfare, compelled to enforce. Not only would the so-called *proprietor* of a farm grasp a county if he could, but his class have continually attempted to dictate the rights of posterity to the soil. How can political economists flatter themselves that their views respecting over-population shall meet with discussion, to say nothing of acceptance, until the soil be fairly distributed? There is at least a shadow of sense in telling the French or Prussian peasantry not to make any addition to their numbers, because the land will support no more; but to tell Smith, the workman, to be careful about the increase of his family, because Lord Fitzgraball has been able to appropriate what should support 10,000 Smiths, is an absurdity. Yet whenever our opponents treat of the claims of labor, they take the present distribution of the land as a settled point.

Land is one of the natural elements essential to mankind, and given for their support by God. In this respect it resembles the light of the sun, the water, and the atmosphere. No man made the land, any more than he made the other elements necessary to existence. How then comes it to pass, that the land is appropriated by a portion of mankind to the exclusion of the rest?

The first assignable reason is, that the land available for the uses of men is a limited quantity. The partition of the air and the sunlight causes no dispute, because both exist amply for all. Where water is plentiful it is valueless, while in Eastern countries the rights to a well are jealously guarded. It was the same

H H

with land. As population increased, the finer and more fruitful localities became appropriated. Probably no discussion would have arisen concerning the right to the land, had there been no limits to our power to appropriate. Until man appropriated the soil, agriculture could not begin. It was found that by people locating themselves on one spot and cultivating it, more produce was obtained than by trusting to the precarious bounty of nature. No man would sow, unless sure to reap. This necessity of mankind to divide and cultivate the land must have been forgotten by Rousseau when he exclaims, "From how many enemies, battles, and murders, from how many horrors and misfortunes, would that man have saved mankind, who should have pulled up the stakes, or filled up the ditches, crying out to his fellow, Beware of listening to this impostor; you are undone if you once forget that the fruits of the earth belong to us all, and that the earth belongs to nobody."

Out of this natural origin of landed property, arise two other results. Mankind in sacrificing a portion of what had hitherto belonged equally to all, could do so, solely and simply that the portion so given up should be *cultivated*. We do not say there was any bargain to that effect, for circumstances rather than stipulations would determine these primitive arrangements; but still it is obvious, that if any man had enclosed tracts of land which he did not intend to cultivate, and said '*This is mine*,'—he would have been justly liable to that treatment from his fellows which Rousseau recommended. A man claimed the land on the principle that he had given it value, by having bestowed labor upon it; and the fruits were his property, because he had produced them. But tho his cultivation of it gave him a temporary right over it, it could give him none over that which he *never used*. Thus Paley justly compares "the gifts of nature to a feast provided for the freeholders of a county, where each freeholder goes and eats and drinks what he chooses, without having or waiting for the consent of the other guests. But in the entertainment we speak of, altho every particular freeholder may sit down and eat till he be satisfied, without any other leave than the general invitation, or *the manifest design with which the entertainment is provided*, yet you would hardly permit any one to fill his pockets or his wallet, or to carry away with him a quantity of provisions to be hoarded up, or wasted, or given to his dogs, or stewed down into sauces, or converted into articles of superfluous luxury, *especially if by so doing he pinches the guests at the lower end of the table.*"

Neither could force give a right to the land, tho it is the origin of the greater part of the present distribution of land in this country. The generosity with which William the Conqueror divided our common patrimony, or with which the Pope bestowed large realms and empires on such Christian Kings as he thought fit, is one of the coolest pieces of impudence on record. A few adventurers discover a new region, erect a pile of stones, or a pole and flag, and, without enquiring from the aborigines if they wished to be thus disposed of, 'take possession.' The 'discovery' indeed was mutual, and would equally have justified the natives in taking possession of the ships,—the only defect in this sort of title being—*they had no gunpowder*. If the right to the soil conferred by William, or asserted by the Barons of John when they drew their swords to show their title deeds, be valid—such a mode is equally so to day; a conclusion in which few will be disposed to concur. It has been artfully sought to mix up the question of

property in *the soil itself* with that of the *products* of industry in the soil. The cultivator's obvious right to these, has been a pretext for covering his defective title to that. In truth, individuals can have simply the right to the *use* of the soil; for the soil itself must belong to the race. The act of mixing his labor or capital with the soil, gives a man that temporary right in it which is necessary to secure the return to his investment. If a man sow the seed he is entitled to the harvest, but no more. The temporary value which he adds to the land by improvements is infinitely small compared with the permanent value of the land itself. The improvements are entirely the property of him who makes them, while the land can never be so. His having cultivated the land for one year could not make it his for all time to come. In this relation Land differs from all other property. Whatever utility belongs to a house, a table, a coat, is the result of the labor employed in making it; the destruction of the commodity by its use and wear repays that labor, and it is no more valuable. But the land, after repaying all the labor that has been put into it, is as valuable, and as essential to the existence of the race, as ever. For their own convenience the first generation of mankind could give up, or neglect to assert, their rights to the soil: but the accident of priority of birth could give them no power over any rights of mine; otherwise they might have laid an embargo on the sunlight, or willed away the personal Freedom of Man in all after ages. This obvious view, however, is seldom attended to in this discussion. The distinction between landed and personal property is ignorantly or wilfully overlooked, and attention directed to property in the abstract—to the justice and advantage of permitting a man to bequeath his property as he thinks fit, etc. It is said to act as an efficient spur to industry.

"The laborer strives to increase his deposits in the saving bank; the farmer and retail dealer become more active and enterprising; and the plans and combinations of the capitalist cease to be circumscribed by the brief duration of human life." *

The influence of such a motive is very much overrated, and that it is not essential as a stimulus to industry is proved by the fact that the vast mass of society who have the greatest share in production have literally the smallest prospect of being able to bequeath anything; while another class—the inventors, discoverers, and geniuses of the race, are proverbially indifferent to such considerations. But allowing, for argument's sake, all that is urged in favor of granting this liberty of bequest, society would be bound to do so only so far as is consistent with its own welfare. Let it grant, if it be proved desirable, full liberty to bequeath mills, machinery, gold, food, clothing,—all personal moveable property, in the accumulation of which there is surely ample verge and room enough for the largest human greed. Little danger can result from a power of bequeathing such things, for at the moment of their creation decay begins, and ere long every atom will be again scattered thro' the universe, in a thousand new forms. But the *space* of earth destined for the support of mankind, must either be used for *that* purpose when required, or its owner will possess a *veto* on the existence of the race. Perhaps not a stone of Troy remains, but its site is as valuable for

* Mc Culloch: Succession to property, p. 11.

corn fields and kitchen gardens as ever. While mankind therefore permitted the Trojans to do as they liked with all their chattels, they could by no means permit them to devise it to some Priam or Hector, 'and their heirs for ever.'

Some persons have founded the right to property in the land, on the law of the land. Thus Paley observes: ^b

"It is the intention of God that the produce of the earth be applied to the use of MAN: *this intention cannot be fulfilled without establishing property* [²]; it is consistent therefore with the same will, that the law should regulate the division, and consequently 'consistent with the will of God,' or 'right,' that I should possess the share which these regulations assign me."

Now even admitting Paley's conclusion, that society may give up its general rights in favor of a few,—let us recollect that this can apply to an existing generation only. "Nor," adds Paley, "does the owner's right depend upon the *expediency* of the law which gives it him." True, but the law itself depends upon its own *expediency*,^c or what is best for the whole. Society gives up just as much of its primal rights as consorts with its welfare, and every other foundation of property in the soil is therefore built upon force or fraud. Mankind, indeed, have been seldom so utterly blind to justice and common sense, as *entirely and for ever* to exclude themselves from the land in favor of individuals. In most nations the State has been considered the landowner, and the individual tolerated only as Occupier or Tenant, and has exercised a more despotic authority over the modes of division than it has ever done with other property. The law *gave* the right to land, and the law can *take it away*. Thus, the state exercises its reserved right, or prerogative, whenever it takes land from its owner to make a railway. If the state, then, can take away a portion of any man's land against his will, it can take more, it can take all.^d

The question now arises, *On what principles* should the land be held? Among the variety of systems adopted among different peoples and in various ages, are any of them, and especially that which prevails in our own country, in accordance with the principles of human happiness? If not, then they cannot claim the sanction of legislation, and must in due season fall before the diffusion of better principles.

Under a competitive state of society, the produce derived from land divides itself into two parts. 1st. *That* with which we repay the expense of cultivation,—viz. wages of labor, and the capital to be replaced,—with the ordinary profits of trade; 2nd. *That* which is yielded over and above this return, viz.

^b Moral Philosophy. Book iii. Chap. 4. ^c Mc Culloch: p. 57.

^d It should not be forgotten that, according to law, the State is now the owner of the land. The Barons of England held (not owned) their land on certain conditions, such as fealty to the King as head of the State, payment of taxes for the support of government, and the maintenance of soldiers for its defence. This ownership has never been given up. Blackstone says, "This allodial property (that is, a man's *own* property) no subject in England has; it being a received, and now undeniable principle in the law, that all the lands in England are holden mediately or immediately of the King." Also he says, "A subject, therefore, hath only the usufruct not the absolute property of the soil, or, as Sir Edward Coke expresses it, he hath *dominium utile*, but not *dominium directum*." Thus the greatest landholder in the kingdom is but a tenant: and thus ownership still exists in the state.

Rent. Unless the land is capable of paying the former, a capitalist will not invest his capital in agriculture; and if the returns are less, he will seek to withdraw his capital into some more remunerative channel.

It is equally clear that the capitalist who cultivates the least productive soil, will have these ordinary average profits of trade,—or that the prices of his produce must yield him as much as the same capital would yield him in any other business. But there cannot be two prices in the market. The man whose lands produce only twenty bushels of wheat per acre, will sell at the same rate to the public as the man whose land produces thirty bushels of wheat per acre.—The man who owns the most productive land, will have a surplus of ten bushels over and above what is needed to reimburse the labor and capital expended in bringing the twenty bushels to market. Whence does this surplus arise, and to whom does it morally belong?

It is due either to the natural and inherent superiority of the one soil to the other, or to the additional fertility conferred by the application of labor and capital. If the surplus arise from the superiority of one soil to another, no *individual* has a right to appropriate it, for as little as any man created the soil, so little did he create its fertility. Hence the Economists admit that the state might appropriate all the rent derived from this source, without affecting either the cultivator or the consumer.

Again, if the superior fertility of the land yielding thirty bushels of wheat, arises artificially,—the result of the application of extra labor and capital,—how can *that* belong to those who have never advanced either? Whenever a man has advanced these appliances, society, by securing him the possession of the soil for a certain period of time, will reimburse him for the outlay. There need never be any anxiety on that point, since men generally will not sink capital without the prospect of remuneration. The capitalist will be repaid by the sale of his extra produce for any extra investment which created it,—or he will not make it. But in the name of common sense, how does this confer a title to the Rent taken by the mass of our landholders? It is neither their labor, nor skill, nor capital, which cleared the land, manured it, drained it, or otherwise improved it. They do not in general even pretend to be cultivators of the soil; they are simply sinecurists quartered upon it. As a wood or desert it originally came into their hands by force,—by force they have held it ever since,—and the cultivator alone, as laborer or farmer, has gradually transformed it into its present fruitful condition. Each addition made to the fertility of the soil by the cultivator, forms, when he dies or quits, an addition to the rent. Thus farms which, sixty years ago, let for one hundred pounds per year, now pay, by a series of re-lettings, two or three hundred pounds. The whole rent of land in this country has increased three-fold within the last half century. Now, and then the landlord gives a little back, to effect 'improvements,' foreseeing that he will thereby obtain a still larger rent; but the *sum* so advanced is mostly rent previously taken from his tenants. Why should Society in this case, more than in any other, be deprived of the benefits left by its progenitors? We inherit the public works, the arts and the sciences of our ancestors,—why not those ameliorations which they have made in the soil? Or rather, why should a private individual enter into the labors of others, appropriate what he never made, and reap where he has never sown? Even if

the landholders and cultivators were identical, it would be unjust that they should appropriate the sum now paid as rent. For they are already reimbursed for all outlays, by the sale of produce. Beyond fair and ordinary profits, they have no right to a monopoly-profit, from which the cultivators of the inferior soils, or other traders, are shut out.

The argument is strengthened by considering the great increase in rent arising from the concentration of people in towns, and the mere progress of population. With neither of these causes has the landlord any *special* concern. The landlord is another Danæ, and has but to sit still, while the Public, like an amorous Jupiter, showers down its gold! The increase of population, by driving mankind to the less fertile soils, augments in the same ratio the rent of all those previously under cultivation. And thus, in fact, a system of private property in land, converts the misfortunes of Society into the gain of the Landlord!

It has been urged, that as the price of the produce raised from the worst land in cultivation must pay the ordinary profits of trade, therefore Rent does not enter into the price of commodities, and the community, consequently, does not loose anything by its payment. But if the view we have stated be correct, Rent, when appropriated, whether by landlord or cultivator, is not only a loss to the community, which is deprived of a portion of wealth without receiving any equivalent,—but the payment indicates another loss, namely, *that the increase of numbers is driving cultivation on to less remunerative soils*. The surplus produce of superior soils is the *natural compensation* for the deficiency of the inferior ones. By permitting private property in the soil—Society takes the penalty, and throws away its advantage, like a spendthrift who constantly increases his largesses as his means diminish. Had not our ancestors so liberally bestowed what they had no right to give, the successive ameliorations which capital and labor have effected in the soil, instead of swelling the luxury and pampering the pride of a few thousand landholders, and occasioning a surplus and starving population, would have proved the very means of its support. The restitution of the soil would go far to rectify the present insane distribution of wealth. It would not only vastly increase the produce from the soil, but share it more equitably. The rent alone would pay the whole taxation of the country.* And if the monster debt were either extinguished, or placed on the shoulders of those for whose benefit it was incurred, and the English nation had ceased to 'learn war any more,' a surplus of more than £40,000,000 would remain to an untaxed nation for the purpose of education, art, and general social amelioration.

Some writers have thought that the possession of large landed estates raises

* In newly peopled countries such as America, if the governing powers were to let the land, instead of selling it, they would, as soils of decreasing fertility were progressively brought under cultivation, become possessed of the whole rent of the country, without inflicting the slightest injury upon any individual. The expenses of the state might be entirely paid out of the fund, so that a tax need not be raised.—If the public revenue from this source should be greater than what was necessary to meet these expenses, as would very soon be the case, the surplus might be disposed of as should appear most for the public benefit—in granting rewards for useful actions, or for great discoveries in the arts and sciences. There would be no Custom houses, no Excise Officers, no smugglers, no preventive service, nor the train of immoralities which they bring with them.—Unpub. Lectures on Political Economy; revised by Lord Brougham. Lecture IV.

the standard of living, and diffuses a taste for the comforts and luxuries of civilized life. It would be juster to say, that while it multiplies the imaginary wants of a few, it pinches the wages of the laborer, and curtails the profits of the farmer in an equal degree. To secure a small section of mankind the possession of the inheritance of the race, in order that its consumption may encourage the cultivation of the arts and refinements of life, is akin to the wisdom of a 'shopkeeper who should attempt to increase his business and get rich by furnishing his customers with money to buy his goods.'¹ The mass of the community do not enjoy the refinements of the wealthy. Indeed the pictures and statues which line the halls of the opulent might as well, so far as the people are concerned, never exist all.

It is not the same 'to own the land' and to 'own the cultivation' bestowed upon it. This is shown by the fact that the land for the most part is, in this country, the property of the non-cultivator, who receives a rent after the farmer or cultivator has been reimbursed for all his outlay.

Nor does it follow that, because mankind taken collectively are the owners of the land, they must *each* be a landholder or a cultivator. Had this distinction been clearly perceived much useless discussion would have been saved. A distribution of employment is essential to the progress, the civilization, and the happiness of mankind. Some must make clothes, others houses, others pictures. In actual practice, therefore, landholding must be principally confined to a portion of society, while to the remainder must be left manufactures and commerce. But in making a *landholder* let us avoid making a *landowner*, and thus purchasing one benefit (the division of employments) by another sacrifice—the sacrifice of the common right of society in the land.

The great objection to the ownership of the soil being vested in anybody save the original owner,—Society, or its representative, the government,—is, that it makes the Few the arbiters of the comforts, and very existence, of the Many. He who controls the land, controls the food of the nation. If the landlord be what is called a great landowner, having abundance of the comforts and luxuries of life, he will not be anxious for the cultivation of his estate beyond the point necessary to supply *himself*, while it is the interest of the people that the land should be cultivated up to the point to satisfy *themselves*. There is plenty of land which would support the cultivators and reimburse all expenditure upon it, but it will pay little or no Rent. This the great landholder will certainly not cultivate, and thus a large portion of land is rendered unavailable to the public from this cause alone.

But the landlord will not feel disposed to cultivate even all the land capable of returning *him* a profit in the shape of rent. In this country society has made the landlord so rich that the prospect of increasing his income by letting it, is of less importance to him than such considerations as the greater convenience of collecting rents, the pleasures of the chase, or the preservation of a picturesque park.

The absurdity of permitting individuals to usurp the soil, is manifested by the difficulties of the Free-Trade defenders of the rights of property, in regard to the Game-laws. *If* the land belongs to the landlord, *so does the game*, and he has a

¹ Mc Culloch.

right to make his own conditions and reservations when letting to the farmer. The tenant who leases a farm knows beforehand that a portion of the crops will be destroyed, and should therefore take it into his calculations. If the laborer's employment is ruined and his food cut short, he must change the direction of his exertions. If the public complain, it is very unreasonable, for if the land is the landlord's *own*, why should not the pheasant thereon be as safe as the horse in the stable, or the spindle in the factory? Either the land is not his property, or it is. If it is not, let the law express the fact. If it is, then by putting him on the same footing as owners of other property, you confer on him the functions of Gods! That he may have room to gratify his whim,—or breed racehorses, or preserve vermin, for the purpose of barbarous ‘sport,’—*he may destroy the food of thousands*. What then? Have we not Historic parallels? Nero fiddled while Rome was burning!*

The following are some of the Resolutions adopted by the late Committee on the Game Laws.

Res. 10th. That altho by law the game upon a farm is held to be the property of the occupier, except when specially reserved to the landlord, yet it is proved that the practice of so reserving it is all but universal; and that, in reality, the control over the game is in very rare instances in the hands of the occupying tenants.

Res. 11th. That by an overwhelming mass of evidence it is proved that enormous damage is sustained by the cultivators of the soil where game is preserved, greatly exceeding, according to the evidence of many practical and most respectable farmers, the whole amount of the poor rate, county rate, church rate, highway rate, and income tax payable upon the farm on which the game is preserved, or which may be in the immediate neighborhood of a preserve.

Res. 12th. That it is proved upon the evidence of trustworthy-tenant-farmers and land-owners, that to compensate the cultivator of a game farm, a diminution of rent, varying from twenty to thirty per cent, should be allowed.

Res. 13th. That it does not appear to be the practice of the proprietors of the land to make compensation for the destruction of crops caused by game, altho some honorable instances to the contrary have been brought before your committee.

Res. 15th. That it is proved that the prosperity of agriculture, thro'-out very many parts of England and Scotland, is greatly impaired by the preservation of game; that a vast amount of produce is destroyed; that the fertility of the soil is diminished; that less capital is expended and less labor employed; and that thus, by the same process, the profits of the tenantry and the wages of the laborers are reduced.

Res. 18th. That with respect to remedial measures, and to changes in the law, your committee would recommend that in all future legislation on the subject of game, it should be a primary object to discourage the practice of game preserving, as incompatible with the successful pursuit of agriculture, hurtful to the morality of the laboring classes, destructive of that kindly feeling which should exist between the different ranks of society, and generally disadvantageous to the interests of the country.

Notwithstanding these conclusions, the country gentlemen having just learnt the right of every man to do as he liked with his own, parodied the logic which had been used against the claims of the handloom-weaver and the helpless factory child. The free-competition men tried some hair-breadth distinctions about

* In France before the revolution, the landlords “prohibited weeding and hoeing, lest the young partridges should be disturbed; steeping seed, lest it should injure their health; manuring with night soil, lest their flavor should be spoilt by their feeding on the corn so treated; mowing hay before a certain time, or removing stubble, lest the birds should be deprived of shelter.” Thornton's Plea for Peasant Proprietors. P. 118.

fera natura, but as they labored under the fallacy of admitting the landlords right to *own* land, they were foiled by the very weapons they had wielded against the Ten-hours bill, and in favor of Free trade. The same principle justifies a landlord 'clearing' his estate of the people, as much as if they were so much vermin. Why prevent a man doing the best he can for himself, when by turning a county into sheep farms he gets a few pence per acre more than if it afforded sustenance to thousands of people? Admit the right of property in the soil, and the rack-rented tenants-at-will of Irish middle-men and landlords have nothing whereof to complain. Would you deprive the landlords of the right to make as much as he can by *his* land, or hinder him from letting it on such conditions as are most advantageous to him? ^b Has he not the *right* to take a higher rent at each re-letting,—and, to evict him when he thinks proper? Assuredly, and the law upholds him therein with admirable consistency. In the pursuit of her own pleasure or interest, the Duchess of Sutherland, or her agent, drove 26,000 people from the homes of their infancy, from the means of livelihood, and turned a happy peasantry into outcasts and vagrants. As sheep-farms the land could realize a trifle per acre more than in the support of the cultivators. What better reason could anybody demand?

It is but the freer exercise of these 'rights of property' in the land which has cursed Ireland.¹ One of the finest countries on the earth, beholds its peasantry first plundered of every atom of produce that could be wrung from them, then evicted from their dwellings, driven to the pestilential holds of over-crowded emigrant ships, forced to break the ties of friends and kindred, landed on a foreign shore to suffer similar evils, and afflicted at once by the evils of ignorance, brutality, famine, and pestilence. *Rent caused it all*, and in the midst of the most

^b Startled at the horrible consequences of the principle they so lately asserted, the advocates of the rights of property turned round and said, that property has its *duties* as well as its *rights*. Then why does not the law assert the one as well as the other? Besides, we ask, are duties limited to landed property and not applicable to the millowner and merchant? If not, why not? If they are equally incumbent on both, the law must equally assert them. But in that case what becomes of *laissez-faire*-ism?

¹ In that country there are 20,808,271 acres, and of these one fourth only is under tillage giving employment to the laborer. Eight millions of acres are permanent pasture paying a good rent, but which does not afford employment to a sixth of the labor, nor grow a third of the amount of produce which it would under tillage. There are six millions of acres waste, four millions of which, at the lowest estimate, are reclaimable. Taking the number of agricultural families at 974,000, this would give upwards of fourteen acres to each family, or nearly three times what has been proved, over and over again, to be sufficient to maintain in comfort and plenty a laborer and his family. In Jersey the average size of the farms is sixteen acres; in Guernsey still smaller, but in these islands the produce per acre is larger than in England. It is a false and libelous assertion which throws the whole of the recent Irish calamity on the peasantry, which proclaims that millions "endeavored to evade the great duty of mankind, to make their bread by the sweat of their brow." Had the peasantry of Ireland not been deprived of every other resource save the land, had they not endured the grossest religious and political persecution to which a nation was ever subjected, and been rack-rented till hope itself died within them, they would have presented an aspect probably not unlike that now exhibited by the French peasant—poor and comparatively rude it is true, but how immeasurably superior to the beings which British legislation and landlordism, and the protestant religion as by law established have made of them.

intense horrors of the Irish famine, landlords Irish, and English, were whining about the 'rights of property,' while scarcely a voice was raised for the sacred 'rights of man.' No one doubts that there was room enough on the soil of Ireland for ten-fold the people of Ireland. But the people, instead of exporting their landlords, exported themselves. The landlords could not cultivate it themselves, and, dog-in-the-manger-like, would not suffer anybody else. But why not get rid of Landlordism? Because it makes the laws, and maintains soldiers and constabulary to protect it in the exercise of its misdeeds. Much as we deprecate brute force decisions, in such circumstances it is a question of life against life, and we cannot blame the peasant if he prefer his own to the aggressor's. We cannot understand why death inflicted by the bullet of the outcast, brutalized laborer, should be a crime,—while death inflicted by the educated landlords, by means of process-server and bailiff, should be legal. Of course 'respectability' will stand aghast at such views, but how shall it learn to do right, unless taught by convincing lessons?

The feudal system of landholding has been upheld lately on the grounds of its beneficial political influence. Mr. McCulloch advocates a landed aristocracy for its conservative tendency, and as affording a bulwark against the encroachments of democracy.¹ The conservatism spoken of is either a well grounded reverence for what is good and valuable in itself,—and in this case, where is the proof that the possession of land gives a clearer perception of that good than the other classes of the community possess?—or it is a mere unreasoning obstinacy, which is the virtue of a pig, and resistance to change simply because it is change—certainly a very slender recommendation. The 'encroachments of democracy' is an equally unintelligible phrase, unless, as we presume, a minority of the people, in virtue of possessing a higher nature, are entitled to set the will of the majority at defiance. Such an aristocracy, for such purposes, we hold to be unnecessary, and now rapidly becoming superseded. We have no need to provide for an artificial aristocracy, for the true aristocrat will ever exist without. The swiftest and strongest warriors are the aristocrats of the savage,—the merchant princes those of a nation of shopkeepers. As men come more and more under the guidance of intelligence and virtue, such leaders will be the governors of society. No artificial arrangements of property can maintain an aristocracy after its time. That of England, however well it suited the nation in its semi-barbarous state, has now become an excrescence. It will fall before public spirited calico printers and cotton-lords, because these better express the wants and spirit of the times; and these in turn shall give place to the advanced minds of a newer era. In states of society when men were poor and uncivilized, a special provision for those who were to govern may not have been so injurious, but to rest the institution on these grounds at present is to overlook all the changes taking place in society. The people are determined to have self-government or no-government. They are learning that wisdom and virtue are not 'hereditary,' nor necessarily allied to the possession of broad acres, and that these qualities are purchaseable at a lower rate than the monopoly of the soil by a few noble families. Had the fate and fame of England depended on the capacity of those of 'noble blood,'

¹ McCulloch. Succession to Property.

rather than upon men in the middle and lower ranks of life, many of them not owning a rood of land,—instead of being the first of empires, it had remained an insignificant island to this hour, and probably an appanage to some continental state. Call over the lists of great men which the English or any other aristocracy has offered to justify an immunity from the ordinary duties and responsibilities of life. Tell over the poets, the orators, the scientific men, the legislators, all who in any way have written for themselves a name in the page of history or earned the gratitude of nations, and they will be found, with very few exceptions, to have been men who have had no prepared way for them, no hereditary greatness thrust upon them, who have owed little to the world and but too frequently have had to struggle for the very means of existence.

"It is not," confesses the advocate of aristocracy, "to those placed by their fortunes at the head of society, but to those in its humbler walks who have raised themselves to eminence, that mankind are indebted for the greater number of those inventions and improvements which have so greatly extended the empire of mind over matter, and made such vast additions to the sum of human happiness. But, were large fortunes broken down by a system of equal partition, and reduced to a comparatively moderate level, the stimulus of inequality being wanting, or very much diminished, there would be less emulation, and society would come nearer to a stationary state." * The argument for inequality is false as respects the facts. No great man was ever made such by the 'stimulus of inequality.' Whom did Shakspeare, Milton, Watt, Newton ever attempt to rival, and so attempting, attain their high pinnacles of greatness?

The mischief however ends not here, but the important functions of government themselves fall into discredit. Instead of getting men for legislators who have sprung from the people, and who therefore understand and sympathize with their wants, whose very advancement is the surest guarantee of their experience, their industry, or their ability, and who might introduce into the social system the best fruits thereof, we have for legislators a set of men secured from their birth against want, against all claims on their time or talents on the part of their fellow men, and with no motives to industry either on behalf of themselves or others. That such men should be incapacitated for dealing with the mighty interests of society,—timid, lumbering, effete, and protective of every antique abuse, that even in those portions of the common business of life which it behoves a government to undertake, they should be proverbially the "worst manufacturers, farmers, merchants" in existence, it is but reasonable to expect. In their acknowledged incapacity *laissez-faire*-ism finds its strongest argument against the prosecution of the most needful public duties, such as national education, sanitary measures, the productive employment of the poor, etc. Because certain men are born to fulfil certain offices, and are almost necessarily incompetent to discharge them, it is urged as an argument against such duties being performed at all—a conclusion surely of all others the least rational.

If indeed mankind were doomed to be governed by hereditary wisdom alone, we must confess that we would most zealously support *laissez-faire*-ism. Wherever landlordism governs it falls like a blight. The success of landlords in exempting their unearned income from taxation has been remarkable. In Sardinia

* Mc Culloch, p. 31.

they succeeded in doing so entirely. In France before the revolution they nearly did the same, tho they dearly paid for their oppressions. But our own country, in which landlordism has been most powerful, exhibits the best specimen of its capability of looking after its own interests. Mr. Macgregor published some years since the following comparison.

Public Revenue.		Amount of Revenue derived from taxes on Land.	
In Prussia,—thalers	51,740,000	...	26,630,000
In Austria,—florins	164,000,000	...	87,000,000
In France—francs,	1,018,750,000	...	579,669,030
In England,———	£52,226,955	...	£1,531,915

In the other German States, he observes, and in Belgium and Holland, the proportion from land taxes contributed to the Revenue is as great, or greater, than in Prussia.

The landed interests of France, Flanders, Holland, all Germany, and all Italy, pay at least one half of the national taxation by a direct tax upon land.

The land-tax, which raises £1,174,000 is exactly at the same nominal amount now as in the reign of William the Third (a century and a half since), altho the whole public revenue was then only £3,895,205 and is now upwards of £50,000,000, and altho the land rental of Great Britain and Ireland has risen within that time from £9,724,000 to £47,066,822.

The landlord has not only secured himself almost an immunity from taxation, but his children are quartered on the public as legislators. How could it be otherwise? His family are brought up with the habits and tastes of aristocratic life, but one alone is furnished with the means to become an aristocrat. To condemn all the children to suffer, that one may be aggrandized, would be a piece of refined cruelty, if the public were not there to stand sponsor for the less fortunate.

In truth whether we look for direct or indirect service from landlords, we look in vain. In vain we try to discover on what pretence they extract from us a rental of £50,000,000 per annum. Unlike the profits of the capitalist, it is not the payment for the use of capital, for this was and is advanced by the cultivator. It is not for labor; they touch no tool nor plough. It is not for their agricultural knowledge; they exceed themselves in patronizing it. Rent is the least justifiable of the many drains which, united, condemn the laborer of the wealthiest country in the world to live as those of the poorest; the peasant of the most civilized nation to fare worse than those of the most retrograde. "It is rent," says Goodwyn Barmby, "which comes with a huge mouth annually swallowing farmers. It is rent which out-taxes all taxation. It is rent which in Europe levies itself upon improvement, and which either prohibits or burthens it. Let a farmer build a house, and his rent is raised. Let him prosper in his crops, and the landlord will take an additional benefit. Let him buy Liebig, and he shall pay over and over again the cost of the book."¹

A feudal system of landholding and a dense population are two such incongruous elements, that, we may rely upon it, the advent of the masses of the people

¹ Tait's Magazine. April, 1847.

of this country to power, will witness the destruction of the land-monopoly. It would be very desirable, could the mind of the people be prepared by a system of prospective legislation to avoid alike the evils which must attend a sudden and violent re-distribution of the soil similar to those suffered by the French Aristocracy, and, at the same time, secure the supremacy of just and rational principles of landholding. We would on no account sanction the deprivation of the present owners of their interest in the soil, at all events not without complete compensation. That society has no right to inflict an evil to obtain a good, until all means have been tried to avoid that evil, is a principle as valid for landlords as it ought to have been held for hand-loom weavers. But this by no means excludes action on the future. As Mr. Mill justly observes, "the reason for not disturbing acts of injustice of old date, cannot apply to unjust systems or institutions, since a bad law or usage is not one bad act in the remote past, but a perpetual repetition of bad acts, as long as the law or usage lasts." A law whose action should not commence until all now living had quitted the scene of life, might be framed to secure those just rights of society which it ought never to have given up, and it could not be charged with injustice towards the descendants of the landlords, no longer brought up with the expectations of obtaining superior advantages at the expense of the community. The landlords enjoy the monopoly of the land upon sufferance, just as they did the monopoly of the Corn Laws. The land was never granted them with the acquiescence of those at whose expense it was given; and we have yet to learn that society, in resuming its rights, after protecting the interests of the present owners, would be guilty of spoliation or robbery.

The attainment of the second object,—a rational system of landholding, involves more difficulty. It cannot be secured at once, because society is a progress, not a revolution, and only reaches higher stages by passing thro' the intermediate ones.

Our own predilections are for an associative system of agricultural and manufacturing industry, because we believe that in the judicious union of these two spheres of activity, will be found the circumstances best adapted to man's entire development, both individual and social. But a long period of time must elapse before such a system could become general, and moreover it may happen that there will be many individuals whom no association could retain, compatibly with the comfort of the rest, or to whom association of any kind would be slavery—who love isolation with all its drawbacks, better than a combination which secured the greatest material advantages. A good system of landed tenure should suit these conditions, and, as far as compatible with the general welfare, meet the peculiar wants and tastes of both individual and associative industry. By securing the possession of the land in the hands of the state, these various conditions seem best capable of being satisfactorily provided.

The state should never permit the right of occupying land not actually cultivated or employed to a useful end.

"To be allowed," says J. S. Mill, "any exclusive right at all, over a portion of the common inheritance, while there are others who have no portion, is already a privilege. No quantity of moveable goods which a person can acquire by his labor, prevents others from acquiring the like by the same means; but, from the very nature of the case, whoever owns land, keeps it from somebody else. The privilege or monopoly is only defensible as

a necessary evil; it becomes an injustice when carried to any point to which the compensatory good does not follow it." ^m

The practical acknowledgement of this principle would throw open millions of acres of land to cultivation, and render large districts available to the public, from which they are now excluded in favor of a few useless animals.

An obvious corollary is, that no association or individuals should be permitted to occupy a greater portion of land than they have capital to cultivate properly, for otherwise they would virtually exclude the rest of society, without any compensating good. The fact of their being prepared to pay *the highest rent* obtainable for it, would be a tolerable guarantee of their intention to bestow effectual cultivation on the land; and another condition might be added, probably with advantage, limiting the amount of land taken in some general proportion to the capital possessed by the cultivators. Society would then enjoy the advantage of securing the best cultivation of the land, without depriving itself of those general rights which can only be forfeited to its own hurt.

Indeed it would not require any very large amount of skill or intelligence on the part of a Commission of scientific agriculturalists, to determine that size of farms which, in a given soil and situation, would permit the most advantageous application of capital, skill, and labor. ⁿ Their object must obviously be, on the one hand, to check *any monopoly of the material* from which the means of existence must be drawn, and on the other, to prevent a *too minute subdivision*, which, tho it might support a large population, would, by lessening the nett surplus produce, render the production of the other commodities essential to a high state of civilization, difficult or impossible, as among the peasant proprietors of some countries. Far better that the soil should amply supply the wants of a moderate population, than meagerly those of a dense one. Of the two evils it is better for a population to diminish thro luxury, than by deficient supplies. The accessions to population beyond that which the most judicious cultivation of the soil is capable of supporting in comfort, should be carried off by rational and systematic colonization.

The cultivator of a farm should be the tenant of the state so long as he continued to pay the rent at which his farm had been leased to him, and should retain possession until his death, when it would be re-let to the highest bidder. If he wished to quit it before then, it should also be re-let, compensating the outgoing tenant for his improvements, but not permitting him to hold any interest therein in the character of a sinecurist quartered on the land. The land leased on such terms would pay the highest rent compatible with returning to the cultivator average profits. There would not be the inducement of the peasant proprietor, for being contented with an inferior cultivation, because secure that he cannot quite starve so long as he owns his patch of land. The rent, at the time of entering, should be that which the most active capitalist was willing to pay, and therefore the tenant must continue to pay this, or quit. By securing him the

^m Pol. Econ. Vol. i, p. 275.

ⁿ The land was divided into fixed portions among the Jews in quantities varying from 6 to 25 acres. If mortgaged, the encumbrance ceased every 50th year, or year of Jubilee. In Austria landed properties not above 140 metzen (equal to 66 acres) are indivisible.

possession of the land during his lifetime, and so long as he complies with the conditions, he has almost the same inducement to improve as if he were a proprietor, since the termination of life seems to each man an event too distant to prevent any clearly advantageous undertaking, and as the period of death is seldom foreseen until too late to make important changes in the system of culture, the tenant would not exhaust the soil, as now so frequently happens when near the termination of leases for fixed periods. The more important improvements might be made under authority of the state, and paid for out of the rents.

The space required for the sites of Towns should be planned on principles which would ensure health, convenience, symmetry, and beauty. Such a thing is almost impracticable so long as the land belongs to private proprietors, without the sacrifice of many times the amount of money that it would have taken had a little foresight been used. A vast number of restrictions are required, and a corresponding difficulty in enforcing them experienced, to remove abuses which should not have been permitted to exist at all. The public interest, which really means the interest of every individual, demands that the requisite space of land should be allotted to every dwelling for health and ornament. The private interest of landholders demands that the greatest number of houses stand on the smallest possible quantity of space. Not a square inch but must pay its rent, and a rent, too, enlarged to a hundred or a thousand times its original amount. The result is, towns, large enough to fill a province, are hemmed into a few acres. It is not alone that a vast and ever increasing revenue, which they have done nothing to deserve, goes into the pockets of those who happen to be the owners of town-localities, that we object to the private appropriation of rent, tho this is an enormous abuse of the principle of property, but thousands pay that rent over again with their lives, prematurely cut off by disease, and tens of thousands by their injured health and lessened happiness. Were the laborer doomed to dwell for ever in dingy streets between masses of red brick, and heaven's face—the only divine thing about him—obscured by smoke, labor would indeed be the curse it has falsely been represented. Why should not the bright sun shine upon our labor, emblem of Him who blesses it? or why should not the pure air and the refreshing influence of the vegetable world surround every dwelling and consecrate every manufactory? We would that every man should enjoy

‘The bounteous store of charms which nature yields,
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountains sheltering bosom shields,
And all the grand magnificence of heaven.’

Having foolishly given up his inheritance, he must be grateful for the permission to look thereon, if property has not so far asserted its rights as to bar him out by stone walls and steel traps, while the inhabitants of the largest town think themselves happy if they can command a vacant space equal to a tithe of that required by any one of the surrounding gentry for a park!

We entertain indeed a strong objection to the present segregation of manufac-

turing from agricultural industry, believing that both lose materially thereby. It can be no ordinary motive which impels a tradesman to toil, year after year, with unremitting industry, and an economy which but too often starves his own soul, in order to spend his few declining years in the country. He frequently finds that, like the gin horse, his habits are fixed, and he must tread the monotonous circle to last. But how few can solace their toils even with this prospect. The instinct of all men, were it not constantly repressed by the want of means to gratify it, would prompt them to live in the presence of nature. No healthy being selects a life entirely urban by choice, and any system of social arrangements which condemn the vast majority of society to such a state, is in the strictest sense *unnatural*.

The principles already expressed are equally valid whether the system of agricultural industry be based on association or on individual competition. It next forms part of our object to show, that strong presumptions exist in favor of the associative, and against the competitive, theory of industry, at least so far as agriculture is concerned.

Next to the system of landed property in this country, that of France, much lauded by many modern reformers, seems to be the worst that could possibly be devised. The law (introduced at the first French Revolution) decrees that property shall, at the death of the proprietor, be divided among the children. The result, foreseeable enough, has been the splitting up of the land into innumerable small portions or parcels. The average number of parcels at present belonging to each proprietor is about *twenty*, and so small are they sometimes, that it is difficult to turn the plough on one, without interfering with the land of another proprietor. Such a result is possible wherever an unlimited power of division is permitted, and indeed will usually follow from the mere progress of population, unless counteractive tendencies of a very strong character are called into existence to prevent it.

The compulsory division exercises a different influence on the conduct of children to the system of primogeniture, but one nearly equally unfavorable, by rendering them independent of parental control. It also makes them indisposed to quit the spot where they have been brought up, and thus it perpetuates the morcelling system. Like the English laborer, the French peasant proprietor frequently fares worse than the soldier and the convict. The consumption of meat is said, upon good authority, to be materially diminishing. It is indeed very certain that the subdivision of her fertile soil, tho so complete, has not availed to save the vast majority of her population from deep poverty, that it has not secured her manufacturing operatives from an over-crowded labor market, but her Lyonesse workman must, notwithstanding, bear the terrible words on his banner,—“To live working, or die fighting,” while her destitute workmen in Paris risk their lives at the barricades. Three millions of her population are dependent on public or private charity, and as many more are on the verge of the same condition. It is curious, too, that in a country which should be the peasant’s paradise, many of the leading minds of the country, the most capable of forming a judgment, and those also least capable and least disposed to embrace sound or unsound theories, should alike accept the idea of association, as offering a solution

of their difficulties. It is a strong argument in favor of the latter and against any system which permits the cultivator an unlimited power of subdivision.

To refute the advocate of both small and large farm system, it would only be requisite, did space permit, to pit their arguments against each other, and, like the far-famed Kilkenny Cats, there would remain of each but the smallest residue of tail. Both are inimical to the welfare of society, one by striking at civilization itself, the other by limiting its blessings to the few at the expense of the many.

If the size of the farm be only sufficient for the employment of the peasant and his family, the production of food must be effected on the least economical method, so far as the expenditure of capital and labor is concerned. Under this system, the use of expensive mechanical aids, and the division of labor, are excluded from the helps to the husbandman. The capital sunk in providing the necessary buildings is much larger, in proportion to the amount of produce, than is required in extensive farming. Much valuable time must be lost by each little proprietor in conveying his produce to market. If it be said that the small proprietor, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, can still contrive to obtain a greater produce per acre, it does not meet our objection, that such additional amount of produce is obtained at a vastly disproportionate expenditure of labor. The power to produce an increasing amount of wealth with less labor, lays at the basis of human elevation and progress. The fewer persons required to cultivate the soil, and the greater the amount of disposable-population which they can maintain, the greater the power of providing all the other necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life. It is quite possible that the peasant proprietor may produce more food from a given space, but he himself is sacrificed in the process. His whole time is incessantly occupied by the minutiae of his farm. With no temptations to withdraw him to other occupations, and stimulated by the feeling of individual responsibility under which he labors, his industry is untiring. This entire devotion of the whole powers and time compels the neglect of all the higher portions of man's nature. This effect is still further increased by the separation of one family from the other, and the few opportunities afforded for social intercourse. There can be none of that collision of mind with mind, which in some sort has atoned to the town-operative for the absence of better culture. There can be little taste, and less opportunities for the enjoyment of books. The beauties that lay around us are lost to him for want of the seeing eye, the understanding heart. From the treasures of Art he is shut out, and a destiny not much unlike that of the animal that drags his own plough,—a barren round of eating, sleeping, and working—must be his fate. The peasant proprietors are ever found least disposed to cherish elevated views of the progress and destiny of man, the most conservative of old and absurd institutions and the most hostile to improvement, either in industrial processes or social arrangements. In the southern departments of France it is customary, as it was three thousand years ago, to thrash corn by treading it with horses and oxen! and in some parts, the ploughs now in use, are fac-similes of those described by Virgil! ^a The strong feeling of ownership fostered in peasant proprietors is an obstacle to their gradual removal with the increase of numbers. They cling with all the obstinacy of uncultured minds

^a Mc Culloch, p. 92:

to the place of their birth, and pay enormous amounts for the privilege of remaining landholders.

Such an institution necessarily therefore limits and obstructs human progression. Man is a citizen, and it is the duty and interest of each to take some share in the interests and objects of society. But the peasant proprietor knows nothing of this duty; he would be loyal to Satan himself provided his patch of property were undisturbed. The slight political duties of the citizen he does not fulfil, those involved in the more refined application of the associative principle, he would not attend to if he could, and hardly could even if he would.

The peasant proprietor is frugal to meanness, it is part of that narrowness of soul which all his circumstances tend to foster. Character is a circle; given a portion of the arc, it is easy to complete the periphery.

That we may not be accused of libelling a class that, notwithstanding all their faults, stand infinitely higher than the English or Scotch hirelings, we will quote the admission of one of their ablest defenders, Mr. Thornton.

"Ignorant self-sufficiency, coarseness of mind, and rudeness of manners, are natural to those whose days are spent in incessant bodily labor, and who are cut off from intercourse with classes enjoying more leisure and more abundant means for intellectual cultivation. Wherever, as in the greater parts of Germany, the gentry live entirely in towns, and abandon the rural districts to a laboring peasantry, the latter, seeing none superior to themselves, form their standard of excellence from their own practice, to which they become absurdly bigoted, while they conceive a stupid prejudice against all customs which differ from their own. Wholly absorbed in material cares, they remain in ignorance of the higher gratifications of which man is capable; they cannot aim at elegance or refinement of which they have no examples, nor sympathize with sensibilities which they do not understand; they continue thro' life plodding and dull, and their demeanor answers to the obtuseness of their nature. Education by itself is not calculated to have much effect in humanizing them. They have been taught to read, but they have little time and less inclination for availing themselves of the acquirement. In their brief intervals of leisure they are too much exhausted by toil to seek recreation in intellectual exertions. The civilization of the lower orders of society can scarcely originate amongst themselves, but must rather descend from the ranks of those above." *

Speaking of the Norwegian Peasantry, Mr. Thornton says

"Almost the only thing in their condition which is to be regretted, is the deficiency of mental culture, which prevents their leisure being turned to the best account, and heightening their material enjoyment with intellectual pleasures. Would to God that laborers in other countries had as little to sigh for." †

Why advocate a system so imperfect, or rather why, not seek to develop a principle which, while securing to the cultivator the fruits of his exertions, shall enable him to enjoy the higher portions of his nature?

To remedy the evils so obviously and necessarily attached to peasant proprietorship, the writer argues that we ought to have "farms so extensive as to require the superintendence of men of considerable wealth and proportionate instruction, who would avail themselves of the discoveries of science and effect improvements in agriculture, and would also serve as models for their humble neighbors in their modes of life and general habits of thinking, as well as in the conduct of their business." We have precisely such a class of people in this

* *Plea for Peasant Proprietors*, p. 183.

† *Ibid*, p. 87.

country, and probably to a greater extent than any other country in Europe. If any peculiarly beneficial influences could be experienced at their hands, our peasantry should have derived at least a share of that benefit anticipated for the small peasant proprietors. Surely a set of wealthy, intelligent farmers should have prevented the necessity of half their laborers becoming pensioners on parish relief every winter. The wealth of the large farmer has been obtained by the very means which degraded his laborer, and the small landowner would scarcely fare much better. He must take his produce to the same market, to obtain the commodities his land will not produce. He will seldom be able to compete therein with the large producer, and will frequently be driven altogether out of the market. The trouts would swallow the minnows, and the large estates frequently absorb the small ones, and turn their owners into day-laborers again. In France the peasant proprietors cannot maintain their land, and it is hypothecated for debt to an amount beyond one third of its value, to creditors who thus receive a share of the small earnings of the cultivator.^a It is an unsound theory of property which sets up, not as a temporary expedient but as a fixed principle, one set of men as the guides, protectors, benefactors of the rest, which renders the acknowledgement of a social division of superior and inferior classes permanent,—which says, a minority shall be in such a position as to command wealth, leisure, culture, and refinement, and dooms a majority to constant toil, ignorance, and debasement, with a bare possibility of being rescued therefrom by the goodwill of the former.

Notwithstanding these defects, peasant proprietorship in this country would be a great boon to the people. It is indeed a clumsy primitive mode of securing the cultivator his share of the fruits of the earth. So long as the social arrangements of any country are in a low state of advancement,—so long as correct principles of wealth-distribution are treated as dangerous theories, or absurd chimeras,—peasant proprietorship is the only alternative against the monopoly of the few at the expense of the many. We have to choose between a few men very wealthy, surrounded by a number of dispirited, pauperized, and brutified laborers like the English peasantry, or an independent peasantry, like the French and Norwegian peasants, who, if they do not much transcend the animals, are at least better fed, and certainly much more moral, than our English laborers.^b

^a Lest it should be imagined that English Landlordism is not so injurious as French Subdivision, we may state, that the land in England is burdened with debts and encumbered to the extent of 50 per cent, that of Scotland 60, and that of Ireland 70 per cent.

^b "M. Moreau de Jonnes, a statistician of some celebrity, presented a comparative view of crime in France in 1841 (the latest year reported), and England, including Wales, in 1842. Correcting a misprint by the help of the English tables now before us, it stands thus:—

France—Population 34,230,000				
	Crimes.	Simple Thefts.	Total.	Ratio to Population.
Accused	7,462	10,744	18,206	1 to 1,900
Condemned	5,016	8,839	13,855	1 to 2,500
England—Population 15,901,000				
Accused	14,089	17,220	31,309	1 to 500
Condemned	9,735	12,998	22,733	1 to 700

What are termed 'Simple thefts' here are those which stand in our returns as 'Simple

Our English Political Economists, disregarding all principles for ensuring a just distribution of wealth, have in agriculture, as in manufactures, looked simply at increasing its amount. In perfect accordance with their theories, the large farm system produces a large nett surplus over and above that necessary to maintain the cultivators. It is true that under it wealth accumulates, but no less so that men decay. Less and less labor becomes requisite to raise a large amount of produce. That which a few years since required the labor of *five* families to produce is now produced by *four*. The following table may give some idea how matters have progressed in this direction. Out of every hundred persons in

	Agricultural.	Commercial.	Miscellaneous.
1811 there were	35	44	21
1821 " "	33	46	21
1831 " "	28	42	30
1841 " "	22	46	32

And tho the population of Great Britain increased 50 per cent. from 1811 to 1841, the agricultural population decreased 13 per cent.

	Population.	Agricultural.	Per Cent.
1811—	12,596,803	4,408,808	35
1841—	18,844,424	4,145,703	22

Even the rapid growth of our manufacturing system could not employ the *surplus* population as fast as the landlords created it. To assist them in getting 'absorbed' with greater rapidity, their cottages were pulled down and themselves driven to find employment in the towns, with no great advantage either to their morals or happiness. They provided the master manufacturers with children for the factories, and their competition for employment prevented any chance of the operative obtaining some proportionate share of the enormous wealth he was mainly instrumental in producing. The emigration to the towns did not however improve the condition of the laborers left behind, for they still obtained mere existence wages in summer and parish relief in winter. The farmer did not become so wealthy as he would have done, because he in turn was impoverished by the rent and game of the landlords. Thanks to that Machinery which the landlords so much abuse, feudalism in England obtained a respite of another century.

If such are the disadvantages of the large farm and the small farm systems, is there a third system which shall unite the advantages, yet be free from the evils, of both? It is required to obtain a large amount of produce, but neither at the cost of a large amount of unskilled labor from the vast majority of the people, nor with the danger of the profits falling into the hands of landlords and capitalists, the cultivator taking barely sufficient for his existence. It is required to obtain the advantages of large capital and division of labor enjoyed by the large farm system, with that fair distribution of the results to which the small farm system has hitherto alone made any approximation.

larcenies.' M. Moreau separates these, and lumps all the other offences of every kind under the name of 'crimes.' Taking the two classes together, it would appear that there is nearly four times as much crime among 1000 Englishmen as among 1000 Frenchmen." Aristocracy of Britain and the laws of Primogeniture and Entail. P. 185.

Such a result is attainable but in one way—by means of Association. We do not mean an arbitrarily enforced association, for if the state see that no man or body of men take land without cultivating it, or at least paying as high a rent for it as those who would cultivate it, it sufficiently protects the interests of society against private aggression. But tho the state may not compel individuals to unite their energies and funds for combined cultivation, it may do much to encourage it, by making various experiments, and diffusing education and intelligence. That agricultural association so originating, would remedy alike the evils arising from large and from small farms, is now frequently conceded by continental economists. It will be long ere the subject receive the attention of English economists, probably not until the pressure of suffering, and growth of intelligence, have to some extent actualized it in France. John Stuart Mill is an exception to this remark. Above all other economists he seems to have the greatest knowledge of the wants of the time, tho even he is not sufficiently alive to it. Speaking of peasant proprietorship, as opposed to the large farm system, he says :

“The large farmer has some advantage in the article of buildings. It does not cost so much to house a great number of cattle in one building, as to lodge them equally well in several buildings. There is also some advantage in implements. A small farmer is not so likely to possess expensive instruments. But the principal agricultural implements, even when of the best construction are not expensive. It may not answer to a small farmer to own a threshing machine, for the small quantity of corn he has to thresh ; but there is no reason why such a machine should not in every neighborhood be owned in common, or provided by some person to whom the others pay a consideration for its use. The large farmer can make some saving in cost of carriage. There is nearly as much trouble in carrying a small portion of produce to market, as a much greater produce, in bringing home a small, as a much larger quantity of manure, and articles of daily consumption. There is also the greater cheapness of buying things in larger quantities.” *

One is tempted to ask, why not have the buildings as well as the threshing machine in common? Why not carry produce to market, and buy and bring it back in common? *It is obvious that by so doing a number of small capitalists could command all the facilities of the largest, and that the evils complained of are precisely those which a combination is most likely to prevent.*

The defender of the English system of primogeniture and entail, Mr. McCulloch, speaking of agricultural association, finds it difficult to speak seriously of such a project. ‘ Judging by the strength of his objections, his mirth would perhaps be wiselier expended on his own argument than on the ‘association panacea.’ He thinks the farmers of England and France would treat it with contempt. It is possible the former might, because as large capitalists they do not need it. The latter *do* associate even now. In the Netherlands the small farmers combine to effect the drainage of the soil. In the Channel Islands the small farmers show the greatest readiness to assist each other. The peasant holders of ten to twenty acres in Germany, Austria, and Russia, says Banfield, in order to obtain even the little money required for their taxes, are obliged to farm on a large scale, which they accomplish by association.

M. Thiers, in his work on the ‘Rights of Property,’ affirms that because the

* Pol. Eco. vol. i. p. 174.

† Succession to property, p. 126.

land of France is much of it divided into small parcels, the peasantry cannot associate beneficially. A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "commenting thereon, justly considers it as an instance of the *reductio ad absurdum* of false reasoning.

"The fact of these small divisions is the very reason why association would be proportionally more beneficial to peasant proprietors than to the workmen of large towns,—nay, is more beneficial to the extent in which association is carried out by either class. M. Thiers is altogether inaccurate in his data. Where has he lived or traveled not to know that peasant proprietors, in tilling the ground, gathering in and harvesting their crops, associate continually, in the common use of the same teams, the same ploughs and harrows, the same barns, and in helping one another in the field, whenever extra labor is needed; and without which la petite culture would often be altogether impracticable?—and what more familiar fact is there to statistical investigators than that many of the workmen of French towns are associated peasant proprietors, deriving part of their income from rents paid to them by another peasant proprietor farming their land with his own?"

That they do not associate more, arises simply from their want of intelligence. This is so much the worse for them, but it is an obstacle removable by time and instruction.

Mr. McCulloch cannot understand how the associated cultivators are to apportion the expenses of cultivation in the first instance, nor how they are to divide the produce. We reply, that they might do it even in the same manner as in commercial concerns. In a mercantile partnership the contributions of each partner whether of capital or skill, are estimated, and the profit is divided accordingly. "The thing is plainly impossible"—that is, it is impossible in his conception. His case however is not hopeless, for he admits that "small proprietors, may, it is true, combine to erect threshing mills, to provide ploughs, and perhaps horses, to be used for their common advantage." If so, why not in other things, as for example, sending their produce to market, and thus economizing their labor, etc. "But there would be great difficulties even about this; and such accommodations will, in all cases, be more cheaply and better provided by private parties than by associations." A difficulty is a thing to be overcome. We do not admit that private will be cheaper than associated enterprise; but if it were so in some small degree (and the difference could not be great), the question would lie between a smaller produce equitably divided among those who raised it, or a rather larger produce, entirely appropriated by an individual proprietor, minus the small portion usually allotted to the day laborer, being the smallest quota sufficient to maintain his existence. Turn it how we will, it is ever a question of *distribution*. If Mr McCulloch will indicate how the mere laborer dependent on wages is to secure the same comforts, social status, and development as his master, or show us *why* he is not equally entitled to these, we shall then be ready to entertain the question of cheapness; but until then, we shall insist that a just *distribution* is the primary, and *cheapness* the secondary object, tho firmly believing that both are entirely compatible.

Mr. McCulloch thinks that "the making of roads and main drains may also be effected by associated parties; tho it may be quite as well or better done by rates levied on the various properties to be benefited and expended under authority. *Both* of these methods are the result of association. Government as it ceases to

^a No. lxxiv. p. 561.

be a piece of family property, and becomes the expression of the Social Will, will, no doubt, be entrusted with the provision of many such works, as it is to some extent in several countries of Europe." * For anything we see to the contrary ten men holding ten acres each, may by combination ensure all the superior farming practicable on a farm of one hundred acres. They are more likely to accumulate capital when each works with the stimulus of a partner, than where there is one proprietor absorbing the whole profit, and nine laborers working by the day for a dole which scarcely feeds them with potatoes, and seeking at every turn to do as little as possible.

We shall return to the discussion of the question of Association versus Competition in the succeeding lectures of this course, and will therefore conclude with a quotation from Goodwyn Barmby, as offering a resumé of our views on this subject.

"Small farms would also be a return to something like Patriarchalism, a past society state. They existed when the spinning wheel went round in the cottage. They were co-temporaries of the home-spun. When they were, there was no power-loom,—Arkwright was not, nor Crompton. They would be a retreat from the congregation of the manufacturing system of the present, only to the isolation of the agricultural system of the past. As combination is strength, isolation also is weakness. Supposing small farms were attainable, they would not be so desirable. The necessities of life for an isolated family are not all that is wanting. The refinement of society is the result of the congregation of minds. Civilization is the child of municipality. The village has cradled intercourse, as the town has nursed liberty, and as the city has educated mankind in the arts, tastes, and amenities of existence. What is wanting, then, is a union of the manufacturing and agricultural spheres—that is to say, Farming by Association. Small farms would be backward,—Associative agriculture would be forward. The allotment system purchases its field. It is generally the worst piece of ground in the parish, and it has fixed upon it the most exorbitant price. An association purchasing a large farm would procure it proportionably cheaper, and secure soil, if not of the best, at least of an average quality. The capital of a small farmer must be limited. The capital of an association, wisely and legally constituted, might be illimitable. The small farmer must employ his neighbors, with the least skill and at the dearest rate. An agricultural association might erect its barns, granaries, and other buildings by contract, on the best plans and in the cheapest way. Matters managed on a small scale are always dearer and inferior. Affairs conducted on a large scale are, on the contrary, always superior and cheaper. In fine, a small farmer, isolated and struggling with an incapable amount of capital, manures insufficiently, tills incompletely, farms badly, competes at disadvantage in the market; while an agricultural association, possessing large capital, employs the manure and the labor that is required by its land, and, resting upon its credit, meets the demand for its produce under the most favorable auspices. The tendency of the small farm is to be absorbed by a larger one, and to make the small farmer a laborer. The tendency of agricultural association is to absorb and additionally fertilize the large farms, now incompletely cultured, and to raise laborers to the condition of farmers. The conclusion is evident, either in colonization at home or in emigration abroad—the agricultural plan should be, Farming by Association." †

* Banfield's Lectures. Lect. 2.

† Tait's Mag. 1847. p. 267.

FOR ROME.

BY W. J. LINTON.

FOR Rome! for Italy!—Our thoughts, our words,
 Rush forth impetuously. Would they might be
 Swift-wing'd as angels, with eternal swords,
 To smite 'God's Unforgiven'! O to see
 Our new Camillus scourge those slaves of Gaul
 Home to their infamy. Ye ruins grand
 Of the Time-reverenced Coliseum! all,
 And with Saint Peter's and the Vatican
 Be one wide undistinguishable heap,
 Ere over Rome the Accursed dare to creep.
 Freemen of Rome! your ancient heroes man
 The eternal ramparts. Lo, thy martyr-band,
 Ruffini! leads us. Build yon batter'd wall
 With living men! O Roman Victory!

For Rome! for Italy! ay, for the World!
 It is one quarrel. True Republican!
 Where'er thy banner'd faith may be unfurl'd,
 There be thy heart. Thy cause is that of Man,
 The cause of the people; and where'er upheld
 (Amid Carpathian wilds,—or on the steep
 Of Caucasus,—above the pride of eld,
 Over the Vatican,—or 'midst the heaps
 Of England's shameful traffic) thou dost well
 To throw thy spirit into danger's van.
 For Rome! for Rome! O that our swords were there.
 Thou Land of Brutus and of Raffaele
 And of Mazzini! how could we despair
 Of Thee, the Holy and Invincible?

June, 1848.

A JULY NOON.

A worshiper of Beauty, I would sing
 Of noon's refulgent glory!—'Mid a sea
 Of azure earth lies floating. Field and tree
 Sleep in the sun's embrace. The sparkling spring
 Makes gentle music. Young flowers incense bring.
 The everlasting hills along the sky
 Form undulating lines. Sweet harmony
 Fills every wood. Deep unto deep doth call,
 And earth and heaven proclaim, that *God is all in all*.

Is all, and is *in* all! Away, away,
 With so-called Temple-worship! Let me be
 Bathed in—surrounded by—this mystery,—
 This tide of Beauty! Let its every ray
 Find entrance to my Being, and each day
 Will be a holy Sabbath day! The meek
 Inherit earth—the sad in heart who seek
 Thro' love communings with earth, ocean, air,
 That Spirit in man defaced by selfishness and care.

How still and beautiful! No bitter word
 To sting in after hours; but calm and sweet
 And soothing, as if angels came to meet
 And heal earth's broken ones. The fiery sword
 Removed, the mythic Eden is restored
 And our lost rights regained. We seem to know
 That food the prophet ate of, and can go
 Long seasons in the strength thereof. We own
 With stronger Faith, that man lives not by bread alone.

The sun hath reached the zenith, shining down
 On July blossoms.—Silent hangs the bee
 Upon the mallow flower. On hedge and tree
 The thrush and woodlark cease to sing. All own—
 Are penetrated by—that power unknown—
 The spell of highest noon. I too would gaze
 Receptive, pausing in my song of praise;
 Perchance, God on some Truth may shed new light,
 Some scale of sense remove that clouds the spiritual sight.

K. B.

A HEBREW READING.

ISAIAH lxi, 3. "He that killeth an ox *is as if* he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, *as if* he cut off a dog's neck; he that offereth an oblation, *as if* he offered swine's blood; he that burneth incense, *as if* he blessed an idol."

There is perhaps no passage in the Old Testament in which the sense is so completely obscured, by *italicized* words not found in the original, as the text just quoted. Indeed, it is quite impossible to extract any meaning out of it, as it stands in our authorized version,—either viewed by itself, or in the light of the context.

The prophet, after describing, at the commencement of the chapter, in the loftiest strain, the majesty of the Almighty Creator, with the utter inadequacy of all mere external worship, and why it must necessarily be so; and the Divine condescension nevertheless, in the acceptance of the true inward worshiper,—breaks out into a strain of the highest indignation against the practices of those who were in that day attempting to combine the worship of the true God with idolatrous rites and ceremonies.

The passage translated literally, would read thus;—

"He that killeth the ox, slayeth a man;
He that sacrificeth the lamb, strangleth a dog;
He that offereth an oblation, [offereth] swine's blood;
He that burneth incense, blesseth an idol!"

It is worthy of remark that the words *השחך* and *השחך* having the definite article prefixed, imply *the* particular ox or lamb set apart for the sacrifices of the temple, with which what immediately follows, is in perfect and striking harmony.

Bishop Lowth remarks on this passage,—“These are instances of wickedness joined with hypocrisy,—of the most flagitious crimes committed by those who at the same time affected great strictness in the performance of all the external services of religion.
* * * The generality of interpreters, by departing from the literal rendering of the text, have totally lost the true sense of it, and have substituted in its place, what makes no good sense at all; for it is not easy to show, how, in any circumstances, sacrifice and murder, the presenting of a legal offering and idolatrous worship, can possibly be of the same account in the sight of God.”

A. W. B.

TO A SNAIL.

Where art thou roaming to, wonderful snail,
 With thy beautiful house on thy back?
 Leaving behind thee a silvery trail
 On the emerald hue of thy track.

Solemn thy progress, as if thou didst bear
 The coffin and corpse of thy mate;
 And circumspect, feeling thy way with due care,
 As becomes one who owns an estate.

A hermit devoted to prayer and to peas,
 In cold cell, with no clothes on his back;
 A cosmopolite, ever at home and at ease,
 A poor pedlar bowed down with his pack.

Lark that in rapture soars singing at morn,
 When fatigued, returns home to his rest;
 Fox that plunders the hen-roost, and rabbit the corn,
 Seek again for their burrows to rest.

Gipsy of Nature! *thou* wanderest free,
 Not a localized being art thou;
 Pitching thy tent in the lane 'neath a tree,
 On the moor or the lone mountain's brow.

I meet thee at morn in the favorite walk,
 By the riv'let or rose-scented hedge;
 Tasting in quiet each delicate stalk,
 Or careering sublime on a sedge.

And I stop to examine thy elegant home,
 With its passage that winds up and down;
 Polished, inside, like a tortoise-shell comb—
 Streaked with amber and deep glossy brown.

Beetle with bronzed mail, grasshopper green,
 Bee, and butterfly splendidly bright,
 May-fly and dancing gnat, with thee are seen,
 And the glow-worms shine round thee at night.

In days of my childhood I've gathered thy bields,
 And watched thy slow patient motion;
 Much musing if thou wert a native of fields,
 Or palmer, foot-sore, from far ocean.

Oft when the summer-blooms, beauteous, are gone,
 Scared away by the bleak wintry weather,
 'Mong the dry leaves I find ye, or by an old stone,
 Like a hamlet cemented together.

Man of his knowlege and skill all too proud,
 Deepest lessons might gather from thee ;—
 Feelings of thankfulness, heart calmly bowed
 To our gracious Creator's decree.

Might learn to confide in that wisdom sublime,
 That goodness, unbounded and pure,
 Which launched the vast orbs on the ocean of time—
 Gave the Snail a retreat so secure.

J. W.

LITERARY NOTICES.

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

National Evils and Practical Remedies ; with a plan and engravings of a Model Town.
 By JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM. London, P. Jackson. 1849.

Such is the title of the last book of a writer whose life has been one long and noble endeavor to diminish the evils of society, and to elevate mankind in the scale of mental and moral improvement. On this ground alone this handsome volume would be entitled to respectful notice ; but as proceeding from so popular an author as Mr. Buckingham, and as devoted to so vital a topic as 'the Condition of England Question,' it is certain to secure a perusal from thousands of earnest and ardent minds, whose attention is now being turned to the Social Problems which are discussed at length within its pages. Probably few men could be found better qualified than our author, for the task he has undertaken. There is scarcely a single great social movement of our time, in which he has not, more or less, participated. He was a Free-trader when Free-trade had no friends among the wealthy, and but few among the middle classes. Peace, Temperance, Education, and Freedom, have always found in him an able and consistent champion. And he has shared

the usual lot of men of his class,—forfeited the friendship of the great, and of those whose exclusive privileges he attacked,—excited the sneers of sapient and useless critics,—and, but too often, suffered the ingratitude of those for whose benefit his exertions were put forth.

That such a man should have looked with keen attention and interest upon the chaos which men call 'Society,' and especially upon the principles regulating the distribution of wealth, with all their consequences, was but natural. That upon perceiving their erroneous and pernicious nature, he should denounce them, might be tolerated, tho it was scarcely 'respectable.' But, that he should venture to propose common sense and '*Practical Remedies*,' is past all endurance! To advocate peace, temperance, and such like uncommon common-place virtues, was merely a weakness; besides, Scripture said the same things, and therefore it must be allowed to pass as a little harmless enthusiasm. But to proclaim openly, that the masses of mankind are *not* 'naturally' intended to be wealth-grinding machines for the minority,—that work is *not* a penalty to be borne with three-fold heaviness by the many that the few may escape, but a universal condition of health, and therefore a duty imposed upon all,—that the reward of labor is *not* to be measured by mere supply and demand of *articles*, but has relation to *human needs*, and is therefore appreciable by human intelligence and regulatable by human skill,—these are 'heresies' which flout whatever is most loudly lauded among the leaders of opinion. This is to assail the *Political Idols of the Den* with a vengeance!

Mr. Buckingham proposes the formation of a Model Town, a mile square, capable of accommodating 10,000 inhabitants, and surrounded by 10,000 acres of land, to be cultivated on the most improved principles. The buildings are to be so arranged as to unite health, convenience, and beauty. Abbatoirs, mews, gas-works, and whatever can generate disease or mar esthetics, are to be placed at a distance from the dwellings and workrooms. The manufactories and workshops themselves are to be placed outside the town, so as to enable the operative to pursue his toil amidst pure air and the beautiful and invigorating influences of nature. There are also to be public baths, parks, a botanical garden, university, museum, concert hall, gymnasium, public cemetery, and every private convenience. Establishments for the nurture and education of children,—for cooking, washing and public meals,—and a medical staff whose interest shall be identified, not with the sickness, but with the health of the inhabitants,—are proposed to be organized, likewise at the common expense and for the common benefit,—leaving their use optional, however, to each individual. And what is there *impracticable*, or even *unlikely*, in these proposals? We find nothing here, but what is either suggested in hosts of sanitary reports, or actually employed by the wealthy clubs and magnates of the 'West End.'

The regulations for the local government of the 'model town,' would be in keeping with the other arrangements. No intoxicating liquors, no opium, and neither weapons nor gunpowder, are to be permitted. A German proverb says, 'Opportunity makes thieves,' and here, at least, the vices which attain such monster-proportions in our large towns, would wither for want of the main condition and exciting material of their growth.

Now, one quarter of the ingenuity requisite to construct some of our railways, would amply suffice to make such a town. As could be shown, it would cost less, and probably be a better commercial investment, than railways in general. So far, then, the plan shocks none of the prejudices of society. But, as we have said, Mr. Buckingham goes further. He holds that the division of the proceeds of capital-and-labor upon the accidentally determined, and therefore *extrinsic* principle of competition—i.e. the relative *power* of the competitors, directed by *selfishness*—is false and unjust. He would substitute for this savage and *anti-social* principle one of an *intrinsic* and equitable character. He proposes that each

class of work shall be remunerated according to its relative utility, and that the share of each individual be proportioned to his merit, as determined by a Committee of Delegates from each trade. Our author dissents from '*Communism*,' because he believes it to be unjust that all should share *equally* in wealth to which they have made *unequal* contributions; urging that the stimulus derived from inequality of material-wealth is one of the conditions of happiness, and one of the motives to industry and improvement. So far he is at one with the Economists, tho wide as the poles asunder in other respects. We incline to differ from both, and, tho want of space forbids our entering into any elaborate discussion of the matter, the grounds of our dissent may be briefly indicated.

1st. Because, under an organized system of fraternity, wealth would be so plentiful that men would care as little about owning a trifle more or less than the average, as they now care for a superfluity of the elements of air and water.

2nd. Because, in a state of society where each man received the highest culture of which he was capable, no one would perform the tasks deemed inferior or degrading, unless he were elevated to an equality with the rest.

3rd. In a highly refined state of society, moral would be the only distinctions recognized, and moral and mental elevation the sole and legitimate object of ambition. Property, alike from its own comparative unworthiness and from its plentifulness for all rational use, would no longer serve as a badge of superior worth or distinction.

Experience, however, and not any foregone theory, can alone satisfactorily test the value of the various plans of association. We are glad to find any man of talent or influence, and especially a man like Mr. Buckingham, so far advanced on the true path of social amelioration. He has presented us with a book which might be called *the Political Text Book of the Working Classes*.^a Even those who have paid some attention to the question of Association, will be surprised to find how much of evidence can be offered in its behalf,—how new facts are continually turning up for its confirmation,—and how every day is exposing the necessity, and preparing the advent, of an improved social system.

Mr. Buckingham's work is eminently clear and practical. By that not uncommon class of minds who reverence most what they least understand, this may be reckoned a defect. It presents us with no new-fangled metaphysical or religious system,—no shallow or splendid logomachy,—as the foundation of its plan. Whether the reader believes in 'fate,' or 'freewill,' in 'foreknowledge absolute,' or no foreknowledge at all,—he is equally able to accept and apply the principles placed before him. Our author cares not to discuss how much, or how little, 'circumstances' have to do in the formation of character,—but going at once to the practical business, he says, whether much or little, *let us have the best we can get—those which our age has already supplied*.

Experience teaches us that the most common sense principles,—nay, the most divine and lasting truths,—will be met with apathy or ridicule, and not seldom, with contempt and persecution, on their first announcement. But for this, we might anticipate the heartiest welcome for Mr. Buckingham's work, and an instant, earnest endeavor to realize its plans. And what problems,—physical, intellectual and moral, social and political,—would thereby receive solution! We might then learn, how much of the vast efforts now spent in stem-

^a Its size and price are the only hindrance to its really becoming such. Would it not be possible to publish a cheap *People's Edition*, abridged in its more literary and personal references? This, in conjunction with a course of public lectures in the principal seats of population, would best bring the author's views before the public. The public, in truth, are fast losing faith in the old principles, and would fain have better light. Not that we coincide with *all* the details and laws proposed—which we do not, for we should *popularize* many of them—but the main thing now needed is light, and discussion on the proposal itself.

ming the stream of corruption, might have been spared by beginning at its source. How many, indeed, of our foolish tract, soup, and coal-distributing associations,—our mendicancy and prostitution suppressing societies,—by which the wealthy delude themselves into the belief that they are ‘loving their neighbor as themselves,—might be well abandoned in favor of one genuine effort to realize the grand and beneficent proposal of this book! But the advocates of association will scarcely hope for such magnificent trial of their doctrines. Like the friends of the negro, of peace, of temperance, and of every cause involving a great and good principle hostile to the corrupt interests of the world,—they must plant in darkness and sow in sorrow—happy if they live to feel the first rays of the summer sun. or to look upon the ‘embattled grain’ ripening in its beams!

The Principles of Home Colonization explained, and their practicability evidenced from existing facts. By DAVID GREEN, Leeds. London, Berger; Manchester, Heywood. 1849.

In this pamphlet, full of important facts and calm reasoning, the claims of the *Leeds Redemption Society* are ably considered, and the popular objections answered with great point and potency. It is a valuable contribution, by a Worker, to the true Political Economy of Labor.—On receipt of 4 stamps for postage, we shall be happy to send a copy to those who find it inconvenient to obtain it thro’ the ordinary channels.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

The People's Dictionary of the Bible. Parts 33 to 40. Simpkin & Co., London. 1849.

This work is completed in the parts before us, which range from R to Z. It usefully closes with twenty columns of Scripture names divided and accented for pronunciation, and a catalogue (extending over ninety-two columns) of the most important Critical, Illustrative, and Theological Works, English and foreign, consulted or referred to in the Dictionary itself. The most important of these, might, with advantage to the Student, have been marked with a star. As the work of one man, this Dictionary is a noble monument of Industry and Learning—but, as might also be expected, it is occasionally marred by prejudice and surfaceism, and sometimes mis-presents facts. We have given instances of the latter on a former occasion, and find examples of the former in the article VINE—WINE, which is literally an ill-concocted hash, tending, like the fumes of wine itself, to confuse, rather than clarify, ones conceptions. Early on an entire column *seems* to have been *thrust* in after the article was completed, which concludes with an extract from Miss Martineau, much more akin to ‘Astronomy’ than ‘Wine.’

At the beginning it is gravely *argued* that certain passages “show that an *intoxicating quality* belonged to *wine* used by the Israelites”—as if anybody ever doubted it! The dispute is, whether *only such* wines existed? Strong-drink is again referred to, and Jerome’s ambiguous definition of *sicera* repeated, the Latin *sisera* being put in Lev. x. instead of *shechar*, as if to disguise its original SACCHARINE nature in favor of Fürst’s far-fetched and inadequate *ker*, ‘to burn,’ with which Jerome’s ‘thickish liquor,’ and ‘juice of palms,’ can have no probable analogy. Jerome speaks of “honey combs boiled *down* into a *sweet* and *barbarous* beverage.” Does he mean the combs only? If so, let the editor just try the experiment of boiling down the *wazy-combs*, and he will find the result not a sweet, tho a truly barbarous, beverage. Like Parkhurst and Gesenius on *tirosch*, which

they represent as the 'intoxicating juice of the grape'!—(there being no such a thing)—Jerome, tho in his general definition making *sivera* 'every-drink that can inebriate,' probably included in his description, such as was not so. The *sive* (or) was perhaps disjunctive. At any rate, Jerome appears a rather inapt describer. Will any one tell us what is meant by the 'thickish liquid,' which "receives a color from parched corn"? It was not water, and can hardly have been cream. Moreover, how could Egyptian beer, etc., invented about 400 B.C., have been included in the *sacchar* of the wilderness? 'Strong drink,' it is admitted, was *drugged*—but we fancy nobody would need to drug such a *ker*ed, burning article, as our author makes out *sacchar* to have been. To drug a *saccharine*-liquor is another matter, and easily conceivable. Does not the article described by the Baron de Bode as a drink—"a thick syrup of dates"—answer better than *ker* to Jerome's statement—"or when the fruit of palms is made to yield its juice"?

"Wine had a red-color (Prov. xxiii. 31)," says our author, "*whence* the phrase 'blood of grapes' (Gen. xlix. 11)." The reason is good, the reference bad. Proverbs refers to *fermented* wine, and its *redness* is given as a mark of its evil-nature, *then* to be avoided—whereas Genesis refers to the *pure* 'blood of the grape'—to a totally different wine.

No attempt is made to discriminate the various Hebrew and Greek terms, as in Dr. Eadie's Biblical Cyclopædia, following in the track first chalked out in Dr. Kitto's. The Hebrew TIROSH of Zech. ix. 17, is made to be 'intoxicating wine' by a reference to the Greek GLEUKOS of Acts ii. 13! and, to complete the absurdity, it is said of this *already intoxicating* tirosh, that, "being kept in leathern bottles, it *might ferment* (as in Job. xxxii. 19)"—where YAYIN occurs in the Hebrew, not *tirosh*!!

The 'authority' of Eli Smith, Missionary in Syria, is quoted. We are tired of *authorities without discrimination*—especially authorities of men who weave fact and inference, hearsay and ocular proof, into one uniform tissue. Mr. Smith says, 'drugged wines are unknown'! Yet Dr. Beard admits that wines formerly were drugged, and many travelers (as Southgate, Lane, etc.) testify that they *are yet*. Mr. Smith affirms that the Greek and Papal Priests won't have 'unfermented wine' at the Eucharist—but Mr. Ainsworth testifies that the Nestorian Christians (much the more unsophisticated authorities) do actually use *raisin-water*! Mr. Smith asserts that "the *only form* in which the unfermented juice of the grape is *preserved*, is that of *dibs*," or grape-syrup—whereas Mr. Homes enumerates *six distinct forms*—including the 'grape-cakes' spoken of by Dr. Beard himself! Why should such misleading testimony be republished in a *People's Dictionary* of the Bible?

The Principles of Total Abstinence purified, and placed upon a rational and scriptural foundation: By WILLIAM COOKE, Methodist Minister.

This is a reprint of a ten years old, and ten times refuted pamphlet, and should have been simply entitled 'Twopenny trash.' Its author is the individual so notoriously convicted, in the first series of *the Truth Seeker*, of nearly thirty frauds and forgeries upon the Targums.*

* Of the charges brought, not *one* is refuted. Mr. Cooke simply attempts to gratify his malice by issuing a tract against the *Editor* of this periodical, in which his entire argument is, that our Reviewer [a *learned foreign Jew*] made a mistake (in a note of six lines) concerning the contents of *Wallon's Polyglott*: ergo, he must be ignorant of the *Continental Editions* of the Targums!

The reasoning of this tract is already refuted in our reviews of other and better books bearing on the same question: and we shall therefore now simply select, by way of specimen, two or three of the arguments which the author has facetiously designated—'rational' and 'scriptural.' They are so excessively foolish and *ultra*, that no one can be deceived by them whose judgment or character would do the cause of Temperance the least credit.

Mr. Cooke's chemistry is curious. He says that it is "*not* right to denounce *intoxicating* liquors as *poisons*"—tho his own word '*intoxicating*' does itself signify '*poisoning*.' Indeed, what person, in *possession* of his senses, could possibly fancy an *intoxicated* man to be in a normal or natural state? He says, however, that "it does not follow that alcohol is a poison in a state of *combination*, because it is so in a concentrated form." When table-salt, common air, aqua fortis, etc., are taken by Mr. Cooke as examples, he is either himself unconscious of the absurdity he is committing, or he relies upon the ignorance and unthinkingness of his peculiar class of readers. Sodium and Chlorine (two poisons) are transmuted by chemical *combination* into ONE NEW AND LESS NOXIOUS SUBSTANCE (salt)—what then? In fermentation innocent *sugar* is transmuted into two poisons—*carbonic acid* and *alcohol*. Now, tho that alcohol is the *result* of '*combination*,' it is itself no more chemically combined than is Glauber's or common salt when *mixed* with water, in which state those substances certainly do *not* lose their peculiar properties. It is also a blunder to suppose common air to be a chemical '*combination*' of two poisonous gases—for it is simply the vital and purifying oxygen '*diluted*' with the neutral nitrogen. The real combination of these gases in a particular mode, would produce a very different result—namely, aqua fortis. If alcohol—or rather, the '*elements*' of which *it is a particular combination*—were indeed combined, it would *necessarily cease* to be '*alcohol*,' and become aldehyde or acetic acid; in other words, to let Mr. Cooke into a secret, '*alcohol-combined*' is a phrase just as absurd as '*single-married*,' '*white-black*,' '*alcohol-not alcohol*!' On the strength of this argument, our Tractarian denounces the chemistry of Teetotalism as a "MEERE FIGMENT—ABSURD and ridiculous,"—and Dr. Campbell, the editor of the *Christian Witness*, pronounces Mr. Cooke's tract to be '*unanswerable*!'

Mr. Cooke characterizes ultra Teetotalers as "*perverted in understanding*" or "*wicked in heart*"—affirming the sacramental use of the pure '*fruit of the vine*,' grape juice, to be "*a sinful innovation*," because "*it is depriving* us of the appointed and *appropriate* symbol of the Saviour's blood"! That is to say, Mr. Cooke asserts that grape-juice no more comes within the meaning of the Lord's own phrase, '*fruit of the vine*,' than does '*juice of apples*!'—and, moreover, that this *juice* of the vine-fruit is a very *inappropriate* emblem of the blood of Him who declared himself to be '*the true Vine*!'!!

Mr. Cooke says that "*it is undoubtedly the duty of every man* [how few do it] *to give the [temperance] cause a candid investigation*," but, if the man be *not* "*convinced*," then the practice of drinking is not "*criminal*"—and to say that it *is*, is "*uncharitable and sinful*." How easy it would be to retort, on the part of the teetotalers, even if they *had* spoken as Mr. Cooke misrepresents them as doing:—"Out of your *own* mouth, we will condemn you. If the drinkers are not sinful because their *actions* are the result of their *no-convictions*, how are the teetotalers sinful in merely *speaking* what *is* the result of a *positive conviction*, induced by an abundance of accessible evidence which proves alcohol-drinking to be a violation of physical law?" Mr. Cooke's own judgment, would, on his own principles, be both *uncharitable* and *sinful*, if those principles were not, in fact, contradictory. In another place, the teetotalers are informed that they have no right to object to *alcoholic poison*, because, if they "*carry out their favorite principle of analyzation*," they would "*have to raise the cry of poison against the most useful and necessary articles of life*"!

All this is simply absurd: no real article of food either *is* poison, or *contains* poison. This assertion is an example of reckless falsehood appealing to wilful ignorance.

It would be an unprofitable task to point out the numerous *false assumptions* made concerning *facts*, in order to eke out *bad-criticism* concerning phrases,—but we may cite one or two. We are told that “the passover was a season in which there was no *must*, being five or six months from the time of vintage.” What then? Are not vast quantities of fine grapes *preserved as grapes*, from vintage to vintage? So says Mr. Homes, the Missionary; so say the Travelers, Niebuhr, Swinburne, etc. Dr. Wardlaw once borrowed this absurdity from Mr. Cooke, saying that “unfermented *new-wine* could not have been referred to.” *New-grapes* could not, certainly,—but *new-wine*, or wine newly expressed from old grapes, *might* have been, tho we do not affirm it was. Our readers will recollect the phrase, ‘the *old* wine is better,’ as applied to the intoxicating sort. Our Lord, however, contrasts the passover-wine with the *new-wine* of the kingdom, showing that the wine he was drinking was *not* of the sort which is best when old. To evade, or break the force of this argument, Mr. Cooke puts the *figurative* sense upon this word *new* in this *literal* connection, and makes it, not merely to *imply*, but to express, ‘superiority.’ Behold, then, what a mess is made of the passage, *a la Cooke*!

“*I will not drink henceforth of this old-fermented fruit of the vine*, until that day when I drink it *NEW*—i.e. still *OLDER* and *BETTER*!—with you, in my Father’s Kingdom”!!!

This is foisting a meaning into a passage, with a vengeance. Truly Mr. Cooke and Dr. Campbell suffer no absurdity, however huge, to stand in the way of *their* criticisms?

Mr. Cooke asserts that science has not yet *proved* that the volatile-fluid alcohol cannot afford *nutrition*.

Then science has proved nothing whatever, and it is all a dream. In truth, however, Mr. Cooke knows neither what science has proved nor what it has *disproved*. He belongs to the tribe of *Ostrichian-Theologs*, who put their heads into a dark lantern of their own construction (as the Ostrich pursued put its head into a bush), and then fancy, or, what answers as well with the dupes, feign, that all is dark without!

Let us now have a sample of Mr. Cooke’s ability for self-contradiction:—

“*Tirosh*,” says he, “is, in a few cases, applied to *the juice of the grape*. This may be admitted; but it is *no proof* that *tirosh* is the proper or specific name for *unfermented drinks*:

“For! the names of other wines are *sometimes thus applied*, even in the very passages where *their intoxicating nature* is distinctly adverted to”!

Mr. Cooke then goes on to talk, after Parkhurst, about “the *inebriating blood*,” and “*intoxicating juice*, YET IN the grape”!!! All that we can say, in reply to such nonsense, is—that chemistry has never yet detected *any such* juice. It is a peculiar and invisible kind of fluid, brewed in the ingenious crania of Messrs. Campbell and Cooke—and for which, as we learn, the latter gentleman has discovered, amidst the antiquities of the Hebrews, a peculiar and appropriate kind of *vessel* for containing it!

To “love flagons of *grapes*,” Mr. Cooke observes—“looks very much like *drunkenness*”! In fact, “*eshishah*,” the jar, or flagon, “must have possessed *intoxicating properties*”!!! We have before heard of the absurdity of ‘*intoxicating grapes*’—but the unprecedented honor was reserved for Mr. Cooke of discovering ‘*intoxicating crockery*’! If this wonderful genius will just communicate his discovery to some of the Proprietors in the Potteries, where he is at present residing, his fortune will be at once made—for the drinkers can then *realize* their favorite sensations, by merely *looking* upon the Cookean-

Croakery which possesses intoxicating properties!—a mode of nervous-excitement which will at least save the *cost* of the drink, and *reserve for food* the vast amount of grain and fruit now sinfully destroyed

A brief Enquiry respecting Wine, and its use in the Sacrament of the Eucharist.
By W. H. RULE, Methodist Minister.

One of those rash and foolish productions with which the Priestlings of Protestantism have so well and so often contrived, to bring contempt upon their character and pretensions—a tract compounded in equal parts, of acridity of temper, looseness of logic, and laxity of scholarship. Our best hope is, that the author may yet live bitterly to repent of its publication.

In the Appendix to Burne's 'Concordance of Science and Scripture' we have cited 50 historical Witnesses, extending over twenty centuries of time, showing the use of words for WINE in reference to *unfermented* articles. In opposition to this 'great-fact'—and in ignorance that Prof. Stuart, and other learned Americans, were the first advocates of our views—Mr. W. H. Rule, to us a before unheard of Itinerant Methodist, dogmatically exclaims:—

"It was reserved for the *ignorance of Englishmen* to propose a thing which has *no existence*—unfermented wine"!*

A somewhat sorry assumption this! Nevertheless quite in keeping with the temper of the tract, where Mr. Rule insinuates that the Teetotalers who unite in *Benefit Societies*, for a charitable purpose, are "*Pagan-like*," and "*horde* together in lodges or 'tents'—" with other language of an equally offensive stamp and priestly lineage.

He includes *Port* and *Porter* under the heads of "comforts with which our heavenly Father has favored us," and denounces abstinence from them, as "a blind recession of the human intellect"! We will consent to call this by some other name than *cant*, if Mr. W. H. Rule will inform us *where*, and *when*, his Heavenly Father ever set up either a *Brewery*, or a *Malt-Kiln*?

Mr. Rule frequently gives partial and deceptive quotations. For example, he refers to Clement, of Alexandria, as reproving those who called wine, 'the blood of demons.' So would we reprove them, if the phrase were applied to '*the pure blood of the grape*.' But why conceal what Clement declares of those whose views resembled those of the modern teetotalers? That great writer says expressly, in his *Pædagogus* (lib. ii), "I *admire* those who desire no other beverage than water, the medicine of a *wise temperance*—*avoiding wine as they would fire*." He also says:—"The *natural* drink for a thirsty man is water, and this simple beverage alone was *supplied by the Lord* from the cleft rock."

Mr. Rule seems to have studied the Rule of Contradiction pretty well, for we find abundant illustrations of it in his tract, 'brief' as it is.

He seems to entertain a sad disgust to *grape-juice*—tho really a 'good creature' of his Heavenly Father. He calls it "MOST INSIPID—VERY UNWHOLESOME—and EVEN NAUSEOUS"—and wonders that Dr. Clarke should have crudely fancied that the King of Egypt *really* used such 'stuff,'—"mistaking a vision for a fact." He argues against there being any real-facts for the basis of the vision, by telling us, that if it is to be accepted literally, *then*—why, then, "vines in those days *blossomed*"! They would have been very funny

* Let us quote an extract from the History of the Royal Society written 150 years ago, by Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester. "The *Juyce of Wine*, when it is dried, does always granulate into sugar, as appears in Raisins; and also in those vessels wherein *cute* or UNFERMENTED WINE is put." (P. 193.)

vines, and out of all rule, if they did not;—at least, after a careful examination of several species, green, black, and red,—from the common currant (or *Corinthian* grape) to the largest kinds produced,—we have found no exception. Travelers and Naturalists have also observed the same phenomenon in other countries, notwithstanding Mr. W. H. Rule's extreme scepticism. Dr. Bright, for example, in his *Hungarian Travels* (1818), thus records the Rule of Nature, tho it does not seem to harmonize with Methodist Rule:—"In the end of May the second hoeing takes place, followed by the period of bloom." (p. xlix.) In the same page on which grape-juice is called *insipid* and *nauseous*, we find the following:—

"The Chaldee Targum (Esther i. 7), supposes that Ahasuerus and his Lords were drunken, or חמור עסיס *wine of asis*, with 'fresh grape-juice': a LUXURY quite in place on the table of the King of Babylon."

Now, this juice must have been either prest out with the *feet*, or the *hands*, or some *instrument*,—and if the King of Babylon so drank it, why not the King of Egypt? After having thus defined '*asis*' as '*wine*,' even a Royal and luxurious wine, Mr. Rule adds:—

"Grape juice is *not* wine, any more than chaff is bread."

Tirosh is defined by Mr. Rule as "the juice of the grape *indefinitely*"—if any body can tell what that means. Now, as the Prophet speaks of "*tirosh* in the cluster," what Mr. Rule really affirms is this:—

"The Grape-juice, or *inside* of the grape, is no more *wine* than the chaff or *outside* of corn is bread!"

Analogy ought to have led him to compare the *inside* of the fruit, with the *inside* of the grain—the grape juice with the flour, not with the chaff. He adds:—

"This very grape juice was chiefly known in antiquity as the *casual drink* of the peasantry, or, WHEN CAREFULLY PRESERVED, as the *choice beverage* of epicures. It was *sweet* to the taste." The Roman ladies were so fond of it, that they would first fill their stomachs with it, then throw it off by emetics, and then repeat the draught. (*Cf. Lucian. apud Wetstein, in Acts ii. 13.*)"

Mr. Rule's contradictions are so far beyond all Rule and parallel, as to defy any trace of method in his methodistic-madness.

- (1) Grape juice is *but* the casual-drink of the peasantry, yet a choice and royal beverage!
- (2) A nauseous thing, yet a *luxury* of epicures!!
- (3) An *insipid* drink yet so *sweet* to the taste that the Roman ladies became *fond* of it to excess!!!
- (4) A Royal wine—(hamer) *wine* of asis—yet no more wine than chaff is bread!!!!
- (5) Tho Grape-juice is *intoxicating* [an assertion repeated over and over again] it is nevertheless not *intoxicating wine*!!!! Hence,
- (6) Either, there is *alcohol* in unfermented grape-juice, as well as fermented, or *grape-juice* has one kind of intoxicating element and *wine* another!!!

Life in Christ. By EDWARD WHITE. London, Jackson and Walford. 1 vol.

Who will live for ever? A reply to John Howard Hinton's Criticism on Luke xx. 36. By EDWARD WHITE. London, Jackson and Walford.

Christ and the Sadduces: or the true meaning of Luke xx. 36, vindicated, in strictures on a pamphlet by J. H. HINTON, M. A. London, Houlston and Stoneman.

What is Spiritual Life? Inkings of Truth on the subject of 'Christ our Life.' By W. MORRIS. Lond. 1849. Houlston and Co.

These works treat on a theme discussed at length in the former series of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and which must be highly interesting to all Biblical Students. The volume by Mr. White consists of a series of eloquent lectures delivered in Hereford, which discuss the

subject in so luminous and logical a style of criticism that they cannot fail both to please and profit his readers. The book excited great remark in the denomination of which the author is a minister, and has called forth one formal reply, of which the chief point consists in a *perfectly new* (and therefore suspicious) interpretation of Luke xx. 36—an interpretation that even no ancient Greek father ever dreamt of! Messieurs White and Morris, however, find a variety of objections to the theory, which are calmly and cogently stated in their respective pamphlets. Our own view of the question is, that if Mr. Hinton's solitary text be not only quite new but really *true*, it clearly conflicts with the current teaching of scripture—and in that case, Mr. Hinton will have a still more difficult task to perform in harmonizing the text in Luke with the *vulgar* doctrine of an immortal spirit-body. 'If *Christ* have not risen, *then* are the dead *perished*'—is a declaration of Paul's which no believer in *natural* immortality could possibly make—and to imagine that Christ's resurrection *made* the *wicked* dead to arise to useless and endless torment—that is, made their case infinitely worse than it was *by nature*,—is a supposition too abominable and gross to find entrance into *our* mind.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Enquiry into the extent and causes of Juvenile Depravity. By THOMAS BEGGS. London, Gilpin. 1849. Pp. 190.

Whether we regard the graphic picture of the actual condition of the neglected-classes, or the important collection of original and selected statistics, which this volume contains,—we must pronounce it to be one of the most trustworthy expositions of our Social State and Evils which has yet been produced. While Mr. Beggs gives due prominence to *one* vast source of Juvenile Depravity—the Intemperance of Parents,—and shows its connection with many other social ills, both as *cause* and *consequence*, he at the same time avoids every thing like exaggeration, preferring rather to keep *within* the bounds of the probable, than to proceed one step *beyond* the certain and ascertained facts of the case.

Model Cottage for Agricultural Laborers: or Detailed Drawings and Specification, explanatory of the Design for a Laborer's Cottage, which obtained the first prize awarded by the Society of Arts. By THOMAS CHAMBERS HINE, Architect, Nottingham. London, Dean and Co., Threadneedle St. 1848.

The taste, neatness, and economy displayed in Mr. HINE's design, does very great credit to him as an architect. We have here the Specifications for *two* cottages, forming together a really picturesque pile, and in which all the best and latest improvements in building, warming, and ventilation are introduced, the cost of each cottage being estimated at £150. With slight alteration, the design will also serve for a single-house, and the specifications, relating to the 'fittings up,' would be found useful to Building Societies, or Individuals erecting small houses, and probably contribute in no small measure towards the health and economy of their habitations.

The development of Religious Life in the Modern Christian Church, illustrated by the life and work of certain great men. By HENRY SOLLY, author of 'the Great Atonement,' etc. London, Mudie. 1849. Pp. 814.

Luther, Munzer, Zwingle, Calvin, Loyola, George Fox, Wesley, Priestley, and Channing,

form the illustrative subjects of the lectures. They are all instructive and interesting, some of them in a high degree. Great candor and good judgment are exhibited by Mr. Solly in his criticisms on the various characters reviewed, and a proper appreciation of the work of each. The style of these lectures is unpretending, yet often eloquent, while their spirit is earnest, practical, and devout. The work concludes with a plan for a *new organization* of the Christian Church, on a more tolerant and practical basis than the verbal-creeds of the sects.

The Christian Reformer. February to July, 1849. London, Sherwood and Co.

The numbers of the *Reformer* before us, are marked by the usual variety of talent and topic which characterize this work. Besides much matter more particularly interesting to the denomination of which this Magazine is an organ, we may notice the following articles as of great and general interest, and treated with superior ability: 'Macaulay's History'—'Morell's Philosophy of Religion'—'Demoniacal Possession'—and 'Barling on the Atonement.' The latter is a fine piece of reasoning, and evinces great analytic power.

Ideas: or, Outlines of a new system of Philosophy. A. C. G. JOBERT, author of 'the Philosophy of Geology.' Essay the second and last. London, Simpkin and Co. 1849.

Mr. Jobert here continues his very keen analyses of the most celebrated schools of Mental Philosophy. The cause he espouses is that of his own eminent countryman, Condillac and Common Sense *versus* Kant and Idealism. The present part is devoted to an elaborate exposition of 'the Philosophy of Contemplative Experience'; and *acutely* combats much that has been written by the Transcendentalists, from Spinoza to Morell. The theories of Sir William Hamilton, Victor Cousin, and Mr. J. D. Morell are dissected with great force and precision, and they will find it difficult to re-unite their dissevered fragments. This clever volume concludes with an original and ingenious theory of *Creation*, synthetical and analytical.

THE PATHFINDER.

[ANSWER TO QUERIES.]

ON YEAST AND ITS USES. "To Dr. Lees. I heard your able Physiological Lectures in the Halifax Temperance Hall with great interest, and from your statement respecting the nature of *yeast*, described as *albumen or gluten in a state of decay, or corruption*, I thought I would relate to you the following experience.

"Five years since, when living in Manchester, I was attacked with Typhus Fever. The Medical man who attended me, did not, for the first four or five days, appear to know what ailed me, and, saying I had only got a little cold, treated me accordingly. I became worse, and there was no mistake as to my complaint. I had my head shaved, and was *so leeches and blistered*, that, in three weeks I was reduced almost to a skeleton. I was insensible a great part of the time. At this time my Medical attendant called in another doctor, and in a day or two they both gave me up. They told my wife to get me some 'brandy,' as they had done all they could for me, and the brandy might keep me alive a while; so I took 7s. worth in a few hours. *Just at this time* a friend from Swinton came to see me, who told us that a whole family had been attacked with typhus fever in that neighborhood, and had all been *risen* [very naturally!] by taking fresh *yeast*, or 'barm' as they call it, and wished my wife to get me a pint. She did so, and I took it. In the night I had a few hours sound sleep, for the first time since I began to be ill. The Doctor came the next day, and found me cooler and better; the fever, he said, had now taken 'a turn,' and he seemed to have hopes of my recovery. I took a gill of fresh yeast night and morning, for two days, but no other medicine; and I continued to recover.

"My mother, however, having a bigoted faith in Doctors, thinking none so wise as they, persuaded my wife to give me the old medicine again. I took it for two or three days, and no yeast; the fever now returned on me as strong as ever. The Doctor charged my attendants with carelessness, said I had got cold, and gave up all hopes of my recovery. My wife now lost all faith in Doctors, and was determined I should take no other medicine than the yeast, let the consequences be what they might; she gave me a gill of fresh yeast three times a day for a week, and then twice a day, until I gradually recovered. The Doctor visited me every day, and sent fresh medicine, but it was all thrown away. I was in a Lodge of Odd Fellows, of which he was Doctor, and he received great praise from the Lodge for my recovery!

"It was the opinion of my attendants at the time, and is mine yet, that if I had continued to take the Doctor's medicine, I should never have recovered, and we have always ascribed my recovery to the yeast. If we are right, how do you account for it, if yeast be of a corrupting and poisonous nature? W. WALTON."

Answer. In this case we do not feel warranted in affirming the cure to have been certainly wrought by the yeast, either alone or in part; for the *sleep* which followed the use of the narcotic might have done much,—Nature, and abstinence from mischievous treatment and medicine, the rest. Nothing is more fallacious than loose and isolated *experiences* of this kind—they are anything but *experiments*, scientifically conducted. Indeed, special 'experiences' can only be relied upon when occurring in great numbers, and with the same result under *different general* circumstances.

It is not however at all improbable, that the yeast *had* something to do with the cure. The other year, during the prevalence of Putrid and Typhoid fever in Wales, Lady O'Brien cured great numbers by the use of yeast—one or two spoonfuls to a dose, mixed with a little beer or porter, given twice a day. Yeast is an old medicine for putrid fever, and was once very fashionable.

Supposing yeast to possess a true therapeutic power in disease, that fact does not at all militate against the statements of Dr. Lees. On the contrary, they are confirmed by it. The use of feather-white-wine (wine-fermenting), of beer, sausages, cheese, fruit, in a state of fermentation, have all been known to overcome the vital-resisting-force, and produce a putrid condition of the blood, ending in death. What then? As Shakspeare long ago observed,

'In Poison there is Physic.'

And tho, in these days of Hydropathy, we should, in all cases of fever, 'throw physic to the dogs,' yet, in the absence of the best method of cure, an inferior mode might be adopted, and thus yest become Physic as well as Poison. In fact, all drug-physic *is* poison, since to *physic* a man signifies to produce within him an *unnatural* effect—to induce one disease in order to destroy another. What is Poison in *health*, therefore, may be Physic in *disease*. The two states being opposite, the relation of the Agent may become reversed.

The theory of cure is explained upon the principle of Homœopathy—*(that agent will best act as medicine in any disease, which in the healthy body produces symptoms most closely analogous to those of the disease itself)*. Like cures like, or prevents it—is the axiom of the system. Innoculation prevents or cures small pox, *because* it introduces a similar, but less dangerous disease; Quinine cures ague, *because* in health it produces symptoms resembling ague; and so yest may cure typhus or putrid fever, *because* in health it tends to induce a putrid condition of the circulating fluid. The result may be explained in different ways. Some think that the cure is effected upon the principle of *antagonism*,—others, perhaps more rationally, that the medicine, *by working after nature's own plan*, aids her in expelling the true cause of the disease, which must be distinguished from the mere symptoms of its presence.

TEMPERANCE. "Some subscribers object that there is too much of the Magazine given to the Temperance Question;—that low, restrictive dictation of any sort is limitation, therefore at variance with entire liberty. *The Son of man came eating and drinking*. Emerson *now* maintains that alternations of generous diet, and periods of asceticism, give all experiences—and surely it is not marred and stinted men we want, but men superior to degradation of any sort, by the rich power of the Soul. If it be not dominant, so that *its light* may shine thro', and glorify, the whole Being, they do not see that any commandment laid on *sense*, ennobles the man, but rather degrades him, by fettering him, as one who has no *internal guidance*."

Answer. The Temperance Cause has powerfully promoted the progress of Free-Thought. In fact, the TRUTH-SEEKER is itself one of its results, and, to this moment, its oldest and warmest supporters form the *majority* of our subscribers. Owing to a misunderstood Individualism, and a want of united practical effort, the pure Transcendentalists cannot support an organ of the *exclusive* character they demand. Nor is it perhaps desirable that they should, as a matter of utility. It might please our *individual* tastes better, but would it prove so effective as an Educator and Awakener amongst the People at large? The true Transcendentalist, himself lifted up to a higher sphere of Thought, should not forget those who are still ascending, nor be careless of the steps in the golden-ladder beneath him. Truly teaches the Myth, when it represents the angels of God as *ascending and descending*. In truth, *Indefiniteness* in their Intellectual Conceptions, and *Exclusiveness* in their Tastes, seem the besetting sins of this school, against which they have need to put themselves on their guard. Thus, with the spirit of our Correspondent's remarks we perfectly assimilate, while we dissent *in toto* from their application to us. Nowhere has the TRUTH-SEEKER assumed an attitude of 'dictation,' tho sometimes, perhaps, of indignation or rebuke. It is the highest Glory of Man that the Soul shall *rule*—but rule implies *law, principle, light*. All the extremes of *good*, we therefore admit,—from 'generous diet' to occasional 'asceticisms': But, as Physiologists, we must protest against the extremes of *evil*, whether of little or much. A law of our organic and sentient nature—of the body and the brain—is *not* a 'low, restrictive limitation,' but a right and necessary *means* to a higher end, which the *enlightened* Soul ought religiously to observe as the expression of the Absolute Wisdom. Let us have men 'superior to degradation of any sort,' but not men *superior to the law* of their own entire nature; men who will honor Sense by satisfying its real needs, and Intellect and Truth by walking according to THEIR 'dictation.'



THE
TRUTH-SEEKER.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

ALTHO so much has been said and written on this subject, there is no such thing as exhausting it; and the experience of every new man adds some facts to its philosophy. This at first sight is singular enough; because Friendship, like Love, is an immortal offspring whose nature is eternal and unchangeable. One would think, therefore, that what is truly affirmed of it to day would be true for all time; and in reality it is so; but I find so many conflicting theories about it, in ancient and modern authors, that I also must furnish a theory of their theories, in order to reconcile these learned contradictions. And here I will call in a doctrine of the old Indian metaphysics, as it was taught four thousand years ago on the Banks of the Ganges, and preserved in the *Bhaguvet Geeta*, an episode of the great epic poem called the *Mahabharat*, of which Veias is the reputed author. The doctrine is something like the following: Each soul when it becomes incarnate in the human form can only manifest itself in proportion to its energies; and these are always modified by the laws of its physical environment: hence each individual, altho essentially the same with all others, stands in near or remote relationship with those absolute truths which lie at the bottom of material phenomena, and are the cause of them, according to the original *Goon*, or *Qualities* which enter into his soul at birth; for these determine not only his power of insight, but his spiritual sphere of activity. And in this way I account for the endless differences of men on the great questions of ethical and moral science. There seem at all events to be good grounds for faith in this ancient doctrine when these differences are well considered; for there is a sort of fatality about all speculative enquiries which precludes the possibility of an universal agreement concerning them. We have endless systems of mental philosophy and religion, both old and new; each of which bears the mark of some originating and presiding mind, altho we have no two alike; and the Indian with his doctrine of

kk

the *Goon*, explains the matter very much to my satisfaction. We will not quarrel, therefore, with the spiritual necessities, nor impugn the wisdom of the Master in conducting his vast affairs; for it is certainly to be believed, above all other things, that he knows his own concerns better than we, and will bring them to the wisest issues. Let us set it down once for all, that uniformity of belief, thought, and opinion, is neither possible nor desirable; and that so long as men exist, there must, by the law of the *Goon*, be wide difference amongst them, both in belief and insight. This fact, however, must not be understood as questioning, or in any way affecting, the great Integrities of the Universe; these exist because God exists; and our dark or lucid apprehension of them is comparatively a very small and indifferent thing in so immense a government. God could not afford to risk the unities and harmonies of his world upon the will, caprice, ignorance, or even wisdom of men; and has taken care of them from the beginning of days. I sometimes fancy it matters little how we think or act, provided we set up a law of life, and obey it; for the compensations of men do not come to them at second hand, but flow direct from the motive and the deed.

I have lately been much struck with another consideration, which seems to give the weight and sanction of heaven to the thought I have just now uttered concerning the indifference attached to human action in the general administration of the world. It is this: God has so ordered it, *that each man is happy*, in the common sense of the word, *within the circle of his own thought*. If he be ignorant or profane, and believe in the senses and their gratification as the end of all things, he receives the rewards and penalties of that state, and has *his* joys and satisfactions, such as they are, out of it.

Nature does not trouble herself with revival meetings to make men better, but commands every man to live by his own law; and whether that law belongs to the sensual and devilish, or to the religious and godlike, she is equally cool and unconcerned about it. There is no doubt a high cognizance taken of human actions in the supreme courts of the divine judicature, but it is in accordance with Justice and not tyranny; and every man is judged by his own perception of right and wrong, and not by any foreign standard. There are many persons who are born blind, and are incapable by their very nature of apprehending these subtle and refined questions which belong to the spiritual science. And altho it is doubtless a fine thing to stand amongst the stars, and unveil the awful shadows and mysteries of life, death, and immortality,—it is no mean thing to be master of the physical laws, nor indeed to *live* by them, in such sort as to become a good deliver, or builder, or a good mechanic. Would it not be unjust therefore, to turn upon such a man, and charge him with treason to the spiritual laws, of which he has neither heed nor knowledge? He is content with his station, and lives a happy and victorious life in it; so that the reward he has for his fidelity to himself, is as good and sure as that which the philosopher receives for his. I think philosophy is too proud, and should descend a little. We are at the best, but a poor race of mortals, and our sublimest talk is nonsense to the renowned Seraphim. Let the scholar learn to black his own shoes, and reverence human hands and the stuff they work with. A railway, or a viaduct, is surely as true and solid a thing, in its relation to nature and human life, as a proposition of Euclid, a

reverie of Plato, or a speculation on the immortality of the soul. No doubt it would be well to unite mental culture and physical labor, and so harmonize the two spheres of thought and action; but I cannot understand why the scholar should crow over the laborer, altho the laborer might be excused for laughing occasionally at the whims of the scholar. The truth is, that each man has his work to do, and is fitted by nature for it. His *Goon* decides his course; and he is attracted by all the external things to which he is related, until he finds full play for his faculties. The scholar and the worker, however, must always constitute two distinct orders. The spade is the foe of thought; or, in other words, a life of toil is incompatible with the fine fancies and delicate sensibilities of the poet or the contemplative man. It requires, if success is to be achieved, that one should devote his *whole* energies to his calling; and this is especially the case in literature, which of all vocations necessitates the longest period of apprenticeship for its mastery.

It must not be understood from these observations that I deny the claims of labor to what culture it can get. I think a literary and scientific taste, as well as a generally moral and religious training, may very well accord with the working condition; and I am for diffusing as much joy and beauty as possible, both intellectual and moral, over every human life. But I am here speaking of the Scholar proper,—he who is *called* to the office of thought and learning, as one who belongs to an old and honorable order, distinct from the equally old and honorable order of manual workers. It is a distinction deeply marked in every civilization, and the cause of it is to be found in the constitution of man, and the original plans and purposes of nature. For nature is careful of all her children; and has no pets nor darlings, whatever the poets may say about it; she opens the windows of heaven and shows one man a few glimpses of the infinite, and prompts him to sing of their wondrous beauty and glory; she enters into the mind of the artist, and he reflects her loveliness upon the canvass; she admits the pure man into her most secret courts and teaches him the hidden and divine meaning of her external transformations; but she has no more love for these persons than for the despised mason or blacksmith. They are all born out of her bosom, and are equally dear to her. But she recognizes no individuality as such, and makes all men her servants, that *humanity* may prosper. Humanity, not man, is the idea of nature. To this idea all persons bend; and crime, and war, and revolution, are but the phenomenal agents by which she works out her end. Hence I cleave with strong faith and hope to the Future, and believe in the sacred Sabbath when humanity shall reign and triumph; and the individual purified thro' the fire of the ages, shall harmonize with the Idea, and work henceforth in love.

Nevertheless man, *as a person*, is sacred to me; for I do not profess to be so large as nature, and cannot count by millions, and estimate the aggregate of human happiness by the amount of individual suffering. I love my fellow creatures; and altho I philosophize a little sometimes, and am apt to take stern views of things and speak them in hard words, I am no executioner; and Calvary with its sorrows is dearer to me than Sinai with its thunders.

It seems to me, then, that the first condition of *Friendship is mutual relationship*. There can be no high offices exchanged, nor communion held, betw een

persons of unrelated natures. It is not necessary indeed, that every quality of mind, and every point of character, should be exactly similar; it is enough if the general aim and aspiration of both parties have a like tendency and purpose. Dissimilarities in minor matters are but the natural marks of individuality, and increase the pleasure of friendship. For no one would desire to unite himself with his Echo, unless he were so enamoured of his own person as to be incapable of love or esteem for another; and in such case friendship would be impossible. Manhood and plain dealing are essential to constitute a noble bond between friends. There should be no dainty concealment of each others faults and vices, but a brave and mutual admonishment of them. It is better to be corrected by a friend than an enemy; but if our friends fail in their duty to us, let us listen to our enemies. Neither need we take any trouble in the choice of friends, but leave them to gravitate to us; for this is the law, that like seeks like, and will find it thro' all obstructions. There is a kind of magnetism pervading mind as well as matter, which attracts or repels men to or from each other. Sensual men seek their own kind, and men of culture their's. But true friendship is a rare thing, and exists but a few times in a thousand years. And the reason is, that men are coarse and selfish, and do not see how deep are the foundations of this intercourse; nor the love and sacrifice it enjoins. 'A Friend,' said Pythagorus, 'is one's other self'; and this is too sublime a doctrine to be generally believed and acted upon; altho even this is not the highest. Few persons indeed, are either worthy to enter into this alliance, or great enough to sustain its functions. For, in that highest form of it, it requires a total abandonment of self, and a more than chivalrous devotion to the beloved person. We must be ready not only to share our fortune with our friend, but to make ourselves beggars for his thrift and honor; nay, to die for him, if need be. For in our compact with this spirit of friendship, we agree to abandon all selfish and private considerations, and yield ourselves in entire obedience to its dictates; so that personal sacrifices are no longer painful requirements, but beautiful and joyful privileges. But it will be said that such friendship is not, nor ever was, in existence; and that the standard is too high for any human bearer. I am not careful to answer this objection in any other manner than by repeating the affirmation. He however who is incapable of conceiving such a condition may be sure that his Goon will hinder him from ever attaining or enjoying it. It must be some favored one amongst the Brahmins, in the royal line of men, and no Sudra that will reach it; and therefore I do not now address myself to this latter class of persons. It is no less certain that friendship is not a name merely, but a reality having its roots in the spiritual world. In plainer language, one might call it a perfect and just relationship between two souls of like quality, born for each other, and destined to show, by their mutual good offices and love, how beautiful and divine a thing human life may be made. I accept the hint for myself, and would have all men become friends in their appointed sphere. For if the highest friendship be unattainable except to a few, its intermediate forms are open to all; and no man is so disturbed by his passions that he cannot do service to some one; if not for love, then from a choice that resembles it. The most evil nature is not altogether evil; but reposes on a sunny background, which shows itself in more or less frequent gleams and gushes of light, thro' the general masque of its action. Every man therefore, is

capable of friendship in a higher or lower degree, according to his nature. And this particular union of men, as well as that universal tending to each other which binds them into societies and produces all the arts and conveniences of civilization, is necessitated and beyond the will; being the work of those Polar, invisible harmonies, which direct and sustain the moral world.

We are wonderful phenomena, and all our thoughts and doings are shrouded in mystery, which, in spite of our theories, no one has yet unraveled. The truth is, we are unravelable. We feel there is vital and active force within us, which we call Soul and Spirit; and that we are strangely linked to invisible worlds by a magnetism that stretches from us thro' all the shining forms of nature; but we know no more. What we are, and whither we drift thro' this shoreless sea of time, are secrets which no one may uncover. They are the shadowy veil which conceals the sacred Isis of our existence; and all is dark beyond them. Yet we love to speculate on our nature and destiny. Philosophy and religion are generated in us under the brooding wings of this beautiful and sorrowful mystery; but they explain nothing to our satisfaction. Leaving all theories, therefore, let us speak of the more practical bearings of Friendship on human life and conduct.

And here let me repeat, that friends do not come for seeking, but for the most part suddenly, as if they were introduced to us by angels. No one ever found his soul's counterpart by hunting for him in the public thoroughfares. We must wait for the time and the man. Even truth itself by too much and too subtle questioning evades us; and flies away as with the wings of the morning. Hurry overturns its own chariot, and the creeping tortoise arrives before it at the goal. It is better that we should go thro' the world alone, than clog ourselves with inconvenient acquaintances who cannot come nearer to us than our dinner tables. I desire to be courteous and respectful to all men who are worthy of it, but I make no professions of love to those who have no hold upon my nature. Nevertheless my warm sympathies compel me to take an interest in all manner of persons, whom I serve in the best way I can, without pretense however of any higher feeling towards them than that of common humanity, and equally, I hope, without ostentation. Whilst, therefore, I give full play to the social faculties, and like nothing better than to see people happy about me, I yield myself to few; and have only met one man to whom I could give myself without reserve. I have however, many friends, dear and well beloved for their gifts and virtues; and if I were called upon to choose between them, in some sacrifice required of me, which would save one and leave the rest in difficulty, I know not how I should act; so equal are all their claims upon my affection and regard.

I know these numerous attachments are not in accordance with the antique idea of friendship, and that the old philosophers condemned them as inconsistent with the sublime devotion which true friendship requires: But in the absence of the person who is to realize this idea for us, and absorb, in his own great nature, all the love and enthusiasm of ours, I think we may be excused if, in these diversified attachments, we surround ourselves with the graces and integrities which belong to them. Besides, is not the solar spirit which attracts so many others to itself, and diffuses its light, warmth, and seasonable bounty on all alike, greater than the fixed and stellar spirit, that goes hand in hand with its rober into the starry silences, muffled up in the fire of this one attachment, and

dead to all besides? If I were not fearful of eating my own words, and offending the philosophers, I could call this a sublime selfishness; a fanaticism of devotion too exaggerated to be human. And yet, as I said before, history is not without some great examples of this kind, which, like that of Damon and Pythias, one cannot help revering. For we all worship heroism, especially when it is transfigured by love. But this friendship can only exist under certain conditions, and would lose half its dignity and glory—nay, would become an act of injustice—if these conditions were but slightly altered. How if Damon have a wife and children, and Pythias be doomed to die? Will the affection of Damon for his friend justify him in dying in his stead, and leaving these unprotected and unprovided for? Hence it seems that this highest devotion of friend to friend cannot exist, or cannot be carried to its noblest issues, except amongst single men. For a man can no longer give himself exclusively to his friend, when he has entered upon the responsibilities of marriage.

We need not define however, in this day, the relative duties of marriage and friendship, thro' fear lest any one should overstep the bounds of either, and sacrifice himself for another's good. The days of chivalry are over, and are not likely to return to us for a long season. Yet there is a kind of friendship still possible, which is rational and befitting for all men. It consists in love founded upon esteem, and in the interchange of beautiful thoughts and deeds. This is a friendship not confined either to age or sex, but one that is universal in its embracement. For I am of opinion that friendship between men and women is not only possible without any admixture of amorous feelings—(or if any, only just sufficient to give a higher moral tone to the union)—but that it is capable of producing the purest and most refined enjoyment. I could even go so far as to recommend that every youth should engage himself to some maiden of known purity and honor, that in so doing he might become enamoured of her virtues, and thus preserve himself from the vices to which youth is liable. I know, however, that Venus is jealous of her empire, and does not like friendship to encroach upon her borders; but I am, nevertheless, serious in my recommendation.

Of manly friendship, that of Montaigne for Estienne de la Boetie, is according to my mind, and worthy of imitation. These two men, both of them scholars and authors, lived upon terms of such perfect equality, that the will of each, according to Montaigne, was merged into that of the other, and their secrets and possessions were common to both. The history of these deep attachments restores our faith in human virtue and integrity, and gives us hope for the future. Friendship, however, should have warmth as well as dignity. I do not like the cold Ideal of this virtue which Emerson has set forth in his treatise upon it. I would have men, men; not plastic effigies. Let me feel the blood in this beating heart, and the fire in this large brain of my friend, that so I may be assured of his humanity, and repose trustfully and lovingly upon his bosom, with all my joys and sorrows. I shall not respect him the less, and shall surely love him the more, for this assurance. Whilst I am upon the earth I wish to live with men, and not stones, even tho' they be carved in the likeness of gods. Neither is perfect friendship compatible with this Cynicism, which walks the world in an impenetrable toga, and preserves "its island inviolate." If my friend be me, he may pass over all my bounds without trespass. But if I am of too high and sacred a nature for friend-

ship, will it not be wise in me to hold my peace about friends? This stately demeanor looks a little like affectation. It is the form of a man frozen into ice by pride, under the name of philosophy. Friendship is a thing of flesh and blood, and has a warm hand and heart, as well as a free celestial spirit. I do not care for the good offices of a man who comes to me with condescension, in his robes of state. Friends are equal, or they are not friends. Let me live on such terms with mine, that, like Eudamidas, I may in dying bequeath them the care and support of my wife and child. Common friendship, however, cannot reach to this height; and none but men of rare spirits are capable of so close a union, as to warrant such familiarity and freedom. When Shelley gave Leigh Hunt a thousand pounds to liberate him from his difficulties, the act was conceived in the finest spirit of ancient virtue; and showed that he valued his friend more than his purse; which is by no means a modern custom. And certainly, if any one were formed for high and noble friendship, it was Shelley, who, of all men was the purest minded and the most disinterested. He was worthy to have discoursed with Plato, and to have had Socrates for his friend. He was infatuated with the love of beauty and virtue, and no mean consideration ever stained the spotless mirror of his nature. Like the divine Prometheus whose great sufferings and calm endurance he has sung in strains as musical and sublime as those of Eschylus, he would have bared his own bosom to the Vulture, and died to save his friend. This is no figure of speech, but a fact, the truth of which many now living can vouch for. If another man could have been found great enough to mate him in love and virtue, there is no conceivable grandeur of character in relation to friendship, which these two might not have manifested.

But we must not look for such exhibitions in every day life. It is enough if we here find common truth and honesty between men; and all the higher and transcendent virtues, if they appear, must be set down as Godsend. Indeed, truth and honesty are of immense importance, and are the foundation of all the virtues. We can pass thro' the world very well with these for our companions, and scarcely miss the angels of the higher fellowship. It is counsel and consolation under difficulties and sorrows, that we for the most part need, in our journey thro' the wilderness; and it does not require any extraordinary devotion between man and man, to secure, according to the faculties of each, the faithful performance of their duties. Life is full of occasions which call for true and friendly service; and, in spite of all the low prudence and cunning which exist, I think God is revenged upon the devil, in the general fidelity with which these services are discharged. Men are not so bad as they are represented to be by those who are interested in the doctrine of human depravity; otherwise friendship would be impossible; and honesty would consist in cutting throats and picking pockets. Leaving this matter, however, and returning to the higher discourse, I should not be pardoned, if I did not allude to that free communion which is the result of all noble friendship, and the very atmosphere which it breathes. This is the true glory of life when soul meets soul without disguise, and their inmost thoughts and feelings are exchanged as gold for gold. Then there are no longer any sacred mysteries which it is profanity to question; but all the windows of heaven are opened to our view; and the most hidden and awful things are revealed. In these happy moments nature seems to keep holiday, and

rejoice in all her courts. But the entrance of a third person who is not in the sphere of this communion, dissolves the enchantment; as fairies are said to vanish at the approach of human footsteps. Thus it will be seen, that to attain the poetry and romance of friendship, there must not only be equal natures, but an equal amount of culture. What kind of intercourse could Plotinus hold with Calvin? Bacon with Paine or Fichte with Cobbett? Clearly none of a very celestial order—for whilst Fichte, for example, was demonstrating the relationship of the Ego to the non-Ego, Cobbett would be thinking of his pigs or politics.

I sometimes picture to myself, therefore, a Colony of Friends located in some distant land, untrammelled by prejudice and open to all noble and beautiful influences, as a dream not quite impossible to be realized. And in a large and teeming population like ours, I think a number of good and cultivated men could be found, of sufficient practical talents as well as generous sentiments, to justify the experiment. Why should not the nineteenth century produce a Republic equal to that of the Spartans? At all events, a colony of friends banded together for the common good, to the end that they might enjoy a nobler intercourse with each other, would be a new thing under the sun; and worthy of our best wishes and efforts for its success. If we *are* such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life be rounded with a sleep, I do not see why we may not one day awake and find ourselves in Paradise.

SENSUOUS ÆSTHETICS.

"Men who over-cultivate the Art that connects itself with the senses, with little counterpoise from the reason and pure intellect, are apt to be dissipated and irregular in their lives. This is frequently noticeable in the biographies of musicians, singers, and painters,—less so in poets, because he who deals with words, not signs and tones, must perpetually compare his senses with the pure images of which the senses only see the appearances; in a word, he must employ his intellect, and his self-education must be large and comprehensive. But with most real genius, however fed merely by the senses—most really great painters, singers, and musicians, however easily led astray into temptation,—the richness of the soil throws up abundant good qualities to countervail or redeem the evil—they are usually compassionate, generous, sympathizing."—BULWER'S *Children of the Night*.

"As Labor is the arch-elevator of man, so Patience is the essence of labor."—*Ibid*.

"What men want is, not talent, it is purpose;—in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor."—*Ibid*.

ON THE HUMAN SOUL.

THE Works of CHARLES FOURIER, the French Socialist, are of great interest to whoever would understand the workings of continental Europe, in which the ideas propounded by this head of the leading Socialist school, mingle as a most important element. Those Works unquestionably contain practical and original suggestions that may be of use to this country, in the investigation of the questions now pressing upon its notice; as Colonial Empire, Public Education and Health, the Peace Question, Finance, etc.

There is, however, a neutral aspect in the Works of this earnest writer, which may more actively commend him to the English student, viz. his Philosophy of Human Nature. On this ground he stands alone,—apart both from the schools of Germany and Britain. It is a philosophy and a method, exclusively built on history and daily life; in a word—on Society: on man, not as abstracted by the metaphysicians, but as stamping himself in the past as the present, on this real universe; standing to his Fellows in the relations of friend, husband, kinsman, and citizen: to Truth, in the relation of a triune percipience of the order of creation; to the World, as the power of the five senses, with their various developments: to the Divinity, or the root and height of real-being, as a minor image of His faculties: but still, in all these relations, *a man*, as God has made him, *of flesh and blood*.

Any thing so much aiming to convert all philosophy into good sense, by referring it to *facts*, has not appeared before in Europe. In this respect Fourier looks at every subject from a new point of view; his path becomes most suggestive; and it cannot fail to be a boon to Britain, to add a knowledge of his Works to those of other great philosophers.

With respect to his work on the Soul, it views mankind collectively as one historical and social being, made up of many parts or organs: *a human universe answering to the physical*, full of kingdoms, atmospheres, and distinct appreciable substances. It is thus a Natural History of the Soul, derived, not from individual specimens, like the private, minute monograms of other philosophers, but from the scope and teaching of the whole earth, broad, deep, and long; or national, social, and historical;—an integral source of information which has been so fruitful in the positive sciences, and which promises to convert philosophy itself into the most positive and sublime of them all: into a science that will be the spiritual or social counterpart of the mundane sciences; and free from the voids or abstractions that are the weakness and the soul of metaphysics.

The style of this work is characterized by three qualities, each sufficient to entitle it to the esteem and consideration of all enquiring and truthful minds: it has all that manly honesty and unscrupulous bluntness so conspicuous in our own Cobbett, without his bad taste,—a racy humor and caustic sarcasm that remind one strongly of Swift,—and that exquisite transparency which is the peculiar excellence of French writers on philosophy.

It is now proposed to publish this great work by subscription. It is already translated, and will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers is obtained. An outline of the contents of the work will best indicate its value and compass.

I. OF THE FIVE SENSUAL PASSIONS.

1. Divisions and Subdivisions of the Passions.—Scale of Passions.—Various Classifications of the Senses.—Subversive Development of the Senses.—Poverty of the existing Senses.

2. Depravation of the Senses.—Subversive State of the lower degrees of Vision.—Subversive State of the Intermediate Degrees of Vision.—Of Progression.—Of Somnambulism.—On Obscurantism.

3. Higher degrees of Vision.—Explanation of Two Problems in Vision.—Supplement to the Analysis of Vision.—Application to all the Senses.—High Degrees of Touch.—Conclusions on the Scales of Passions.—Sideral Intercourse.—Destination of Souls; Office of Matter in the System of the Universe; Necessity of Material Happiness.

II. OF THE SEVEN SPIRITUAL PASSIONS.

1. *Of Friendship.* Of the Study of the Four cardinal Spiritual Passions—Ambition, Friendship, Love, and Parentage.—Elementary Notions on these Four Passions.—Low degrees of Friendship.—Cardinal degrees of Friendship.—Transcendent degrees of Friendship.

2. *Of Ambition.*—The Two Scales of Ambition.—*Of Love.*—*Of Parentage.*—Errors about the Properties of Parentage.—Contrasts of these Passions.—Open and Hidden Passions.

3. *Of the Three Intellectual Passions,* or the Loves of Order.—Of the Passion for the Composite, or the Love of Combination.—Of the Passion for Series, or the Love of Cabal or Intrigue.—Of the Passion for Alternation, or the Love of Variety.—Recapitulation of the Three Intellectual Passions.—Of the Subversive Working of the Three Intellectual Passions.—Vocabulary of the Subversive Degrees of these Passions.

III. OF THE GREAT CENTRAL PASSION FOR UNITY, OR THE LOVE OF THE INFINITE.

Of the High Powers of the Intellectual Passions.—Of Mutilated and Abortive Passions. Of the Pressure of the Twelve Radical Passions.—Of the great Central Passion called Unitism; Sublimity of this Passion.—Progressive Nature of the Central Passion.—Of the Necessity of a Scale of Centres or Foci.—The Three Ramifications of the Central Passion in its Harmonic, Subversive, and mixed Developments.

Such a work, from such a man, cannot fail to be interesting and instructive. The disciples of Fourier, indeed, who number amongst them some of the greatest thinkers of the time, esteem it his masterpiece. It unites solid reasoning, with keen wit and brilliant fancy. Its criticisms on the evils of existing society are perhaps matchless, while, in reference to the future, it elaborates the most ingenious system of Social Reform ever propounded to the world. As a specimen of the work, we translate one or two of the chapters.

OF THE CABALIST.

The spirit of Cabal is the passion most cried down by the philosophers, and yet the one that is most common to all their sects.—It has been most unreasonably confounded with Ambition. Our analysts comprize under the name of Ambition, a host of different and often contradictory passions. The man who stands aloof from intrigues in order to cultivate and improve his estate, is not a caballer from inclination, since he avoids the stage of cabalistic plots; yet he is ambitious of industrial fortune. You must therefore be careful not to confound Ambition with the spirit of Cabal and Dissent, such as you see

break forth amongst our operatives, who form turbulent and quarrelsome cabals from which they can only reap blows and imprisonment. This caballing mania arises from a pressure of the tenth passion, which requires intrigues, struggles, scisms, and discords of any kind. If you cannot give it useful ones it creates mischievous ones. Our passions are incompressible, they *must* have their way, in good or in evil.

Discord has its uses, as well as accord, in the mechanism of Harmony. You see in an organ-case each pipe placed between two that disagree with it; the same thing must be effected in forming the scales of the passions and of characters; and the first work to be undertaken in founding harmony will be to arrange a host of disagreements for each one, a principle widely differing from our 400,000 volumes of wisdom which wish that men should be all brothers, all of one opinion. Nature requires a contrariety of tastes that should give birth in all to the cabalistic spirit, a passion to which you might give the name of *social salt*, for it is the seasoning and the stimulus of our relations, and you hardly find a twelfth part of the characters that can do without habitual cabals.

A very comical contrast is the influence of the Cabalist compared with the vociferations of the sages against cabals; there is not a legal assembly in existence that does not open its proceedings by an invocation to the Holy Ghost (the chant *Veni Creator*), to ask Him to grant that He may transform the members of the assembly into a family of brothers, all of one mind.

This invocation of the Holy Ghost, is it not a direct and insolent criticism on the operations of God? Is it not as much as saying to Him, underhand: 'Supreme Being, Thou hast created 12 passions to which Thou hast subjected us; we will not obey Thee, we wish that Thou shouldst surrender to the sage counsels of Plato and Robespierre,—that Thou shouldst suppress these passions that have not the honor of pleasing the philosophers.'

Is it not appropriate, that as the only reply to so impertinent a demand, God condemns the petitioners to run from the church to the committees of cabals?

Let us proceed regularly to the analysis, and let us observe in the first place the prodigious influence of the caballing spirit; afterwards we shall examine its uses.

We know that little is required to kindle the spirit of cabal: witness the futile quarrels of the *quismquam* and of the *quumquam*, and so many others of the same calibre, that have often caused torrents of blood to flow, tho the subject in itself was not worth the sacrifice of a lucifer match. The Greeks of the Lower Empire, at the moment when their capital was threatened by the Turks, were inveterately disputing about the light of Mount Thabor: it would have been better to have levied battallions.

From practical absurdity let us pass to the theoretical absurdity. Our philosophers, convinced of the scourges caused by the spirit of cabal, thought fit to stifle it; but you cannot, it is a passion inherent in the human mind. You must therefore set about *utilizing* it, and when you shall know the means of doing this, which is to employ passionnal and contrasted series, so much advantage will be derived from cabals that you will only have to occupy yourself with kindling and developing them in numerous parties, and graduated and classified disagreements, in different groups forming an ascending and descending series.

Observe, I do not speak here about civilization, where every cabal becomes a departure from order; I am only treating of Harmony, where the means will be had of balancing the cabals, which from that time will become eminently useful. They will give birth, in the most insipid function, like tillage, to a crowd of rivalities that will violently stimulate the industrious, and will attach more charms to the agricultural and manufacturing functions than are presented now by the amusements of civilization.

Let us not forget, that in that state, the industrious works under a moveable

tent, in the company of friends and in beautiful workshops, in short and intriguing sessions,—that he is well clothed, and well fed, and that he only chooses those branches of labor agreeable to him. Without these accessories how do you suppose that agricultural labor will become attractive?

Let us first prove the necessity of the incentive of cabal. Most men, and still more women, are only happy in as much as they have intrigues to engage in, or to forward; if they cannot play first fiddle, they like at least to figure in them. Intrigue, whether of Love or of Ambition, is an element so necessary to the human mind, that when you collect a party, you are obliged, in all countries, to supply it with card-tables to engross the minds by a semblance of cabalistic strife, and prevent dullness that would very quickly spring up if the assembly had no intrigue to discuss. Female parties are reproached on account of their paltry plots respecting matters of dress, the jew-gaws of fashion; the men, on their part, do just the same in the cause of elections, and children in their mischievous romps, so that the whole of society can decline the verb: 'I cabal, you cabal, he cabals.'

This want of intrigue impels us to seek at the theatre and in romances, for an image of cabal—a shadow of the tenth passion of which we are deprived. The classes accustomed to intrigue, the courtiers, the stock-jobbers, women of gallantry, know no greater torment than that of being suddenly deprived of intrigue by some mishap or exile that excludes them from the cabalistic arena. Transport an intriguer into a sweet country home, very moral, very monotonous, living on boiled turnips and moral stews, confining its pleasures to the contemplation of simple nature and rural loves, you would see the intriguer dry up with ennui there. The philosophers themselves, who want to make us all enemies of cabal and of intrigue, are its warmest partizans, and if the authorities did not restrain them, they would perpetually upset the social world by their cabals, clubs, and pamphlets; * there is not one of them who does not seek to show himself on the arenas of intrigue, especially at court, and who does not worry himself to escape from the moral languors of domestic life. The women have still more ardor than the men for the spirit of intrigue; it is the *appanage* of weakness, and at this rate ought to be very dear to the civilizers, who, all compressed in the development of their passions, have a violent tendency to intrigue, and to seek some channel of passionnal development in cabals!

If the spirit of cabal were a vice that were displeasing to God, why should he have given the property of the cabalistic spirit to all the masses? This mania is the essence of all meetings, and yet God only wishes to operate upon masses, not upon individuals, whose action is essentially false.

In a deliberating assembly, that is free and occupied about some object capable of exciting its passions, such as administration, legislation, literature, criticism, etc., opinions will be seen to divide from the outset into three principal parties, whereof the first and the third will be opposed, irreconcilable, and the second a mixed party that will hold the balance, and temper more or less both extremes. It is an effect observed in all great meetings from the Diet or legislative assemblies to the inferior Coteries, like the religious houses, clubs, circles of pleasure.

If the disagreements have ever so little aliment, you will see the three great parties divide themselves into two or three little ones, that will give about nine secondary parties, nine Cabals, which will have mental points of contact and of union, according to the method explained in the prolegomena.

* All this is equally true of every Religious Association or assembly. Witness annual meetings, conventions, conferences, committees, inquisitions, classes, private-parties, organizations, schemes, investigations, expulsions, and criticisms of each other, or of their religious chiefs.—ED.

For example, in the famous National Assembly of '89 you might have easily distinguished the following parties, independently of the varieties in each subdivision.

Three Parties of Genus.

- A. The Royalists called Aristocrats.
- B. The Constitutionalists called Moderates.
- C. The Republicans called Demagogues.

Nine Parties of Species.

- A. 1. The ultra-feudal Royalists.
- 2. The mild Royalists.
- 3. The shuffling Royalists.
- B. 1. The half-royalist Constitutionalists.
- 2. The firm Constitutionalists.
- 3. The half-demagogue Constitutionalists.
- C. 1. The mild Demagogues.
- 2. The decided Demagogues.
- 3. The ultra Demagogues.

A principle that must be observed and laid down here, is, the trinary division of the two parties, the inevitable classification into two opposed genera and one mixed, a division that appears again in the third distributive passions, thus: ^b

Cabalist.	Papillonne.	Composite.
Disagreement.	Alternation.	Accord.

It is quite indispensable that the three passions destined to create the mechanism of the series should form between themselves this counter-poise which you find in all the series, both measured and free.

Every deliberating assembly falls speedily and spontaneously into this division, which you may predict even before the corporation has met and held a session; it opens with oratorical twaddle, it is proved very philosophically that all must be of one mind, all friends of trade and of the charter,—and the very same evening these fooleries of form are forgotten, in order to obey Attraction, the tenth passion, that requires a load of cabals well contrasted and graduated in a three-fold sense.

I have said that nobody obeys this tenth passion more effectually than the philosophers who declaim against it, and, in the assemblies where these sages and their maxims rule paramount, you see caballing burst forth with such violence, that very speedily these virtuous Republicans send each other in batches to the scaffold for the balance of trade and morality, as was seen in '93.

In an assembly not sovereign, like an Academy, subject to laws that prevent these regulated decapitations, you always find these three parties of genus again, subdivided into leagues or coteries of species.

Our naturalists, in their tables of the kingdoms, conform to this disposition, which may be called *divine*, since God has established it everywhere. Our passions tend to develop themselves in the same order, and to form the series everywhere. It is impracticable in civilization, where the domestic societies, reduced to the smallest number, to a single family, cannot tally with this classification. The want does not the less exist in our souls, and we see, in every numerous assembly, this mania of cabal germinate, which tends to give relief to and graduate the fancies, to create the disagreement and genus of the series. This order ought to appoint a group to the exercise of each function, and distribute the sum total of the groups into three divisions, one centre and two wings. To coincide with the tenth passion, God has distributed in this manner, the animals, plants, and minerals, which will be the object of the functions and intrigues of industry in the passionnal series.

^b See the whole of Section 3, Part II. of this Treatise.

If a genus of fruit yielding a hundred varieties, contains thirty applicable to a certain district, its cultivators, that is to say, those only who will be passionately devoted to the care of this fruit, will be subdivided into a cabalistic series of thirty groups, each of them devoted to the care of one of the branches to which it will be partial. Each group will intrigue in favor of that which it has adopted, and against the two varieties contiguous to its own; each individual will intrigue in favor of the different groups in which he shall play his part; for, in a culture of pears or apples, an individual can very well take part in favor of four or five species, and enroll himself in the same number of groups in favor of which he cabals, and whereof he supports the culture by pecuniary or other means.

It will be thus with *all* the industrial functions, and particularly with the domestic function, of which a fearful confusion is made in civilization, by charging one woman only, wife or servant, with the whole business. Yet these functions are of an immense variety.

A poor housekeeper is thus obliged amongst us to have her hands full of these innumerable details; to take care of the kitchens, cellars, barns, stables, gardens, orchards, fruit-loft, confectionary, provisions, wash-house, serving, etc., and of the varieties of these different genera. In the garden alone a housekeeper may have fifty species to look after, and in the kitchen almost as many; in the cellar at least twenty; that is to say, the housekeeper is obliged to mind alone all the household labors that would require the intervention of more than three hundred groups in a phalanx of passional harmony. Accordingly the lady holds this household work in aversion, whereof the least branch is so much above her means, and presents no fuel for intrigue. Every woman would willingly join in three or four branches of these labors, if she found coupled with them cabalistic parties and other incentives; but being obliged to embrace the task of one hundred or two hundred corporations, she is exhausted, disheartened, and she cannot fail to have an aversion for domestic labors, or to perform them without intelligence, as happens with our housekeepers, the most renowned of whom are novices in comparison with the intelligence of the passional series, where every variety, every shade, employs a group violently impassioned, and consequently very intelligent,—for you only do well in industry what you do from passionate liking.

Having sufficiently proved the existence of the passion, it only remains for us to distinguish its two developments,—the harmonic and the subversive.

The harmonic cabalist is a productive, converging emulation,—a competition to rival in economy and in industrial perfection.

The subversive cabalist is a destructive opposition, or contrivance to rival in ruin and depravation.

Emulative-cabal binds all the series, slightly isolating itself from the extremes or transitions.

Subversive-cabal binds extremes, kings and soldiers, to oppress masses by a fusion of extremes.

The emulative cabal is easily distinguished from the subversive; the results on both sides must be productive and economical, in order that there may be emulation. Manufacturers contending about a price and perfecting their article to obtain it, are in emulative cabal, for the result will be useful to each of them, and economical, in as much as it is useful to the mass of society, by the improvement of industry. Merchants who contend in sales and lavish the costs of rivalry, multiply journeys for orders, sell below the cost price to carry off a buyer from their neighbor, are in subversive cabal. Their competition is mischievous; it is nothing but a connivance of idle expenses and of insane measures that will be ultimately fatal to each of them, by impoverishing them and impelling them to bankruptcy. This extravagant rivalry will in like manner be ruinous to society, by the useless consumption of capital, agents, journeys, and outlays which add nothing to the produce, and are a dead loss to society.

This parallel of the manufacturer and of the merchant is the exact picture of the two cabalists, and of the two competitions, the *converging* and the *diverging*. The manufacturers tend collectively to economize, to simplify by machines that require fewer hands, shorten labor, and claim fewer agents from culture. The merchants, collectively, tend, without intending it, to complicate the mechanism, to over-load it with parasitical agents and useless outlays. Since '89 their number has tripled itself; their expenses, their journeys, correspondencies, and outlays to gain customers, are become three and four times as numerous, for a function which (in the end) is still of the same extent; since a town of 100,000 souls does not consume more provisions or clothing than it did thirty years ago, and yet the casting up of its mercantile agencies will give a number three times as great as that of 1789, and a three-fold employment of hands and of capital unprofitably diverted from productive labor, cultivation, and manufacture.

There exists therefore two competitions, and consequently two cabalistic processes, whereof one brings about complication and ruin, the other economy and perfection. This twofold development is common to all the passions.

For want of knowing the cabalist, which is nevertheless a very visible passion, our economists have missed the whole theory of reductive or truthful trade or competition, and have thrown themselves into the false theory;—that of complicated, anarchial, and lying competition.

A comical error of the savants is that of having thought that the merchants are constantly directed by Ambition, whereas they are very often moved by the subversive cabalist; accordingly they are seen to compromise their fortune in outlays of competition, of rivalry and stock-gambling. There is no longer Ambition where there is an evident and advised risk of loss, as in the act of a merchant who undersells to crush his neighbor, and ruins himself to ruin another. If the philosophers had known the tenth passion, the cabalist, which they so admirably practice, they would have made this distinction in commercial mechanism, and discovered that you must *repress* it, since it falls in all directions into the effects of the subversive cabalist: a lavishing of agents and of capital, loss of produce, etc. This jealous mania of the merchants is the antipode of the reductive competition, which ought to produce the greatest economy possible.

How many other faults are committed in serial mechanism from having confounded Ambition with the Cabalist! Their difference is seen everywhere. Don't you see in every country litigious men, who from the love of carrying on intrigues in the law-courts, will start twenty suits against their neighbors, and will ruin themselves in pleading for the pleasure of making their rivals undergo costs? M. Selves who has written a work against law-suits, appears to be the most litigious man in France; and such are in general the individuals who have the cabalist among their dominants—a passion that, almost always injurious in civilization, will be infinitely valuable in the mechanism of the series, where the mania for discord is the germ of classification, exact gradation, and active emulation between all the groups.

The cabalistic spirit is only injurious amongst us from a deficiency of industrial aliment. Let us suppose four groups occupied in making a certain culture prevail, say four pears,—called bury-pears,—the blonde, the grey, the brown, and the green (speckled bergamot.) If these four masses of cultivators carry on intrigue to give their fruit the upperhand, make outlays to improve it, and secure suffrages, or at least create a mass of partizans, by the excellence of each species, their cabals will have been laudable, and as useful as those of the elections are injurious and unproductive; and if these same men have each of them thirty cabals, like those of the bury-pear, there will only result from them prodigies of industry, a general phrenzy of emulation. People will be convinced that discord in industrial series is as useful as accord, that it is requisite that each of the groups of the series should be jealous of the two contiguous ones,

and should cabal actively to carry off the palm from them and cause the preference to be given to their own produce. It will be found useful that the group of the white bury-pear should labor to take partizans from that of the green bury,—and in the same way with the others, for from all these efforts there will result an extreme perfection of each produce. The cabals in this order of things, will become a passion as divine as it is now infernal, where its development only leads to injurious excesses, to the intrigues of stock-jobbers, to political commotions, etc.

In reply to the detractors of the cabalist, you may prove by a parallel of Ambition and of Love, that the cabalistic spirit is only vicious where it has too little aliment, and that cabals heaped together in great numbers are a pledge of passionnal balance.

In fact, Love is balanced in the case of a young man, handsome and very versatile, like Alcibiades; each of his love-intrigues is a subject of charm to him; he has always a greater share of success, at least three-fourths of triumph for one-fourth of failures; you might even say nineteen-twentieths for one-twentieth. In this case his love affairs only occupy him slightly; he carries them on with the confidence of a soldier secure of victory; he is not absorbed by love, and can lead abreast with it other passions like that of interest or ambition, whereas a philosophical Cock-turtle-dove, entirely absorbed by his lady turtle-dove, will lose sight of a host of other matters that he ought to have combined with his amours. Such a benedict will have no elasticity in business; he would not know how to make Ambition and Love march abreast, like the man who conducts rapidly several love-intrigues, and who handles Love in accords of the fifth and sixth degrees. In a case of this nature, his cabals are not limited, they extend from shepherdeses to queens; they embrace the sum total of society, and combine the groups of Ambition and of Friendship, with those of Love of Familism or Marriage.

The man who is able to combine in this way the cabals of the four groups is the man who is balanced in affective passions. He who neglects the three others for the sake of one of the four affectives, or the three other affective cabals for the love of country and of fraternity, is a fool who in time finds out his folly, and perceives that he ought to have led abreast the four cabals, and to have thought of interest at the same time that he thought of fraternity. You only arrive at this equilibrium by dint of having many cabals in each of the four affectives and of the five sensitives. The moment that one of the nine is confined to a single intrigue, it absorbs everything, and a character thus pre-occupied is nothing more than an abortion in civilized affairs.

Social perfection consists, therefore, in giving a full development to the cabals in each of the nine passions, in order to balance the different sorts of cabals one by the other, instead of reducing them to the feeblest development, or that of the Barbarians, who, by the custom of the harem, are deprived of the cabal of gallantry on the side of the man, and become a tomb of love in his case, instead of being its throne.

It is this privation of cabals that transforms Ambition into a gnawing worm to the civilizers; it is a stimulant to the courtiers who have a hundred intrigues to carry on; it is a torment for the small proprietor, who, with the delights of his rural and moral mediocrity, is maddened at not having influence in elections, nor the means of acquiring the field that would improve his estate, nor chances of marrying his poorly portioned daughter; he genuinely maddens to be without influence in the cabals, and confined in the paths of morality. He would require, to enjoy the passionnal balance, thirty cabals at least to carry on, and illusions to pursue; instead of this full and varied career, he has often, as the only aliment of the tenth passion, a single cabal, a longing for a public office which he loses after all.

A PHASE OF LIFE.



ENSE is the lower, yet at times
 It rules the soul with iron power,
 As weeds will sometimes choke the flower
 In fairest climes.
 I felt the grasp, and wrestled hard
 In vain: I raised the Eloi,
 But unavailing was the cry,
 The soul unstirred
 Lay powerless, till, each coil made fast,
 This *Satan*, to whom power is given
 With sons of God to enter Heaven,
 Bound me at last.
 With many questionings I went
 My weary course. A dull dense cloud
 Closed round my being like a shroud—
 A Kedar tent
 All black and strange.—And why, I said,
 Doth God so leave his child—disown
 A daughter he so long hath known,
 And grant no aid?
 Clear shines the sun, and yet I go
 Unblest by those life-giving rays:
 All nature hails him, but his gaze
 Fills me with wo.
 High, heaven-born yearnings I have had,
 Yet now the stars but give me pain,
 Pressing my eye balls on my brain
 Till I am mad.
 Ah, why thus mourning do I go?
 Are there not sunny valleys still?
 The winds still blow upon the hill—
 Why is it so?—
 A season came of change. I past
 To other scenes, I cared not where—
 Where e're I went, I carried there
 A soul o'er-cast.
 My sleep was broken, visions came
 Of ghastly mien and hideous face,
 And glared on me with wild grimace
 I may not name.
 I longed for death, but could not die:
 The unrelenting flail must beat,
 Till the chaff, severed from the wheat,
 Apart doth lie.

But after many weary hours
 God sent into my soul a ray
 Like morn's blest dawning, quiet and grey,
 And all my powers
 So long, long prostrated, became
 Like sunlit flowers. A fragrant breath
 Of incense filled the *belt of death*,
 And I could name
 Faith, Hope, and Love, and see them fair,
 Tho not yet mine. With loving eye
 Could mark the noon or midnight-sky,
 Could feel the air.
 And sounds came as of ancient lays;
 And portions of the cloud grew thin,
 And angel-faces gleaming in
 Lit up the haze.
 The fetters of my bondage fell
 Like green withes from me, and I stood,
 In all the strength of womanhood,
 Loosed from the spell.
 Old thoughts, old feelings passed away;
 The winged spirit found new space,
 And thought not of its ancient case,
 But hailed the day.
 Tears flowed, but they were not of grief:
 The full, rich tide of life but prest
 Too fully, strongly, on my breast,
 And sought relief.
 The sunbeam on my page—the wall—
 The winds—the foot falls on the street—
 Were angel-voices low and sweet,
 I heard them all.
 They told me that another steep
 Of the great hill of life was gained,
 And thus I had been racked and strained,
 And forced to weep :—
 That now a breathing time was given,
 That I might rest me, and from thence
 Survey my new-inheritance,
 The gift of heaven.
 Thus saw I right, the ill—the good—
 That thus thro Sense is Insight given,
 Thus Sense doth minister to Heaven,
 When understood.

K. B.

INFANT-TREATMENT.

'On the Management of Infancy, with remarks on the influence of Diet and Regimen. By CHARLES HOGG, M.R.C.S.' London, Churchill, 1849.

 HE most utilitarian rationality, and the profoundest spirituality, harmoniously unite at some points. There is always danger, in making clean the outside of the cup and platter, that the weightier matter of inward purity may be neglected; but, on the other hand, it is quite certain that the health and strength and serenity of the Soul, are, in a great degree, dependent on the health, vigor, and equanimity of the bodily functions. It would almost seem, that so much consciousness as is awakened to the sensual or body, is lost to the super-sensual or mind. How happy is he who is unaware of his having a stomach at all, in consequence of the absence of pain,—who is ignorant of the nature of consumption, and to whom gout is an item of knowledge which never troubled his understanding. How differently must a mind so conditioned, perceive every object in the outer world, and entertain every thought and sentiment presented or arising within, to the mind hampered and troubled by a diseased frame! The spirit be ONE, organizations are various and circumstances infinite. Of the *law* of organization very little appears to be known; of *conditions* the opinion is that some are better, some worse, but the actual result, or the course of any man, in any given circumstances, is scarcely predicable.

We are not of those who look to the dissecting room for a solution of any psychological question; but we are nevertheless thankful for any medical or scientific evidence tending to the improvement of man. Mr. Hogg, in a work well designed and admirably adapted for popular perusal, observes—

"That health will beget health, and disease be the product of disease, may be regarded as a general law; hence we see children afflicted with constitutional diseases for which they are indebted to their parents alone. There are some authors who deny the hereditary tendency of disease altogether, an opinion which is unsupported by the great authorities of the present day. When progenitors, by effeminate, free, or debauched habits of life, or otherwise, have broken down their constitutions, abbreviated their own lives, and imparted to their posterity the germs of destructive diseases, it amounts to a moral responsibility in the latter constantly to watch, study, and guard against the further transmission of hereditary affections; to beware of adding to those evils by similar practices, or by marrying into diseased families." P. 80.

We can have no spiritual sanity while our bodies are unsound. The true man is never an applicant to the doctor's shop. Yet now the world is pretty nearly an universal hospital, in which some of those who are less diseased than others set up for physicians. But their power by no means equals their benevolence, and their knowledge is far in the rear of their activity. The wisest have much to learn, but as that which is extremely clear to attentive observers is obscure to the million, there is much good to be effected by the *popularization* of scientific truth.

If so many mothers had not lost their instinct of the virtue, beauty, and holiness of constant cleanliness, and of an undeviating rule of simple, unexciting diet, there would be little mourning over early death or chronic disease. The principal *doing*

for human redemption, is an ~~undoing~~. Let us abandon bad habits and abolish evil customs, and goodness will make its appearance of itself. If we do nothing to *entertain* disease, he will walk off like a disappointed guest, and health will enter our doors. Let us then banish at once from the presence of the young all drinks but that derived from the maternal fount, and that of nature's distilment. Let us keep away the numerous ~~diseases~~ derivable from the lower animals by the total disuse of all slaughtered food, especially scrofula-producing pork. Vitate not the appetite, nor allure to excess by variety, but let only one or two articles at a time be presented to infancy, so that neither stomach nor palate may be injured, but a foundation laid for a lasting and useful instrument for the soul's use.

In the book before us Mr. Hogg favors us with chapter and verse, practical detail and rational theory, for helping parents to encounter all the mysterious assaults made on infancy, such as measles, teething, scarlatina, etc. The practice which has succeeded with his own children he guarantees will bear other children harmless thro' trials so often rendered fatal by injudicious treatment. *

C. L.

* Mr. Hogg highly extols the Vapor Bath, but the strongest objection to its common-use is not noticed—namely, the fact that while it greatly quickens the *pulse* it does not at all quicken the corresponding function of *respiration*. We have often seen the evil effects of this disturbance in certain constitutions. The arteries becoming filled with undecarbonized blood for want of a corresponding respiratory purification, the patient has been attacked with bilious disorder,—giddiness, fainting, and nausea.

The Appendix to this work, 'on different articles of diet and drink,' is as *practically* good, in general, as it is imperfect in *theory*. We are surprised to find the three elements of *nutrition* (albumen, fibrine, and caseine) constantly confounded with those of animal *fuel* (oil, sugar, gums). The luminous demonstrations of Liebig on this subject, which have been before the world for seven years, and the experiments of the Gelatine Commission of the French Academy, show that sugar, farina, and the gums, *cannot* afford nourishment to the living tissues, however useful they may be as elements of *respiration*.

Mr. Hogg regards *wine* only as a medicine, unnecessary for a man in health. As a medicine, however, he asserts that it *strengthens* the digestive system. In fact, however, he means that it *stimulates* (i.e. pawns the existing strength), and borrows of the future; for he immediately adds, "these *strengthening* effects are of the most *insidious nature*." A very curious predication this! which can never be made of *real*, honest 'strength.' Of alcohol however, in its other and distilled forms, Mr. Hogg says:—"All ardent spirits are *destructive* of the *energies* of both *body* and *mind* when taken in moderation [he means, *small quantities*; 'moderation,' strictly, being '*proper use*,' not '*little use*'], a powerful *preternatural* action is produced thro'out the whole system." If alcohol is '*destructive*' in *grog*, how comes it to be '*conservative*' or *strengthening* in wine or beer? But again, Mr. Hogg is compelled to declare, that "the *habitual* wine-drinker has the Promethean vulture for ever gnawing at his liver; and the miserable train of diseases contracted by it are transmitted to the unfortunate children. What an awful legacy, gout, scrofula, etc., and what is still more terrible, insanity and imbecility of both body and mind!"

We lately had a most striking proof of this, with reference to a gentleman of family and fortune in Huntingdonshire. At supper, a medical man having asked us to trace the effects of fifty years of daily-wine drinking in the case of an apparently robust and healthy patient, who had also a healthy wife, we put several queries to the company, which resulted in facts startling even to themselves:—

1. This robust Father had had a family of eleven children, sons and daughters.
2. Of these eleven five were *dead*:
3. *Not one* of the six living were healthy or robust themselves;
4. *Five* of them had manifested *insanity*!

Thus are the physical transgressions of the Parent transmitted to the third and fourth generation—finally resulting in the *extinction* of the family.—Ed.

ON CHOLERA : AND THREE MODES OF TREATING IT.

BY DR. LEE, F.S.A. EDIN., AND A. COURTNEY, ESQ., SURGEON, R. N., HYDROPATHIC
ESTABLISHMENT, RAMSGATE.

The disease known by the name of 'Asiatic Cholera' has no claim to be ranked as an epidemic of modern origin. It has been in existence for ages, in varying intensity, and approximating as closely in character to the English Cholera as does the epidemic catarrh (or influenza) to our catarrh or common cold. Hippocrates records two cases of Cholera in which the suppression of urine, and failure of voice, so constantly attendant on Asiatic Cholera, and not always absent in the English variety, were remarkable features. Celsus, who wrote about A. D. 30, considered Cholera the most dangerous of all the diseases of the stomach and intestines; and from his description, the matters ejected appear to have been exactly those ejected in the epidemic of the present period. Lommius, a celebrated physician of Brussels, who wrote upwards of two hundred years ago, speaks of Cholera as the most fearful—'atrocissimum,'—of intestinal diseases, and it is certain that English Cholera often assumes a violence in its symptoms which destroys all distinction between it and the Asiatic. The following description of Cholera is from Sydenham—a most faithful chronicler of symptoms. 'Vehement vomitings, and difficult and painful dejections of ill-conditioned fluids; agony and inflammation of the intestines and abdomen; cardialgia, thirst, a quick pulse, often small and unequal; heat and anxiety, nausea and colliquative sweats, spasms of the arms and legs, fainting, coldness of the extremities, and other symptoms of equal danger, which terrify the bystanders, and kill the patient in twenty four hours.' Ettmuller, who wrote about the same time as Sydenham, observes: 'Cholera which seizes the patient of its own accord, without any manifest external cause, is most commonly mortal: it is a very acute distemper, killing within twenty four hours, or two or three days, and the more the discharges recede from a natural state, the more dangerous. *It is sometimes epidemic, and very malignant and mortal.*' In the voyages of Thevenot, and the Natural History of India, by Bontius, published upwards of a hundred years ago, we find that a most fatal Cholera, in which, as expressed in the General Dictionary of Medicine, 'there is something like the effects of a deadly poison,' has been known in India, from time immemorial, by the name *Mort de chien*, 'the death of a dog.'

Staff-surgeon Marshall, than whom no man had more repeated opportunities of witnessing the disease abroad, in its worst forms, says: 'The Indian Cholera, as it is sometimes called, appears not to be essentially different from Cholera as it occurs in this and all other countries; and I consider it impossible for a medical man to speak decisively from having seen one, or even a few cases of Cholera as it occurs in this country,—to say whether they will terminate in the epidemic Cholera or not.' He adds, 'the quality of contagion was never attributed to the disease in Ceylon, and, I believe, no where did it occur in greater severity.'

Cases of Cholera identical with that at present in London and other parts of the country, occurred at Leeds and its neighborhood in 1825, and are described by the late Mr. Thackerah, as the violet-blue Cholera; and a year has seldom passed in which similar sporadic cases have not been noticed. A fatal case occurred in Hull, to a Martin McNeal, in 1831, several months before the so-called Asiatic Cholera appeared in England, which was as true a type of that form of the disease as any that has since appeared; and there are other cases de-

tailed in the Medical Journals of the same period, which, tho not equalling in violence McNeal's case, yet step by step approach to it. In Sept. 1831, a physician of Birmingham, under the signature 'Alpha,' wrote as follows:—'For my own part, without referring to events out of Europe, I have been long quite familiar, and I know several others who are equally so, with Cholera, in which a perfect similarity to the symptoms of the Indian Cholera has existed: the collapse, the deadly coldness with a clammy skin, the irritability and prodigious discharges from the bowels of an opaque serous fluid (untinted with bile in the slightest degree), with a corresponding shrinking of the flesh and integuments,—the pulselessness and livid extremities, the ghastly aspect of the countenance and sinking of the eyes, the restlessness, so great that the patient has not been able to remain for a moment in one position,—yet with all this, nobody dreamt of Indian Cholera or of contagion. The eminent Dr. A. W. Philip writes thus: 'The Cholera with which we are threatened as something new to this country, and against the expected importation of which from the continent, the *London Gazette* and other papers of the 26th Oct. [1831] contained sundry extraordinary rules and regulations, is only what is already known as Cholera in England, or any where else; with this difference, that its symptoms, from meteorological causes, are now more severe, its progress more rapid, and its results more fatal than it has always hitherto been.' One of the most experienced and talented physicians of the present day, Dr. Billing, whose work on the 'Principles of Medicine' will long continue an enduring monument to his fame, has the following observations:—'In fine, I may repeat, that I consider Cholera an essentially febrile disease, whether it assume the intermittent, remittent, or continued form: that it is not a new disease, but the same described by Sydenham in 1669, and subsequently by Frank—the same which occurs in Madras, Bengal, Italy, Russia, England, and elsewhere; that when I use Sydenham's terms 'fresh type' and 'new epidemic,' I do so not as implying a new disease, but, as he does, a modified form of a disease according to the constitution of the epidemic in the year in which it occurs, just as he speaks of the great peculiarities assumed by the identical disease small-pox at different times.' Dr. Hope, also, in his *Morbid Anatomy*, describes 'Malignant Cholera at Clapham, nearly three years before the general irruption of the same disease in Great Britain.' Its occasion was 'an old cess-pool having been opened, and its contents thrown out immediately contiguous to a boy's school; twenty boys, within two days, were attacked with the disease.'

Dr. Billing, in his great work, has very ably shown that there is but one immediate cause of disease, but one *essential* disease, and but one indication of cure; exhausted nervous energy being the *cause*, a relaxed and congested condition of the vital capillaries the *disease*, and the restoration of these last to their normal or healthy condition, the *curative indication*. As upon the healthy energy of the nervous system depends the healthy action of every organ in the human frame, and of the arterial capillary system in particular,—which, while in health, is constantly supplying new particles of matter to the body in lieu of the old particles as constantly carried out of it by the different excretories,—so the withdrawal or suspension of this energy *must* weaken the action of the heart and arteries; and this weakness being especially felt in the smaller arteries and their capillary terminations, the consequence, as Dr. Billing observes, must be an engorged and congested condition of them. This, then, is the essential condition in every disease, no matter where its seat may be, or how numerous its symptoms; and the indications of cure are, therefore, the emptying, constringing, and strengthening, of the gorged and weakened capillaries. These indications may be effected in different ways, as will be presently shown.

Notwithstanding this oneness of disease, Dr. Billing very judiciously admits of four different kinds of remedies, viz., *stimulants*, *sedatives*, *narcotics*, and *tonics*; at the same time showing, however, that they all conduct to the same point—the emptying, constringing, and strengthening, of the gorged and weakened capillaries. Stimulants, sedatives, narcotics, and tonics, are all capable of producing the effects in question; but, owing to various circumstances, one of these will often be more efficient than another, and frequently

the union of one with another (as of a sedative with a tonic, a narcotic with a stimulant, and so forth); will answer best. On this subject, Dr. Billing well remarks: 'I have explained how some medicines become useful in such a variety of diseases as almost to realize the dreams of the ancients and alchemists respecting a *Panacea*, or an *Elixir Vita*; and thus why one empirical remedy, antimony, held the reins of the *curvus triumphalis*, until superseded by the more modern blue-pill. I have shown that tonics are not stimulants, and why they may be combined advantageously with sedatives, with stimulants, or narcotics (the ultimate effect of all being the same); how stimulants are tonic; how sedatives are tonic; how narcotics are tonic. I have shown how every medical man has his hobby to carry him to the same point, which, tho he thinks it very different from his neighbor's, is as like it as one four-legged jade is to another; how one man thinks he has made a discovery that he can cure Cholera with sugar of lead, and that there is nothing equal to it; whilst tartar emetic, calomel, Epsom or Glauber's salts, or common salt, or mustard, or lemonade, or vinegar and water, etc., etc., will do the same thing, tho none of them more quickly than two of these hobbies in double harness—tartar emetic with some neutral salt, I care little which.'

Why have we such a variety of drugs, and how is it that new ones are almost daily being added to the list, and old ones as speedily discarded? The reason has been well stated by Dr. James Johnson,—'because there is not one out of all of them which can be relied on at all times for producing the one effect desired.'

I.

If Dr. Billing's theory be true, and it is supported by many of the first men of the day, and is moreover in perfect accordance with the celebrated Liebig's theory of morbid actions, I feel convinced that Hydropathy, or the *Cure of Disease by Water*, is the proper remedy for Cholera, as for most other diseases, whether it assume the common English, or the Asiatic type. The indications are to unload the congested vessels and to constrict and strengthen their coats; and by no remedy, nay by no remedies united, can these indications be so effectually, so certainly, and so safely fulfilled. The practice of putting cholera patients into hot baths (in which they have been not unfrequently nearly parboiled) and of administering stimulants, as brandy, etc., can never be too strongly denounced.

Tho the hydropathic treatment was not known in this country when Dr. Billing published his 'Principles of Medicine,' the following passages will show that he did not object to water as a remedy in Cholera:—'Any person who will treat the disease [Cholera] on this principle may defeat it by a variety of weapons, only using them with energy,—antimony, all sorts of salines, acetate of lead, sulphate of zinc, common salt and water, even cold water, calomel, but the last, if used in the quantity necessary to be sedative, afterwards produces havoc on the mouth.' Again;—'The constant desire for cold water in Cholera is an example of natural instinct which is thwarted by man in his wisdom; while every thing hot, both as to caloric and stimulants, is often poured into the patient.'

The following is the translation of a letter from Priessnitz, on the treatment of Cholera by Water, addressed to Dr. Rowland East, Dunoon.

Grafenberg, Dec. 29, 1847.

DEAR SIR,—In the year 1831, when our district was violently invaded by the Cholera, in more than 20 cases that came under my hands, no death took place, as I had the opportunity of taking them all in the first stage of the disease and treating them as follows:—They were subjected to a rubbing with a wet linen sheet, in which the whole body was wrapped, and all the parts of the body smartly rubbed with it. To counteract the violent fits of sickness, a great quantity of water was drunk, so as to produce profuse vomiting. After the rubbing with the wet sheet [this operation is generally continued for a couple of minutes, and then the patient is rubbed well dry with a dry sheet], a cold water injection and sitting bath to counteract the diarrhoea. While undergoing constant rubbing, the patients remained in the water till the sickness and diarrhoea had subsided. Then they had a wet bandage put round the belly, and were put to bed. Having slept, they were again put into a cold bath. All of them partook of cold viands. Thus the disease was overcome. With much respect,

Your obedient servant, V. PRIESSNITZ.

The subjoined also was recommended by Priesnitz to a German friend, who communicated it to Dr. Baikie, late of the Madras Medical Service. It differs a little from the former, but the principle is the same, and there would be no difference in the result.

'In slight cases use sitz baths at 59 degrees, and in some cases continue in them as long as two hours, with uninterrupted frictions of the abdomen and extremities. Drink plenty of water, and administer one or two clysters of cold water. In severe cases, where cramps, numbness, and paralysis have already come on, put the patient into a half bath at 59 degrees, and rub him until every part of the body has attained the natural warmth (this in some cases requires several hours); then pack him in a wet sheet till gentle perspiration come on, and follow it up by a short cooling in a shallow bath. To this add frequent enemata of cold water and sitz baths at 59 degrees, for one hour, or one hour and a half, according as severe pain in the belly or cramps in the bowels occur; not forgetting to drink plentifully of cold water. The after cure consists in repeated wet sheet packing, two sitz baths daily, and compresses round the body, at first quite wet, and afterwards more wrung out; also, two enemata daily. Eat as little as possible, and that little cold. Light white bread and cold water are the best diet.'

The following is the plan pursued by Priesnitz's celebrated pupil, Francke, and is also the same in principle as the former prescriptions.

'Sitz baths and shallow baths, at from 65 to 68 degrees, for from ten to twenty minutes at a time, rubbing the patient well while in the bath. Afterwards put him to bed and cover him up warm till perspiration come on; then wash him in a half bath, or if very weak, wash him gently down in bed, and give him cold water to drink.'

Recently, as we learn from a Letter in *The Times*, the hydropathic treatment of Cholera was tested by two surgeons, at Milton, in Kent—the chief process being THE WET-SHEET PACKING, which should be performed as follows:—

'Everything is removed from the bed or mattress, save the pillow. Upon this, and partly over the pillow, two blankets are placed, and over these a sheet that has first been *dip't in cold water and wrung out as dry as possible*. On this wet-sheet the patient is placed, quite naked; the sheet is then rapidly, but *tightly and carefully* packed round the neck, body, and limbs; and the blankets packed over the sheet in the same way. A bottle of *hot-water* is placed at the feet, outside the blankets, and four or five more blankets are heaped over all, and closely tucked under the sides.'

In the 13 severe and undoubted cases of Epidemic Cholera at Milton, with icy-cold surface, blueness, and small or imperceptible pulse,—this treatment was successful.

'In every instance, after 15 or 20 minutes, a genial warmth, and in some profuse perspiration, was produced; the pulse rose, and the cramps nearly or altogether ceased.'

The after treatment of Cholera has been previously described. We claim, therefore, for the Water-treatment in Cholera, an absolute pre-eminence above every other known method—nay, we have reason to think, that, with the exception of a few extreme cases, in which intemperance, filth, and want of sanitary regulations have concentrated the poison of Cholera on the one hand and enfeebled the *vital-resisting power* of the patient on the other, the *proper* employment of HYDROPATHY IS AN ALMOST CERTAIN CURE FOR CHOLERA.

What, then, prevents its universal or general adoption? IGNORANCE on the part of the *People*, who rely with a blind and stupid faith on the mystic operation of medicine, as their forefathers relied on charms and amulets,—and THE PREJUDICE of the interested and routine *Professors of Physic* on the other, who refuse to credit the power of a system which they do not understand, simply because they have not the candor to examine, or the honesty to test it.

What *have* they done? What *can* they do? Let the *People* recollect, that far more than *one-half* of their Cholera patients perish! That is, nearly as many as would die without any treatment at all!

Mr. Ross, F.R.S., in the most philosophic papers which have yet appeared on the subject in any of the Medical Journals, has *demonstrated* that the ordinary mode of treatment—by brandy and stimulants, opium and calomel, etc.—is nothing less than a *wholesale slaughter of the patients*.

We here give the chief facts of his Table, as it appeared in the *Medical Times*,—adding two lines, however, showing the results of the Homoeopathic and Hydropathic treatment in this disease.

No. of Cases.	Mode of Treatment.	Deaths.	Mortality per Cent.
3055	<i>Brandy, ammonia, etc.</i>	1792	58
21	<i>Ipecacuanha, alone</i>	12	57
37	<i>Do., etc., with stimulants</i> ...	25	67
81	<i>Opium, alone</i>	47	58
58	<i>Ice, with stimulants</i>	29	50
142	<i>Do., alone</i>	48	30
376	<i>Calomel</i>	147	36½
88	<i>Salines, alone</i>	67	76
107	<i>Do., with cold-water</i>	15	14
607	<i>Salt, do. do.</i>	112	20
1876*	<i>Homœopathic</i>	169	9
102†	<i>Water, externally and internally</i>	<i>No deaths at all.</i>	

'Under the *stimulating system*,' says Mr. Ross, himself an eminent Surgeon, 'the mortality was highest, with the exception of the routine combination of calomel with *opium and stimulants*, when the mortality was *literally murderous*. It is clear that *stimulants in every combination* were highly prejudicial.

'In conclusion, I have established the injuriousness of the stimulating system of practice in Cholera *against what I believe to be the general opinion and practice of the profession*. If I have dethroned *this arbitrary and life-destroying opinion*, I shall consider that I have promoted the interests of humanity. This conviction will be sufficient for me.'

It is sufficient also for us, and our justification in this attempt to destroy a murderous system of routine but diplomæd quackery. If the people now perish, it is their own fault. For while the Table we have just given shows, from thousands of cases, that the remedies generally employed are as bad as the disease,—it also shows that as the treatment departed from the common stimulating plan, using *less and less drugs, and more and more water*, the disease became proportionally less fatal and more manageable—until we at last arrive at the SIMPLE WATER-CURE, which seems to be an *almost infallible antidote to this terrible pestilence*.

Plain, good food, including sound fruit and vegetables, perfect cleanliness of house and person, *abstinence from strong drinks and other stimulants*, exercise in the purest air obtainable, daily ablutions in cold water, and the use of the *cold-water bandage*, are the chief means of PREVENTION.

II.

Next in importance and certainty to the Water-cure, we must place HOMŒOPATHY. This is evident from the *results* of the treatment, as given in the preceding Table. 'Homœopathy' is a word signifying *like-disease*, because it is a system (discovered half a century ago) which uses *as a remedy in disease*, such articles as are known to produce in *health symptoms similar to the disease itself*. Thus, for example, is explained the effect of vaccination,—the 'cow-pock' prevents or cures the 'small-pock.' Other peculiarities of the system are—the *purity* of the medicine given (freed from all admixture of other active agents),—the administration of *one-agent* at one time,—and in *doses so extremely small* that they will produce no perceptible effect *save when the system is laboring under the susceptibility of the similar disease*. The FACT of its power is evident in its results. We may add, that this system, which never *poisons* its patients in any measurable degree, can

* These are home, not hospital cases, treated on the Continent from 1831—1834, by various physicians.

† Namely, 23 cases at Gräfenberg; 35 at Breslau; 22 in France, treated by Dr. Geoffroy; 13 at Milton, in Kent, treated by Messrs Ray and Farmer; and nine cases occurring in various places.

be combined with Hydropathy. It may aid that system, and it will certainly not interfere with it. It cannot possibly do harm, and may do good.

The Homœopathists, however, shall speak for themselves in the following abridged manifesto of their body in Britain.

'In Wilde's *Austria*, it is remarked—'Upon comparing the report made of the treatment of Cholera in the Homœopathic Hospital at Vienna, with that of the same epidemic in the other hospitals at Vienna at a similar time, it appeared that while two-thirds of those treated by Dr. Fleischmann recovered, two-thirds of those treated by the ordinary methods in the other hospitals died. This very extraordinary result led Count Kolowrat (Minister of the Interior) to repeal the law relative to the practice of Homœopathy.* The hospital in question was daily visited by two Allopathic inspecting physicians, appointed by the government.

'With regard to a peculiar modification of *Atmospheric Cholera* observed in China by Dr. Wilson, Inspector of Naval Hospitals, it is stated by that gentleman (*Medical Notes*, 1846).—'In the Cholera cases, the doctrine of the Homœopathists *similia similibus curantur*, is partly admitted. Whatever may be thought of the theory on which the practice is founded, there is no doubt the practice is often highly beneficial.' He adds—'at the invasion of many febrile affections involving important organs, and leading, if not speedily arrested, to dangerous, perhaps destructive lesions of those organs, it often acts with an absolutely curative effect.'

'In connection with the results of the Homœopathic treatment in Asiatic Cholera, it is necessary to remark, that the following observation has been made by the *Medical Gazette* concerning them :—'The Homœopathists have boasted of their success in treating Cholera; the secret of this is, that they did not interfere so much as the regular practitioners with the *vis medicatrix nature*.' As the editor, however, will be found to have asserted in his previous page, that *where the disease had been suffered to run its course unchecked, there the mortality had been greater than even under the regular practitioners*, it will not be difficult to estimate the degree of value to be attached to this attempt to explain away the success of Homœopathy.

'In giving directions as to the necessary precautions to be taken in case of the invasion of Cholera, the nature of the disease must be borne in mind, viz. :—that it has many of the properties of an infectious disease, but that an *actual existence of a predisposing cause is necessary for its development*; it therefore behoves every one to keep themselves as much as possible free from any of these.

'The house should be well aired; all noxious effluvia arising from decaying animal or vegetable substances got rid of.

'Ceaserooms and dust holes cleaned out.

'Sleeping apartments well ventilated, kept clean and dry.

'All exposure to cold and wet avoided; on no account to sit in damp clothes, particularly damp shoes or stockings.

'Care should be taken to avoid chills, or checking perspiration.

'The clothing should be sufficient to preserve the body at an equable temperature.

'Regular exercise in the open air. All anxiety of mind and other predisposing causes, to be avoided as much as possible.

'The diet should be wholesome and regular, and every one should be more than ordinarily careful not to eat those articles of food which experience may have taught them produce derangement of the digestive functions, such as *veal, pork, &c.*

'No raw vegetables should be taken, or cold fruit, such as celery, salads, cucumbers, pickles, melons, oranges, apples; but the more wholesome varieties of fruits and cooked vegetables can be used in moderation.

'As regards the Preventive treatment. That this was of some avail in the last invasion of the Cholera, may be shown by the following facts :—Dr. Marenzeller gave prophylactic medicines to 150,000 persons in Vienna, not one

* This is from the work of an Allopathic Surgeon, the Editor of the *Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medicine*.

of whom fell victims to the Cholera. The same results were gained among 80,000 people in Hungary and Poland.

'It is the general experience of Homœopathists, that among those who took these medicines, and were attacked by Cholera, the disease showed itself in its mildest form; whereas, at the same time, it attacked with great virulence those who had not undergone the preventive treatment.

'The medicines given as prophylactics were, *Cuprum* and *Veratrum*, six globules to be taken of one of these medicines every third morning, dissolved in a teaspoonful of water. The medicines to be alternated. No *coffee*, *acids*, *spices*, or *aromatics* of any kind, should be taken whilst under the action of these remedies.

'Should the first symptoms actually appear (and it must be borne in mind that, when the Cholera is prevailing, no one of the premonitory symptoms should be neglected, viz.:—feeling of *general uneasiness*, *headache*, *giddiness*, *pain in the abdomen*, *oppression at the chest*, *diarrhœa*, *whitish evacuations*, *rumblings*)—TWO DROPS OF SPIRIT OF CAMPHOR, prepared according to the proportions recommended by the experience of Homœopathists (*i. e.* one drachm of camphor dissolved in six drachms of spirits of wine);* should be given every five or ten minutes in a little iced or cold water, and no time lost in [applying the Water Cure]. By at once attending to these instructions, the disease may often be arrested in its first stage.

'Under whatever form the Cholera presents itself, this medicine (camphor) may be given during the first hour, with every probability of success. It is chiefly used when there is stiffness of the muscles.

'The medicines given generally in ordinary cases of Cholera, are—

'1. During the period of invasion—CAMPHOR.

'2. When there is vomiting and watery evacuations, with slight cramps—*IPÊCAOUANHA*.

'3. If to these symptoms are added permanent cramps, great thirst, and excessive coldness—*VERATRUM*.

'4. In case of convulsions, bloody stools, or watery diarrhœa, and vomiting—*CUPRUM*.

'*IPÊCAOUANHA* is only useful in slight attacks. It is indicated when vomiting is the predominating symptom, and comes on alternately with yellowish diarrhœa, accompanied by colic. It is never suitable when the disease is at its height, and if improvement does not soon follow its administration, recourse must be had to *Veratrum*. The dose is a few globules of the first dilution, repeated in about ten minutes to two hours, according to the urgency of the case.

'*VERATRUM*—is the principal remedy in almost all cases of Cholera, with sudden and frequent evacuations upwards and downwards, coldness of the body, great weakness, cramps in the calves of the legs, etc. The dose is a few globules of the third or sixth dilution, to be given in a spoonful of iced or cold water, and if after ten minutes or half an hour there is no change for the better, the dose to be repeated. If the symptoms increase after several doses, and the cramps change to spasms and convulsions, recourse must be had to *CUPRUM*, and in many cases this latter remedy is beneficially alternated with *VERATRUM*.

'*ARSENICUM* may likewise be alternated with *VERATRUM*, when the disease is attended with a sensation as of burning coals in the stomach and bowels occasional scalding evacuations, accompanied by violent colic and extraordinary prostration of strength, coldness of the skin, clammy perspirations, and insupportable fear of death.

'*CHAMOMILLA* is useful in Choleric Diarrhœa when it is attributed to great dread of being attacked with Cholera, and when the evacuations are bilious.

'The patient ought to be kept warm, and if necessary, bottles of hot water applied to the feet; cold water is to be given from time to time, to allay the thirst, and if possible, occasionally, small pieces of ice. Lavements of iced water are often beneficial in cases of colic and cramps of the intestines.

During convalescence, care should be taken to prevent relapses: and it is

*This and the other medicines can be had at the Homœopathic Chemists or Dispensaries in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Edinburgh, etc.

frequently observed that at the commencement of convalescence, the patient is tormented with a great craving for food : this should be *restrained*, and but little food, and that of a light digestible kind only, allowed to be taken.

'Care should also be taken duly to protect the surface of the body, and particularly the extremities, from cold.'

III.

A Licentiate of Medicine in Seville, has published a pamphlet on this subject, marked by great good sense, and propounding a new remedy which had cured some hundreds in that city. The names and addresses of 130 cured patients are appended, and also certificates from several other physicians who had observed the effects of the process.

All the ordinary *physicing* and *treatment* are strictly prohibited, and, it is alleged, that by this new method the disease may be cured in a few hours, with as much ease as a common cold or rheumatism. At any rate, *this treatment* is too simple to do harm.

'So soon as any one finds he is attacked, let him drink a *very small tea-cup full of pure olive-oil*. In eight minutes after a second—and in ten minutes a third.

'A quarter of an hour after the third cup, or sooner if sick, drink *very freely of warm-water* (not hot) to excite vomiting, and provoke this also by tickling the throat with a feather dipt in the oil.

'After this allow a slight rest, when more warm water can be given. If the vomiting fatigues too much it can be stopt by a glass of *cold-water*.

'If the patient finds it hard to swallow the three cups of oil, in consequence of sickness, he can take a glass of *cold-water* between the doses, for *all* the oil must be taken, in order to effect the main object—the covering of the coats of the intestines with that protecting substance, which neutralizes the action of the poison of Cholera.

'If the invalid, next day, has a furred-tongue, another small cup of the oil may be taken, followed by a taste of cold water, and then, at the end of an hour, enough warm water to excite vomiting as before.

'After the sickness is quite over, a cup of *hot-broth* must be taken, made from beef and fowl, with plenty of Spanish *peas* and *mint*. One hour after that a glass of good Spanish wine [or *one table spoonful* of brandy and water], with *copious draughts of pure cold-water* after it.

'Pursue this diet for a day or two, till the tongue become clean and red, when a more substantial soup can be administered.

'In a week the patient may more consult his own taste in eating, but milk, butter, and cheese must be prohibited.'

Dr. Steven's treatment by *neutral salts*, which was attended with only 14 per cent. of deaths,* consisted in the administration of the following powder every half-hour.

Chloride of Sodium,	1 scruple.
Sesqui-Carbonate of Soda,	$\frac{1}{2}$ drachm.
Chlorate of Potass,	8 grains.

Injection of the same, new-milk warm, was added in bad cases; and a little more *carbonate* when the patient had burning in the stomach. The salts *redden* and *vitalize* the blood; and hence *common salt* may be recommended to be used *freely* in our diet during the invasion of Cholera.

Owing to neglect of Sanitary Laws by the Builders of Houses, and the consequent generation of poison in the air, the common atmosphere will become laden with the seeds of pestilence, and occasionally number the temperate and the innocent among the victims of Cholera. This however should teach us, that it is a *crime* to build houses with the mere view of *letting* them, unless we have first made them, in position and convenience, perfectly healthy, or *habitable*; and that one class of Society cannot neglect the interests of another, without being themselves involved, in some degree, in the penalty following the violated physical or social laws.

* Dr. Turley, of Worcester, says only 7 per cent.

THE LIFE OF MAN AND THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.

BY JESSE JONES, LABORER.

A careful study of Universal History,—that grand display of God's successive dispensations,—reveals a strong analogy between the life of the Individual and the Race. However erroneous partial histories may be—however contradictory and imperfect their relation of particular events—still the history of the world, sacred as well as profane, traditional as well as written, evidences the fact, that society, like man, passes thro' the various stages of infancy, youth, maturity, and old age. If we further study history, we shall find that the progressive phases of society are distinctly divisible into *ten**—of which four are primary or positive, and six intermediate or transition states. Seven of these are buried in the tomb of the Past, the Present is convulsed with the agonizing death-struggle of the eighth, and made hopeful in the birth of the ninth; and if, indeed, 'coming events *do* cast their shadows before,' we may prophesy, with certainty, that the Future will witness the consummation of the tenth.

The four primary or positive Societarian States are—1st, Paradization; 2nd, Barbarization; 3rd, Civilization; 4th, Communization, or the general mundane practice of the doctrines of Communism, the translation of religious theory into societarian actuality. I pass over the intermediate or transitory phases, since they merely correspond with those nondescript periods in the life of a human being, which may be said to join infancy to youth, youth to maturity, and maturity to old age.

1. *Paradization*—the state of primitive innocence and simplicity, wherein nakedness brings no shame and evil is unknown—finds its parallel in the period of Infancy, when the passions are undeveloped, and shame and evil alike unknown. CIRCUMSTANCES rule.

2. *Barbarization*—the state wherein war and the fierce passions are rampant, and animal courage, brute strength, and a rude generosity, are its 'virtues'—is analogous to the period of Youth, when the passions are strong, and animal heat, courage, and an impulsive generosity, are predominant. POWER rules.

3. *Civilization*—the state wherein war partially ceases; intellect becomes expanded; society externally polished; arts and sciences cultivated; competition intense; and human life, in theory at least, more sacred—finds its analogy in the period of Manhood, when the passions are better controlled by intellect, and the wild, thoughtless impetuosity of youth

* See *ante*, p. 17.

gives place to the cool and selfish calculation of the man. INTELLIGENCE rules.†

During these three great phases of society progress, the spirit of evil (the Devil) has been let loose upon the world; sometimes manifested in the shape of ignorance, as in the first state; sometimes

† It will be well here to examine the meaning of the term 'Civilization,' so universally applied to the present state of society. Some writers,—whose classification of history is alike vague and inharmonious,—when describing the evils of this pain-producing system, characterize it as a *false* 'civilization.' True enough, if we use the word in its divinest signification; but taking it in the usual sense, it gives a *true* exposition of our present state. Society *is* civilized—and nothing more. It is outwardly obliging and affable,—as contradistinguished from the rude, unpolished, boorish state of barbarism—but the savage spirit still remains, the manifested in a different mode. The rough excrescences of mind and manners have been lopt off, but the old heart is there. *Civilization* and *Regeneration* are essentially different. A man may be highly civilized, beautifully cultivated, but yet not made regenerate. So with society. The present is a true state of civilization. Our very miseries prove it; for if society were organized according to the principles of eternal Justice, it would be *more than civilized*—it would be regenerate. Here, however, as in all things else, there is a double aspect—a *false* civilization, as well as a true one. Such a false-civilization existed in ancient times, in the very midst of the barbarian era; and this fact may be adduced in proof of the inaccuracy of our classification of history, etc. Nevertheless, we have the corroborative evidence of history to show, that in the time we describe as *barbaric* and analogous to *Youth*, there florished, partially and extremely localized indeed, a state of *civilization* which finds its analogy in *Manhood*. This fact, however contradictory it may seem on a superficial view, more fully establishes our position. It proves that the life of man and the life of society follow the same path even in particulars; for as, among individuals, we sometimes meet with a child-man, a precocious youth, a man in mind tho a child in years; so likewise do we find, in the very midst of Barbarization, a state of precocious, evanescent civilization, like a young and beautiful Genius, surrounded on every side with the rude forms of an unlovely and unappreciative multitude. We may adduce, as the parallel to this precocious civilization, the youthful genius of antiquity—philosophical, poetical, and scholastic Greece. Greece was a societarian-youth, with the intellect of a man; being greatly influenced, like all youth, however intellectual, with the passionate excitements peculiar to its age. As a youthful genius is an exception to mankind in general, or even to its most educated portion, so was the partially civilized state of ancient Greece an exception to the general condition of the nations around her. As a youthful genius is missioned to teach truths in advance of his time, his life as fleeting as his intellect is premature, so was Greece appointed to prepare the way for a larger and loftier civilization than her own,—missioned to teach philosophies and doctrines which future ages only could appreciate,—and then to die, unable to perpetuate the state she had attained, conquered and overwhelmed by the powerful and cruel barbarism that encompassed her. Her civilization was false, and therefore incomplete. Like the first attempt of a child to walk, it was doomed to fall. In spite of her splendid systems of philosophy, beautiful tho imperfect Theology, the martial spirit of brutality reigned. Nevertheless, her civilization was a type, a forerunner, of that which was to come; even as the instinctive but imperfect communitive attempts of all times and countries have been prophetic messengers, heralding the perfect Communal Era. Every thing has its type or semblance, every substance its shadow. Barbaric prophesies of Civilized Society, and that of Communization.

in the forms of war, famine, pestilence, and rapine, as in the second. Again he assumes the shape of oppression, clothed in the imposing costume of authority; and anon we see him in the form of anarchy, but concealing his confused proportions beneath the graceful mantle of liberty. Sometimes he makes himself known in the characters of selfishness, private-property, and competition; wearing the guise of individual wants and divine emulation. Again he comes in the form of exclusive faith, habited in the fair and flowing garments of catholic religion—a very angel of Light! Like Cain, however, he has a mark set upon him, by which he may be known unto all men, and which, indeed, he *cannot* hide. That mark, saith the old and wise Tradition, is a cloven foot—the *diabolic emblem of division*: so that wherever we see man divided against his brother, whether thro' the means of property, interest, or creed, we there behold the cloven foot-prints of the Adversary.

4. The last stage in the world's journey onwards, will be the grand millennial state of *Communization*. The devil of evil desires and deeds shall no longer roam about, seeking whom he may devour. Division will cease, unity reign, and society become spiritualized; the predominating influence of the animal nature, so characteristic of the youth-time of the world, will be checked and subdued. Then will the Devil of the Apocalypse be chained down, and Jehovah triumph in redeemed humanity.

In this state all the virtues, without the vices, of the three preceding periods, will be united. In it will be combined the innocence and purity of the infantile or Edenic state, without its childish ignorance; the power, courage, and generosity of the youthful state, without its battle and barbarity; the intelligence, taste, and civility of the matured state, without its egotism, hollowness, competition, and consequent misery. The wheat has been garnered, the chaff cast into the fire. The good has been preserved, the bad destroyed. Society is reformed and renewed—purified by the pains of past experiences. Thus the world rolls on, living a truthful, divine life, ever perfecting itself, until, being ripe in years, centuries, and ages, it becomes absorbed, and its bliss consummated, in the solar heaven of our System. Power, Intelligence, and Love are ONE. LOVE rules.

This state of society accords with the life of every true man. After passing the meridian of his years, he becomes spiritualized. The devil of his passions and appetites becomes subdued. The battle between soul and sense is ended. Spirit is triumphant, matter is vanquished. Such a man, at this stage of being, unites in himself all the good of the preceding phases of his life. In him are combined the innocence and purity of his infant state, without its ignorance; the strength, courage, and generosity, of his youthful state, without its violence; the discerning intellect, solid judgment, taste, and civil exterior of manhood, without its hardened selfishness, its cold intellectual cunning, or its polite hollowness. He does not entirely cast off any stage of BEING thro' which he passes. He unites in himself at this period, the best attributes of Infancy, Youth, and Manhood. Thus should it ever be. In a spiritual aspect, we should be child-like thro' life—from the days of youth, youthful thro' life—from the years of manhood, manly thro' life. O brother! crucify not the infantile and youthful feelings of thy nature, for such are alike honorable and delightful to thee.

Happy art thou, venerable old man! who delightest in the gambols, pastimes, and innocent pleasures of childhood or of youth. Beautiful is thy spirit, divine are its impulses! Thou art true to thy nature, and thy reward is great. Cowper playing with his rabbits, is to me both an object of interest and instruction.

A true man, on reaching maturity, becomes, like society, regenerated and purified by experience and trials. His past life may have been one continued struggle after purity—a life-long contest with the devil within—but now the battle becomes unequal, the evil in his nature becomes weaker, the good stronger, and the victory is won. The wheat of life has been garnered, the chaff destroyed; the good has been retained, the bad rejected; and after living his allotted time, a truthful and divine life, in harmony with God and man, the attraction of superior goodness draws him to another and more perfect sphere, where his bliss is perfected and his virtues more fully rewarded.

Every single positive state of societary progress is also accordant with the life of a man. Every phase has its infancy, youth, manhood, and old age. Take the state of civilization as an example. Before population became so numerous, and manual labor was undisturbed by mechanical inventions—when there was no want of employment for the industrious, and no lack of food for those who worked—civilization was in its infancy and youth. Barbaric life had ceased, and society became civilized, *but not regenerated*. At this stage, private property had a mission of good to accomplish, competition a vast work to perform. The manhood of civilization is the time when the transitory phase of monopolism commences. The contest between manual and mechanical labor becomes more fierce. Towns are enlarged, villages become towns, and their extra space peopled by crowds of laborers' families from the rural districts, who leave health and the green fields, the squires' insolence and an animal's life, in the hope of receiving a greater amount of remuneration for their toil. Large manufactories are built, and trade flourishes. Meanwhile inventions continue to multiply, competition increases, and monopoly becomes more grasping. Monopoly reaches its crisis. Then virtuous and vicious, industrious and idle, are reduced to one common level of physical destitution. On one hand is seen a more than eastern magnificence and luxury, on the other a state of poverty and distress, before which the stoutest heart must quail. The words of the poet are fearfully verified—

'Wealth accumulates, and men decay.'

Sectarian faiths are in the ascendant. Mind is divided against mind, even on the merest trivialities. Creeds are nicknamed Religion, and eternal salvation or perdition made dependent on their reception or rejection. Every man's hand is against his fellow man. The individual and unnatural desires of the rich few, tyrannize over the common and natural wants of the impoverished many. But civilization now grows old and hoary, and these evils are the infirmities of its dotage. The symptoms of a speedy dissolution become evident. In proportion as it is let-alone by the political quack-doctors—who foolishly imagine that their 'expedients' can stop the progress of age, and set death at defiance—will its end be peaceable, easy, and natural. But the more they are determined on administering their potions in the shape of petty, peddling reforms, and mere political palliatives, the greater will be its struggle,

the more agonizing and prolonged its death-pangs. *But its death must come.* A new societarian Child is born, and the younger shall supplant the elder. The Political Messiah-system appears, and its name is COMMUNISM—a name that, in the mouths and actions of some, has been sadly prostituted and profaned. But as there are *pseudo* religions, and *pseudo* Christianity, so also is there a *false* communism. Communism, in its true signification, is eminently catholic. It appertains to spiritual as well as material elements. It implies unity with God, or the spirit of goodness; unity of the saints, or the society of the good; unity of faith, or catholicity in religion; unity in property, interest, and goods. It recognizes the elements of truth in all religions, in all systems; whether Confucian, Mohamedan, or Christian; whether Polytheistic, Monotheistic, or Pantheistic. It advocates common or universal suffrage, for the woman as well as the man, as a *right*, belonging as much to one as the other; common labor, according to individual ability; common discipline, and common enjoyment. It comprehends individualism, it does not destroy it. It recognizes, and would provide for, the individual tastes and lawful peculiarities, as well as the common wants, of all; but it does not sanction, and would not allow, the peculiarities of one to interfere with the individual wants of others, as at present. The false and unlawful individualism of present society, means the liberty to 'do as I like with *my* own,' and to prevent the great mass from having anything to call *their* own! The great beauty of Communism consists in the wide scope it would allow for individual development, and the satisfaction of private as well as public wants. It is a divine system of righteousness and freedom, charity and truth.

The foregoing parallel between man and society, shows us that a Will is ever operating in society, which, tho invisible, is more potent in its influence, and more powerful in its execution, than that of King or Kaiser. It shows us that as man grows up from infancy to old age, so, by the same divine and irresistible law of progress, does society march onward from its infant state of Paradization to its ultimate state of Communization. As it would seem to me ridiculous to assert that Man had attained his final state at the age of manhood, so it seems equally absurd to pronounce society complete, and its ultimate end accomplished, in the present condition of civilization. The divine monitions of Prophets, and the intuitive convictions of Poets, have ever rebelled against the thought. Reason and Revelation alike disprove it, and predict the speedy advent of the communal age. 'In that time,' says REASON, 'division shall give place to unity, for the interest of one is the true interest of all, and the real interest of all lies in promoting the interest of each.' 'In that holy age,' says REVELATION, 'there will be one common religion, for the *mountain of the Lord's House shall be established in the top of the mountains; and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow into it.*'

KOSSUTH AND GORGEY.

The noble KOSSUTH on his native soil,
 Red with the blood of fallen heroes, knelt—
 (His soul still unsubdued—by grief—by toil—
 By all the patriot cares that in it dwelt)—
 And, o'er his slaughtered brethren's recent graves,
 Prayed that *that* sacred soil might ne'er be trod by slaves.
 O God of Freedom ! hear the heart-felt prayer
 That for his father-land he raised to heaven,
 Nor let vile tyranny defile its air
 With her foul deeds, but be it far-off driven
 Discomfited for ever, while to Thee
 A rescued people bend the grateful knee,
 And shout to cheering nations—'Brethren we are free!'
 Alas ! what direful news have reached our isle,
 Where Britain's free-born sons, with joy elate,
 Hungarian valor hail'd with kindling smile,
 And hurl'd the censure of heart-rooted hate
 'Gainst despots-banded nations to enslave,
 Torturing with whips the weak,* and murdering the brave.
 Surrendered !—what !—the patriots who drove
 Their foes before them as the summer's dust,—
 With Russian hordes indomitably strove,—
 Now in the scabbard shield their blades to rust !
 Raab just captured !—and the bold huzzars
 Dashing thro' Presburg like war's meteor-flaming stars !
 Surrendered !—and so short a time ago
 Vienna trembling in her blood-stain'd walls—
 Surrendered !—Hungary subdued !—oh ! no :
 Not bayonets, nor cannon-thundering balls,
 The high-souled thoughts that in her bosom swell
 Against oppression's wrongs, could thus so swiftly quell :
 Nor could thy lofty spirit, Kossuth, bow
 So low, nor theirs, who, at thine altar, Liberty,
 Took, in the sacred name of God, the vow
 Their country from the tyrant's iron yoke to free :
 Alas ! my trusting soul, Kossuth away,
 The cause his zeal upheld, vile treachery may betray.

* An allusion to the savage barbarity of the Austrians under Haynau, in flogging a lady at Presburg in the open day, her only crime being her *patriotism*.

And is it so? Can man degenerate be so bad
 As sacrifice to *self* a nation's sacred cause?
 It is too true. A shout is heard at Arad,
 Where (fawning on the *Russian Bear's* arm'd paws,
 With idiot trust, to soothe his roused ire—
 A maniac thus his hand thrusts in the burning fire)
 The dastard *Gorgey* bows and lays his sword,
 Submitting to the *mercy* of the Czar!
 Well may they shout, that rude invading horde,
 And send the clarion of their triumph far,
 Alarming distant realms—while o'er the sea
 It booms along the muffled knell of Liberty!

What mercy canst thou hope for, dastard chief,
 Betrayer of thy country and its rights;
 Was it for *life*?—that is, when longest, brief—
 Thou thus hast shun'd the free-man's noblest fights?
 Hast thou thy country's freedom basely *sold*
 For Austria's tinsel'd honors, or for Russia's gold?
 What matters it? Thy fate is infamy:
 Kossuth still lives, to curse thee in his soul,
 Honor'd by all the noble and the free;
 Whilst thou art doomed to drain guilt's poisoned bowl,
 To know thy name shall be the hiss and scorn
 Of millions living and of more unborn—
 O! better far to be by fierce wild horses torn!

J. B.

For the information of such of our readers as are not acquainted with the History of the Hungarians, we may mention here, that they will find a short account of their origin, migrations, and settlement, in the 56th chapter of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' from which we quote a few sentences, illustrative of the subject:—'*Magiar* is the national and oriental denomination of the Hungarians; but, among the tribes of *Seythia*, they are distinguished by the Greeks under the proper and peculiar name of *Turks*, as the descendants of that mighty people who had conquered and reigned from China to the *Volga*.'—In their *nomadic*, or wandering state, 'their public counsels were directed by seven *vayvods*, or hereditary chiefs; but the experience of discord and weakness recommended the more simple and vigorous administration of a single person. The sceptre which had been declined by the modest *Libedius*, was granted to the birth, or merit, of *Almus*, and his son *Arpad*, and the authority of the supreme khan of the *Chazars* confirmed the engagement of the prince and people; of the people to obey his commands, OF THE PRINCE TO CONSULT THEIR HAPPINESS AND GLORY.' 'The house of *Arpad* reigned 300 years in the kingdom of Hungary. But the free born Barbarians were not dazzled by the lustre of a diadem, and the PEOPLE ASSERTED THEIR INDEFEASIBLE RIGHT OF CHOOSING, DEPOSING, AND PUNISHING, THE HEREDITARY SERVANT OF THE STATE.' We add to these extracts a short passage from Walker's 'Elements of Geography and of Natural and Civil history,' relating to this noble and valiant people, in whom the love of liberty has ever been the ruling passion: 'The inhabitants are composed of a variety of people differing in name, language, and manners, and this diversity has been thus accounted for:—the enthusiastic spirit for liberty, which so long opposed the Roman arms, made its last stand here, against those conquerors of the world, who, by degrees, drove the remains of the different vanquished nations into these quarters: the thickness of the woods, the rapidity

of the rivers, and the natural strength of the country, favored their resistance; and THEIR DESCENDANTS STILL RETAIN THE MOST LEGIBLE CHARACTERS OF THOSE UNSUBMITTING HEROES FROM WHOM THEY SPRUNG.' Long may they continue to retain it, in their noble struggle for national independence; may they abundantly show, not only that they still retain the indomitable spirit of their brave ancestors, but, in the discomfiture of Austrian despotism, and Russian barbarity, prove, to an admiring and cheering world, that a freeborn and united people, contending for the most sacred rights transmitted to them by their forefathers, and sanctioned and confirmed to them by the holiest laws, both human and divine, are INVINCIBLE. May the truly sublime and patriotic prayer of the pious and heroic Kossuth be yet heard by the 'mightiest of the mighty'! May all free men on the face of the earth, on bended knees, and with uplifted hands and hearts, join in it with one consent. May they supplicate the aid of heaven in favor of suffering freedom and insulted humanity! May Britons, whose own partial liberties were won by valor and baptized in blood, be the first to sympathize in the sufferings of the patriotic Hungarians! From every temple in our land—from every private dwelling—from every English heart—may prayer ascend to the 'Most Mighty' on their behalf!—Trusting in an Aristocrat they have been betrayed—let them trust such no more, but rely solely on God and on themselves.

SOW THY SEED.

Sow thy seed, there is need! never be weary,
 Morning and evening withhold not thine hand;
 By the side of all waters let faith and hope cheer thee,—
 Where the blessing may rest is not thine to command.

Do thy best, leave the rest, while the day serveth,—
 Night will assuredly overtake noon;
 Work with thy brother, while he thine arm nerveth,
 Without him, or for him, if holding back soon.

On the earth, must have birth—(tho to mere reason,
 Unequal the contest with evil may prove)—
 When of trial and conflict endured the dark season,
 All that shall blossom and bear fruit above.

As the grain, oft in pain, doubt, care, and sadness,
 The Husbandman needs must commit to the soil,
 Long to struggle with darkness and death, if in gladness
 He may hope e'er to reap the new harvest from toil.

All brave men, labor then, once having yielded
 The hand to the plough, look not back on the past;
 In the inward and onward, Faith, day by day wielded,
 Only can win the true substance at last.

Sow thy seed, there is need, never mind sorrow,
 Disappointment is not what it seems to thee now;
 Tears, if but touched by one heavenly ray, borrow
 A glory that spans all,—the bright promised bow!

B.

THE MASQUE OF LIFE.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

WH ME! that lonely way!
Savage and wild it was,
Mid hanging rocks, all broken, bald, and grey,
And shaggy gorges where the Prey-birds rose,
Screaming from early morn till evening close.

And I was forced for many weary days,
To wander there, that I my life might save
From an old enemy, and early grave.

It was a country of the Torrid East;
And Tawny Lions did beset the ways;
Whilst dusky forms of many an Unknown Beast,
Loomed thro' the shadows of the moon by night,
And filled the rocks and vallies with affright.

There was no tree, nor shrub, nor pleasant flower,
And no refreshing dew nor shower
Fell on the burning earth;
And not a bird
The dead air stirred,
With a melodious birth;
But the heat came down
Like God's fierce frown,
In that wild, howling, wilderness,
And I was all alone in my distress.

And as I journeyed on,
I sometimes trod upon
The fiery Asp amid the arid sands;
And heard the laughter of Demoniac bands
Echo from rock to rock;
And felt the Earthquake's shock,
As he stirred in his sepulchres below,
And terrors followed me wherever I did go.

My loins were girded with the Camel's hair,
My feet were sandaled with the Tiger's hide;
And fear dwelt in my heart, and fell despair,
And hope came not, nor joy, with me to bide:
For I had fled the world in dread of death,

o o

The wanderer is
suddenly struck
with an old re-
membrance;

and begins to
relate

the terrors

of his forty days'

sojourn
in the wilderness.

How he journey-
ed; and what wild
sights and sounds
assailed him.

His utter loneli-
ness of heart;

and why he fled
into that waste
howling wilder-
ness.

The Tempter and
his supernatural
vitality;

His mighty
power, and the
strange, awful,
horrid creatures
that obeyed his
behests;

And by which he
wrought out his
spells, and dire
purposes; ad-
ding to these the
witcheries of
Beauty, & using
them to destroy
souls, when his
terrors failed.

The wanderer
then leaves the
Desert, and nar-
rates the history
of his early life;

Its happy, inno-
cent occupations
and the joy he
felt in the midst
of God's beauti-
ful creatures.

How the Tempter
by his secret and
invisible influ-
ence robbed him
of this joy;

And that old enemy whose vital breath
Came not of earth or heaven.

Instinct he was with an unnatural life,
Ah me! that life like his should e'er be given!
And with it direful powers of wo and strife,
Which make earth hell, and man the fire of heaven.

He was master of the magic art,
And knew all evil spirits each by name;
And in a cavern dwelt from men apart,
'Mid sorceries foul, and ministries of flame.
Knowledge, and wealth, and science were his dower:
Strange, secret Things obeyed him as their Lord;
The Stars were servitors unto his power
And Winged Monsters trembled at his word.
Huge, Sexless Forms, and Mixed Brutalities,
Like the old Twilight Births of ancient time,
Rolled thro' the dusky den their glaring eyes,
And Serpents crawled around with their foul brood of slime.

These were the things obscene,
Wherewith the enemy unclean,
Worked out his dreadful will:
Nor these alone; but as his mind was bent,—
On sudden or on lingering ill,—
He to his cunning purpose lent
The witcheries of beauty, and the charm
Of music and delight;
Soft ravishments which do not seem to harm,
Yet day and night
Steal from the soul its strength, and darken all its sight.

I was a Shepherd on the lonely plain,
And whilst my flocks were grazing in the sun,
I from my oaten pipes, with many a strain,
Made musical the hours as they did run.
Ah, happy days! ah innocent employ!
When thro' the twilight mists I saw each morn
Break with his golden wings and face of joy,
Dropping sweet smiles upon the world forlorn;
And heard the forest minstrels, one by one,
Whilst yet the dew-drops glittered on their breasts,
Sing to the Lord, whose presence round them shone,
Waking betimes within their leafy nests.

I know not why that enemy did come,
To rob me of the heaven I had on earth;

But soon I found that the Great Heart was dumb,
 And I had lost the glory of my birth.
 The flowers no longer looked like Angels' eyes,
 But shrunk like Guilty Things from me away,
 And dusky faces in the cloudy skies,
 Filled up my heart with terror and dismay.
 Morning and evening ceased to charm me more;
 And the great firmament of flaming orbs;
 The storm's loud trumpet, and the cataract's roar,
 Whose mystic meaning the young soul absorbs—
 Fell voiceless in the hollows of mine ears;
 And all the things that I had loved so well,
 In a wild agony of tears,
 Vanished away before an unknown spell.

"O! for my lost life," I cried;
 "My innocent, lost life;
 "Would God that I had bowed my head and died,
 "E'er I had known this strife."
 For from the moment that my heart went out,
 Extinguished to the beauty of the world,
 I felt strange Phantoms torture me with doubt;
 Whilst sable banners, o'er my head unfurled,
 Grinned horrid questions down upon my brain,
 Lettered with demons' mocking eyes of fire—
 And I became a Dual thing of pain
 And thought, which had no rest, no mother, and no sire.

And then I cried aloud "O, can it be
 "That I who yesterday was pure and free,
 "Who loved all things till I had made them mine,
 "And felt the Lord of Life, like one divine?
 "O can it be that I have lost my all,
 "And now obey the Tempter at his call?
 "What mean these subtle doubts, that whisper ever,
 "Life is a cheat, thou wilt be happy never!
 "Why spend thy days upon this shepherd's plain
 "To watch thy flocks, to sleep, and watch again?"
 In vain I asked whence these dread questions came,
 And who the Tempter was, and what his name;
 For always in my heart a Voice replied
 "Where is the good of life that thou should'st bide?"
 And these dark doubts did rankle in my mind,
 And poison all the marrow of my bones;
 My flocks were left unheeded, and the winds
 Brought horrid whispers in their sweetest tones.
 Nature with all her shining creatures went

until nature lost
 all her charms,
 and innocent flowers
 shrunk from him
 like guilty
 things.

How the spell
 worked, polluting
 & darkening all
 natural objects,
 until the universe
 became a dead,
 lifeless blank to
 him.

His wild wail and
 threnody over his
 loss; wishing that
 he had died rather
 than have
 suffered so great
 an affliction.

For now his desolate
 soul, empty
 of its former
 joys, is exposed
 to the assaults of
 evil spirits, who
 accordingly take
 possession of him,
 haunting him
 with horrid questions
 and doubts
 of God's goodness,
 until his life becomes
 a wound,
 and his soul a
 living pain.

He agonizes with
 his condition;
 and enquires of
 the unanswering
 heavens, how
 these things can
 be?

and why he is
 thus abandoned
 to a dark and evil
 destiny?

But in vain;
 for the temptations
 and doubts
 return;

poisoning his
 very bones, and
 so diseasing his
 vision that the
 world becomes to
 him a horrid
 Phantasmagoria

Like a sick Vision past me ; and the Hosts
Which God had marshalled in the firmament,
Seemed drifting o'er me like a sea of ghosts.

He is tempted to
self-slaughter ;

and rescued by a
delusive vision,

which is devised
to prepare him
for yielding to
more seductive
charms ;

But he is con-
scious of its ob-
ject ; and has to
submit to more
dark and terrible
trials, that the
Tempter may
more easily effect
his purpose.

Accordingly,
when he wakes
he finds himself
in the Cavern of
the Tempter,

who prepares

still stranger
sights, wilder
terrors and temp-
tations, for him.

His agony and
bloody sweat.

One night I stood upon a mountain top
Which beetled o'er a dizzy gulf below ;
"Plunge ! plunge ! why, coward, dost thou stop ?"
A throng of voices whispered deep and low :
And as I gazed down, and heard the roar
Of the black waters, 'lumined by the moon,
And saw the bearded rocks, so wild and hoar,
A sudden impulse seized me, and a swoon
Like a magnetic trance dissolved my sense ;
And I was wafted to a glorious land
Which for my life was meed and recompense.
Around me floated a voluptuous band
Of dark eyed women, like the Syrian maids ;
And others, naked 'mongst the Lotus flowers,
But fairer far than they, dreamed in the shades,
Whilst rivers murmured by thrö aromatic bowers.

I was awakened from this dream of bliss,
With all its bosoms and its circling arms,—
Snatched from the joy of love's immortal kiss,
To dwell once more with terrors and alarms ;
And then I knew that vision was a snare
To lure my soul to death in its despair.
Awake ! awake ! why did I e'er awake ?
The twilight cavern of the Tempter held
My prisoned body ; why did God forsake
The Heart that loved him, till by doubt impelled
To question all the bounties that he gave ?
Why did I doubt ? O Life was sweet before !
And earth was beautiful, and not a grave !
But he who seeks shall find, and pay for all his lore.

I gazed around me as I lay, and saw
Strange Sculptures staring from the roofs and walls ;
Hybrids uncouth, with savage limb and claw,
And grim, Black Mummies in their stony stalls,
Whilst echoes answered to accursed calls.

How long in that terrific den I lay,—
My senses frozen with the gloom it wore,
The cold sweat oozing from me like a spray—
I knew not, nor the agony I bore.
But I remember how a sudden light
Blue, sulphurous, and red, lit up the cave ;

And how demoniac visions filled my sight
 And hopeless wretches in mine ears did rave.
 A hellish pageantry at last,
 Made up of bestial shapes,
 Glided all dusky past.
 Satyrs, and hairy Apes;
 Snake bearded monsters, with their heads of flame;
 Two footed Dragons, winged and dropping fire;
 Mandrakes, and horned Chimeras without name;
 And these this song of blasphemies did sing
 Which evermore within mine ears doth ring.

Life is but a cheat and folly,
 Man was made for sport.
 The fool alone is melancholy;
 All things will come to naught,
 Ha! ha!

All things will come to naught,

The solid earth is hollow;
 The stars are foolish fires;
 No other life will follow
 The life of human sires,
 Ha! ha!

The life of human sires.

Men say that vice is evil;
 That virtue's good and right;
 But there's no God nor Devil,
 If men would use their sight,
 Ha! ha!

If men would use their sight.

So on with the dance and the song whilst we may,
 Lechers by night, and carousers by day,
 The dreary old world is fast drifting away.

The demoniac
 pageantry of ob-
 scene, foul mon-
 sters, sent to
 mock him in his
 soul's bitterness,

and sears him by
 their blasphemies,
 into a total
 abandonment of
 the high emprise
 of humanity, and
 sink him into a
 hideous Demon-
 worship, and
 Religion of the
 senses.

I rose in terror when this song was done,
 And felt my blood like lava thro' me run.
 "No God! no Hope! no Life beyond," I cried,
 "No truth in all the universes wide!
 "And these vast orbs in the immense profound,
 "These Giant Skeletons that burn around!
 "These roaring surges that I sometimes hear,
 "As if the Eternal Sea were rolling near!
 "These voices in my heart! which night and day,
 "Despite temptation, urge me still to pray;
 "Are these illusions? Am I quite bereft?
 "Alas! poor Orphan! what else then is left?"

But the inward
 light, not yet
 quenched, shines
 thro' the ruins of
 his nature, but
 not powerfully
 enough to heal
 his despondency;
 and he yields to
 the dreadful
 thought, that
 there is no God,
 and that he is an
 Orphan.

Whereupon the
Tempter hath his
will; plies him
with further
temptations, viz.
of wealth and
power in lieu of
the old joys
he once had.

The Wanderer,
bewildered with
all he had hereto-
fore seen, de-
mands that the
Tempter should
appear, in token
that he is not an
illusion; and
another change
passes over the
Cavern's aspect,
preparatory to the
final temptation.

Then the Temp-
ter offers him
knowledge and
power if he will
forwear his own
soul, and be bound
to serve him.

The wanderer re-
plies that he is
bound already;
that he is the
slave and not the
master of his own
thought, which
eats him like fire.

But the Tempter
offers to pro-
nounce the word
that will free
him; and, to set
forth his power,
begins a new en-
chantment.

This gradually
works upon the
senses of the wan-
derer, and lulls
him into volup-
tuous musings.

He then strikes
a broken chord
in his heart, and
awakens there
the distant echoes
of love; which, as
the charm pro-
ceeds, turn into
melodious utter-
ance.

A sudden answer shook the cave and said,
"The life thou livest, barren is, and dead;
"But wealth, and power, and pleasure, all are mine,
"And if thou speak'st the word they shall be thine."
I answered: "Who art thou? appear and show
"If thou likewise, illusive art, or no."
He came; and unseen hands lit up the cave,
With jeweled lamps. A fairy cave it seemed,
With colored tassels glittering down the nave,
Recalling olden visions I had dreamed
Of grottoes hung with ornamental spars,
And black eyed glorious nymphs in their cymars.

Then said the Tempter, "I will give to thee
"Knowledge and power, if thou'lt be bound to me."
"Who art thou," I replied; "No matter," he;
"Give me thy bond, and I will set thee free."
"Alas!" I said, "I am already bound;
"My life is but a dead, unmeaning round;
"My heart is crushed within me, and I find
"Dark thoughts are eating up my youthful mind;
"If thou hast power and knowledge, tell me why
"I came on earth?" "To sweat and toil and die,"
He answered; "But the secret word I know
"Can make thee Lord of all things here below."
"Pronounce the word!" I said, "the living word!"
"That I may know what credence thou art worth;
"Strange longings in my spirit thou hast stirred,
"And I would have them realized by birth."
"That word," said he, "I may not speak till thou,
"With bended knees to me thy master bow;
"But I will show thee by my magic skill
"What glories I can conjure up at will."

With that soft music swelled the cavern aisles,
And smokes of burning musk and odorous wood
Stole o'er my senses, with their amorous wiles,
And lulled the beating pulses of my blood.
Then said the Tempter, "What dost thou love best?"
And as the question fell upon mine ear,
A buried image rose within my breast,
Of one long lost, but now and ever dear.
"I apprehend," quoth he; "this maiden fair,
"With dark blue eyes, and neatly braided hair,
"Is Bertha of the Forest; yesterday
"You, blushing, met her as she went to pray,
"And tho' your love the little maiden spurns,

"Your heart for her, I see, its incense burns."
 I answered, it is true, I love her well;
 "And yet my heart is but a living hell;
 "Before she drove me to despair and madness,
 "No living creature was so full of gladness;
 "Her image made the sunshine fairer;
 "Thro' her, the rare wild flowers were rarer.
 "The rainbow clasping heaven, did seem
 "The symbol of my hopeful dream;
 "And stars and moonlight came to me
 "Like love from her, so silently;
 "But ever since, with darkness, wo, and doubt,
 "Loathing I've dragged my weary limbs about."
 "Forget this foolish maid," he said, "and I
 "With one more lovely will your heart supply;
 "And if you'd rather serve a maid than me;
 "I'll give you Beauty's self your bride to be;
 "And then the early life that you deplore,
 "With all its glories will come back once more."
 A mist came o'er my eyelids, dark and deep,
 And Beauty's spirit from her starry keep
 He called, and wove this vision in my sleep.

Methought I breathed in some delicious air
 Which swept from unseen flowers and gardens fair;
 And all around, invisible to me,
 I heard sweet tones of lute-like melody,
 And felt the glances of voluptuous eyes,
 With sweetest dreams of love, my soul surprise.
 And then there passed before me, half revealed,
 Half hid in shadowy robes, which ill concealed
 The peerless form, the bosoms stainless snow,
 A Matchless Woman, over whom did flow
 A glory like the golden sunset's glow.
 And now methought I saw the face so fair,
 And Bertha's tender eyes were beaming there,
 Under the shadow of her long dark hair.
 But when I would have pressed her heart to mine,
 Filled with a burning ecstasy divine,
 She vanished into sunny mist, and I
 Was left alone in speechless agony.

Anon that wild and wondrous Presence came,
 And fanned my temples with a dreamy flame,
 Which lulled me in a soft and sweet repose,
 Such as the winds by moonlight bring the rose.
 And then a voice,—as tho the mouth were pressed

The Tempter
 names his beloved,
 and cunningly
 contrives to
 make him asso-
 ciate her rejection
 of him with his
 present desola-
 tion; that he may
 the more readily
 entice him
 to the love which
 he has reserved
 to betray him.

He proposes,
 therefore, to give
 him the spirit of
 Beauty for a bride,
 in the stead of his
 lost one; intend-
 ing to seduce
 him from the
 questions which
 lead to life and
 satisfy his infinite
 cravings for the
 highest knowledge,
 by the ministra-
 tion of sensual
 esthetic pleasure,
 which leads to
 death.

He causes a deep
 sleep to fall upon
 him therefor; and
 weaves a vision
 into the woof of
 it which betrays
 the sleeper and
 secures him for a
 time to the Temp-
 ter's will.

The spirit of
 Beauty appears
 in a wild, shad-
 owy form which
 entrances the
 sleeper; and as it
 becomes more re-
 vealed, he dis-
 covers the face of
 Bertha, his be-
 loved; and strives
 to clasp her; but
 the form
 vanishes.

It re-appears,

fanning his temples
with an amorous
flame, pre-
sents his cheek,
and sings.

Against my cheek,—to me these words addressed.

Fear not mortal ! I am ever
By thy side where'er thou art ;
Whilst thou lov'st me, I will never
Tear myself from thee apart.

Thou shalt rest thy head when weary,
In my bosom soft as snow ;
Where thy wayfare groweth dreary
I will cause sweet flowers to grow.

In my arms I will entwine thee,
On thy lips sweet kisses rain ;
Lilies could not gentler bind thee—
Breathing music thro' thy brain.

Cast thy doubts like weeds away ;
Thou art not on earth alone ;
Night is followed by the day,
And one heart is all thine own.

He listens in
ecstasy ; and fan-
cying it is the
voice of his lost
love he hears,
beseeches for a
repetition of the
thrilling words.

Then he sees
Bertha's image
before him, and
addresses her in
passionate bursts
of love.

She, bending over
his head, answers
him, that she is
not to be his
bride, but that he

I listened soul entranced, like one who hears
The voice of his beloved in his ears :
"O blessed voice !" I said, "that com'st to me
"Like heavenly music on a lonely sea,
"Breathe forth those precious words again, that I
"May know they are indeed, reality."
And then the voice repeated o'er and o'er
The burden of the song it sang before,
And I, deluded by the Tempter's art,
Saw Bertha's image into being start ;
And that sweet voice like music in its tone,
I answered thus, and thought it was her own :
"Sweet Bertha, then that song is thine !
"And wilt thou pledge thy heart for mine ?
"When late I met thee on the way
"To Vespers in the evening grey,
"I felt thy beauty vanquish me,
"And all my love returned for thee.
"I watched thee in the chapel dim,
"And heard thee join the sacred hymn ;
"And O, I yearned ! but thought it never,
"To clasp the heart that's mine for ever."

Then she replied, whilst bending o'er my head,
"Alas ! dear love ! I may not share thy bed ;
"For I am but a poor, and lowly maid
"Born like the forest flowers to droop and fade,

"And die unseen within the forest shade."
 I answered madly "No! Thou shalt become
 "The mistress, dear one, of my heart and home;
 "Nor wealth nor honors, shall I ever prize
 "If thou withdraw from me thy tender eyes;
 "If thou refuse my love, Oh! I shall die,
 "Crushed and heart broken in my agony."

must look to
 higher orders of
 being wherein to
 choose his love

But he will have
 her alone; and
 whilst he is lockt
 in her embraces

"The words," she whispered, "thou dost say,
 "Are sweeter than the sound of rills;
 "Yet they whirl my sense away,
 "And mad delight my bosom thrills."
 "Come then," I answered, "closer to me,
 "That I may feel the madness thro' thee;
 "Joy, oh joy! there is no bliss
 "Can ever equal this and this—
 "Heaven lies in a maiden's kiss."

And whilst from her rich lips, I drew the breath
 Of life and love; a chill as if of death,
 Shot thro' my being, darkening all my sense;
 And then I heard the Tempter call me hence;
 And mocking sounds of laughter filled the air,
 In hellish triumph at my wild despair.

the Tempter dis-
 solves the vision,
 and mocks him
 as he awakes out
 of it; bidding

"Awake!" he cried, "Ho! sleeper! wake and see,
 "What other Beauties are reserved for thee."
 I answered, all my soul to her inclining;
 "Away! false fiend! my spirit's out of tune;
 "O where is she I felt but now entwining
 "Around my bosom, like a rose in June?"

him sleep and
 dream again.

"'Twas but a dainty vision of thy brain;
 "And thou must sleep and dream," he said, "again."
 With that I heard the same sweet lute-like voice,
 Which made my heart at first with love rejoice,
 Singing this conjuration strange and wild,
 Which like a magic spell my soul beguiled.

Then, by more
 powerful spells,
 the spirit of
 Beauty, invoking
 all the mighty
 spirits of earth,
 air, and heaven
 to aid her,

Stars from out your heavenly quire!
 Winds from your olden caves;
 Sun with locks of golden fire;
 Melodies of ocean waves!
 Birds, and moon, and planets seven!
 Flowers and trees, and grass, and all
 That dwell in earth and air and heaven,
 Come to my call!

And as she ended, rushing like the wings
 Of angel armies in their gatherings,

offers herself and
these, to the
sleeper, if he will
plight his troth
to her.

He is amazed at
the godlike intel-
ligences that sur-
round him, ready
to obey his word;
and fancies he
has before caught
glimpses of them
thro' the old Pri-
mal shapes of
Nature.

She offers him a
cup, which is to be
his Lethe draught
of past miseries,
and to inspire him
henceforth with
the love of all
fair and beautiful
things.

The spirits watch
him with their
dazzling eyes;
And he accepts
the draught, if
the spirit of
beauty will pre-
sent the cup to
him in her own
natural form,
which she does;
and he, overpow-
ered by the ap-
parition of such
wild, wondrous
loveliness, wor-
ships her accord-
ing to the sensu-
ous ritual, vowing
to bind himself
to her for ever.

Thus the great
temptation, to-
wards which all
the rest were
subordinate, is
successful; and
the Tempter car-
ries off his stray
soul to distant
scenes, where he
wearies of plea-
sure & the power
that mere know-
ledge gives him:
& breaking from
his bondage, flies
to the wilderness,
where the Tempter
pursues him
with dire
sights and sounds.

A host of mighty spirits stood around
The voice that called them on the sunny ground.
Then unto me that lute-like voice did sing:

Mortal! thus to thee I bring
A vision of the o'ershadowing.
All these shapes that do abide
Thro'out the universes wide,
Shall thy speaking servants be,
If thou'lt give thy heart to me.

"And who art thou," I asked, "this seems
"Like my many waking dreams;
"The old Primal shapes are here,
"Say, art thou their ministers?"
"I'm thine," she said, "if thou art mine.
"Drink then this cup of ruddy wine!
"It is the mingled juice and blood
"Of all things bright, and fair, and good."
And as she spoke, I saw a shadowy hand,
Hold forth a goblet 'mid that spirit band,
Who watched me with their strange and dazzling eyes,
As if their life were hung on my replies.
I answered "If thou'lt offer me the cup
"In thy own natural form, I'll drink it up."
And in a moment, bursting into light,
She stood revealed before my ravished sight,
And, carried in an ecstasy away,
I to the vision these rapt words did say:
"Ah wonder of wild wonders! Thou in whom
"The essence of all beauty is in bloom;
"Within whose deep unfathomable eyes
"Lie love and heaven, with their great mysteries;
"Whose glorious form, so pure and chaste and fair
"Doth scarcely press the bosom of the air;
"Whose brow is as the sunbow, and whose cheek
"Is flushed like lilies, when the roses speak
"To them of love; whose breast is living snow
"Where violet streams make clover blossoms grow;
"Whose joints are set in jewels, richer far
"Than flashing rubies and bright diamonds are,
"Whose golden hair drops odors all around,
"Thou breathing melody! I will be bound
"To thee for ever." So I took the wine
And would have drained it in a draught divine,
But on a sudden, like the clap of doom,
Loud thunder dashed the vision into gloom;

And I awoke amid the stars to see
 The Tempter shake his hollow sides with glee,
 Beholding my amazement and alarm
 As I looked forth from the dissolving charm.
 "Tell me," he said, "wilt serve the wond'rous woman
 "Whom I just now before thine eyes did summon?"
 I, drunken with her beauty, answered 'yea,'
 And suddenly was borne to distant scenes away.

At last he
 finds an old path
 leading up a high
 mountain, upon
 the top of which
 dwells a divine
 Seer who exorci-
 ses the Tempter,
 and teaches the
 wanderer his
 heavenly lore;
 whereby he recon-
 ciles the human
 and divine life:
 thus accomplish-
 ing his destiny.

PAPAL AND PROTESTANT FRAUDS.

Sir Charles Lyell says:—"It is well known by those who have of late years frequented the literary circles of Rome, that the learned Cardinal Mai was prevented, in 1838, from publishing his edition of the *Codex Vaticanus*, because he could not obtain leave from the late Pope (Gregory XVI.) to omit the interpolated passages, and had satisfied himself that they were wanting in all the most ancient MSS. at Rome and Paris. The Pontiff refused, because he was bound by the decrees of the Council of Trent and of a Church pretending to infallibility, which had solemnly sanctioned the Vulgate; and the Cardinal had too much good faith to give the authority of his name to what he regarded as a forgery."—(*A Second Visit to the U. S. of N. America*, vol. i. 223.) The consequence is, that the only Greek edition of the New Testament ever printed at Rome, remains unpublished. One of the *interpolated passages* even abandoned by Cardinal Mai still retains its place in most Protestant Bibles:—we mean the celebrated verse of the 'Three Heavenly Witnesses,' in the Epistle of John.

THE WATER CURE.

'The Domestic Practice of Hydropathy: with fifteen engraved illustrations. By EDWARD JOHNSON, M.D.' London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1849. Pp. 582.

T IS now eleven years since we first directed public attention to a series of letters published in a Metropolitan Magazine, as furnishing a beautiful instance of the manner in which the talents of their author could popularize a scientific subject. Those letters have been frequently republished, and very widely known, under the title of 'Life, Health, and Disease.' They were followed by other works of a similar character and tendency—and by one of a peculiar kind—Philosophic Nuts—evinced great powers of mental and verbal analysis.

These earlier essays gradually prepared the author for the worthy accomplishment of the work before us, in which we find a happy combination of the matured results of thought and experience. Edward Johnson, the mental philosopher and logician, unites here with Dr. Johnson, the practical physician and popular writer, in producing a work on *Domestic Medicine* truly adapted to the million—a work which, while it ably sustains the reputation its author had already achieved, cannot fail to do much towards establishing sounder notions of medical treatment, and in overturning the chartered quackery which every where prevails.

The first virtue of style marks this work, as indeed all that comes from the pen of Dr. Johnson—perspicuity and *unmistakableness*. It is, moreover, as lively and pointed as ever.

The title discloses the general nature of its contents, which, however, may be briefly particularized:—It contains, first, a very minutely detailed description of the various hydropathic processes, and directions as to the proper manner of performing them; with an enumeration of the several kinds of baths in use—their comparative powers, their individual effects, their temperature, the manner and times of taking them; observations regarding diet, clothing, sleep, and exercise generally, with necessary cautions concerning all these subjects. Secondly, it contains general observations on the hydropathic treatment; its mode of action on the living system; with remarks on the nature of general and local disease. Thirdly, it contains a detailed description of the symptoms by which each disease is recognized, with its appropriate treatment; and particular directions as to diet, exercise, clothing, etc. It is only necessary to add a few words as to the objects for which the book has been written.

One object has been to bring the benefits of Hydropathy, as much as possible, within reach of the *poor*.

There is another large class of persons, to whom the advantages of the water treatment have been hitherto a dead letter, on account of their inability to leave their homes and business. 'I am constantly receiving letters from persons thus situated,' says Dr. Johnson, 'requesting me to conduct them thro' the treatment

by correspondence; but, for want of some book to which I could refer them for particular directions and general instructions, regarding their treatment, I have found it almost impossible to comply with their wishes, either with advantage to them, or credit to myself. It is, therefore, one of the objects and uses of the book, to facilitate the treatment of this class of persons, at their own homes, by correspondence; and to give as much efficacy and safety as possible to treatment so conducted.'

There was another difficulty—and that, too, of a very grave nature—which constantly made itself felt, in all attempts to treat persons by the interchange of letters—the very meagre, confused, and altogether inadequate manner in which patients report their cases. In most instances, it is altogether impossible to arrive at just conclusions, either as to the precise nature of the disorder, the nature of the constitution of the patient, or the amount of his general powers. And yet, a correct appreciation of the *sort* of constitution and the amount of living power, is just as essential to safe and effective treatment, as a knowledge of the disease itself; for it is by these that the physician is enabled to *apportion the dose*. To remedy this evil, the author has affixed to the book a *FORM OF REPORT*, in which are indicated the particular points of information, in order to enable him to judge correctly as to the nature, not only of the disease, but also of the constitution, and the general state of the living powers. And, altho those points are many, yet all the information required can frequently be conveyed in few words. By the help of this *FORM*, something like professional accuracy and precision may be secured.

There are many liberal-minded medical men who are deeply sensible of the evils inseparably connected with drug-practice, and who would be very willing to give Hydropathy a fair trial in acute disease, if they had an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the *details* of its practice. To offer them this opportunity, therefore, has been another object of the author.

It forms no part of the objects of this work, however, to lead the suffering to believe that they can *dispense* with the services of medical men. In many slight cases they may do so; but in severe forms of disease, no one, especially in acute disorders, should use this, or any other treatment, without professional guidance, *if they can get it*. So, also, there are many forms of chronic malady—as, for instance, those of the respiratory, circulating, and nervous systems—in which the hydropathic treatment should not be administered, without first taking professional advice as to its propriety; and, if proper, as to the *degree* in which it may be used; and, above all, as to the *sort* of hydropathic treatment it is proper to adopt. For, it must be remembered that, in diseases of these three fundamental systems, the three prime organs of life are involved, viz., the heart; the lungs and the brain, with its appendages, and spinal marrow.

LOVE'S TRINITY.

BY W. J. LINTON.

USTICE, Love, and Faith are one :
 Love resumeth all the three :
 Justice—Love for what is done,—
 Love—the present royalty,—
 Faith—the love of what shall be.

Justice vindicates the Past :
 Keeps its truth from dying with
 The formal life that could not last ;
 Still maintains the central pith
 And the essence of the myth.

Truth is Love of the Unseen,
 Of the future beyond sight :
 Faith, above the sky serene
 Of present Love, with tireless flight
 Cleaves the clouded Infinite.

Love is Truth and Faith in one,—
 Love is life's true harmony :
 There was truth in what is gone,
 Tho it seem not ; there shall be
 New Truth to eternity.

Justice, Love, and Faith, are One—
 Love, the perfect Trinity :
 Love is just to what is gone ;
 Love, aye present unto Thee,
 Trusteth to futurity.

GENTLENESS.

BY W. J. LINTON.

AT FIRST starting let us be understood! We speak of gentleness—the *virtue*, not mere polite behavior. We speak of morals, rather than manners. Alas! that *morals* and *manners* are no longer synonymous as in old heroic days.

Gentleness—the quality which makes a man a *gentleman*—is in no wise dependent on white gloves or superfine cloth. There is really no gentleness in a dancing-master's bow; nor is it gentle to eat fish with a silver fork. Such and such-like exquisite conformances with the fastidiousnesses of what is called 'high society,' may evince polish, and quietude, and occasionally delicacy; but they cannot make a man a gentleman. The word 'gentleman' in its common acceptation means only a counterfeit, a genteel husk, a poor empty creature who apes the outward bearing of the *real* gentleman, generally superadding certain non-senses of his own. Our modern term gives us but a wretched idea of the reality. Hear how it sounds alongside of *gentlewoman*—a title now extinct. Look at Shakspeare's gentlemen and gentlewomen; and mark how wide a difference separates them from the *carriage*-folk of to-day! Has Almack's such a gentlewoman as the unconventional Miranda, with her noble clearness, her frank speech, and unmannered open-heartedness? or as Perdita, the country-nurtured, 'the queen of curds and cream'? White satin and 'esprit de millefleurs,' cunningest milliner, lady's maid, and lady-patroness, 'with all appliances and means to boot,' cannot bring out such gentlewomen as these.

Or contrast the bearing of a modern man of fashion with the *essential* gentleness of Posthumous Leonatus, of Polydore and Cadwal, of Lord Hamlet! Is rose-water, or french polish, the whole difference between *gentle* and *churl*? Whited sepulchres: there is no beauty *in* them. Beautiful outsides of May-fair! gentleness is not mere wearing-apparel.

Gentleness must grow from the heart. If the seed of gentle bearing is not in the heart, no master of the ceremonies, no fashion-trainer, even with king's patent to aid, can make the man a gentleman. And if the seed is there (and there would be no heart on this genial earth without such fruitful seed, but that men, busily trafficking, trample the earth hard and prevent growth), if you will but give it room it will grow, and the gentleman be apparent,—without help, or need of help, from any 'Gentleman's Manual' or 'Hand-book of Etiquette' whatever. Gentle-manner, to be worth anything, must be the spontaneous outpouring of a gentle heart. By gentleness we mean gentle-heartedness, not mere quietude of behavior—often the false semblance of beauty.

Now this real gentleness is by no means exclusively a woman's virtue. Gentleness is not to be confounded with weakness. Nor, indeed, do womanliness and weakness bear any necessary relation to each other. Gentleness and weak-

ness are as opposite as valor and brute force. Homer's and Plutarch's heroes are not without gentleness. The heroic must be gentle,—is not perfectly heroic else. The old chivalrous feeling was a true feeling. King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, Charlemagne and his peers, were gentlemen: strong in war and gentle in peace; nay, with a certain gentleness of forbearance, and generous, kind sympathy and thought for others, even in the very whirlwind of their battle-fury.*

* "A party of about one hundred and fifty Shienne warriors had made an assault upon the Mandan village at an early hour of the morning, and driven off a considerable number of horses, and taken one scalp. Mah-to-toh-pa, who was then a young man, but famed as one of the most valiant of the Mandans, took the lead of a party of fifty warriors, all he could at that time muster, and went in pursuit of the enemy. About noon of the second day they came in sight of the Shiennes; and the Mandans, seeing their enemy much more numerous than they had expected, were generally disposed to turn about, and return without attacking them. They started to go back, when Mah-to-toh-pa galloped out in front upon the prairie and plunged his lance into the ground; the blade was driven into the earth to its hilt. He made another circuit, and tore from his breast his reddened sash, which he hung upon the lance handle as a flag, calling out to the Mandans:—'What! have we come to this? we have dogged our enemies two days, and now, when we have found them, are we to turn about and go back like cowards? Mah-to-toh-pa's lance, which is red with the blood of brave men, has led you to the sight of your enemy, and you have followed it; it now stands firm in the ground, where the earth will drink the blood of Mah-to-toh-pa. You may all go back, and Mah-to-toh-pa will fight them alone.'

During this, the Shiennes, who had discovered the Mandans behind them, had turned about and were gradually approaching, in order to give them battle. The chief of the Shienne war-party, seeing and understanding the difficulty, and admiring the gallant conduct of Mah-to-toh-pa, galloped his horse forward within hailing distance of the Mandans, and called out to know 'who he was who had stuck down his lance and defied the whole enemy alone?'

'I am Mah-to-toh-pa, second in command of the brave and valiant Mandans.'

'I have heard often of Mah-to-toh-pa. He is a great warrior. Dares Mah-to-toh-pa to come forward and fight this battle with me alone, and our warriors will look on?'

'Is he a chief who speaks to Ma-to-toh-pa?'

'My scalps you see hanging to my horse's bit; and here is my lance with the ermine skins and the war-eagle's tail.'

'You have said enough.'

The Shienne Chief made a circuit or two at full gallop on a beautiful white horse, when he stuck his lance into the ground and left it standing by the side of the lance of Mah-to-toh-pa, the little red flags of both waving together, tokens of blood and defiance.

The two parties then drew nearer on a beautiful prairie, and the two full-plumed Chiefs, at full speed, drove furiously upon each other, both firing their guns at the same moment. They passed each other a little distance and wheeled, when Mah-to-toh-pa drew off his powder-horn, and by holding it up showed his adversary that the bullet had shattered it to pieces and destroyed his ammunition. He then threw it from him, and his gun also, drew his bow, and an arrow from his quiver, and hung his shield on his left arm. The Shienne instantly did the same: his horn was thrown off, and his gun into the air; his shield was balanced on his arm, his bow drawn; and quick as lightning they were both on the wing for a deadly combat. Like two soaring eagles in the open air they made their circuits around, and the twangs of their sinewy bows were heard, and the war-whoop as they dashed by each other, parrying off the whizzing arrows with their shields. Some lodged in their legs, others in their arms; but both protected their bodies with their bucklers of bull's hide. At length the horse of Mah-to-toh-pa fell to the ground with an arrow in his heart. His rider sprang upon his feet, prepared to renew the combat; but the Shienne, seeing his adversary dismounted, sprang from his horse, and driving him back, presented the face of his shield towards his enemy, inviting him to come on. A few shots more were exchanged thus, when the Shienne, having discharged all his arrows, held up his empty quiver, and

It was the gentleness of true heroism, which Spenser so loved to sing. 'A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain!' It is this which is the great distinction between the knight and the unknightly, the hero and the churl: for the 'cruel Sarazin' lacks not prowess.

Nor is gentleness only the companion and grace of strength: it is sometimes strength itself. Think what gentleness does in the world! how mild persuasive words overthrow the deepest-rooted errors, change systems, and win empires; how Love—the gentlest of the wise—conquers all things! Note how gentle is great nature herself! how womanly mild in the midst of her eternal strength! Gentleness is indeed stronger than power: as growth is strongest of all things. 'Violence'—as Lamennais grandly says—'cannot hasten the growth of a blade of grass': gentleness makes the earth one wide harvest-home. The delicate flower is stronger than the tempest; aye, stronger than the ruggedest winter. See how gently works upward and upward thro' the hard ground that tender bud, the tenderest thing in nature, piercing thro' the strong, heavy-trampled earth; and by and bye the tender bud becomes a giant oak, to wrestle with the tempest, to outlast centuries of winter storm. Even the ocean-tide comes up gently: stealing on, wave after wave, almost imperceptibly; as if its mighty strength were doing a thing of ease, and refused to exert itself unnecessarily. Gentleness and violence,—there is, truly, no comparing their strength: so immeasurably stronger is gentleness, even as music is more potent than mere noise. Get beyond the hubbub of a fair!—the melody, which could not be heard in the midst of an uproar, will be clear when distance has completely silenced the stunning noise of gong and drum and many-voiced clamor. In the same way, it is not the loudest speaker, but the most musical, who is heard farthest. Have not 'the songs of Grecian years' come down to us full of melody, fresh as if from yesterday, while all the *bray* of sonorous battle-trumpet, all the din of loud-throated Roman War, is silent as the grave. One gentle song of Sappho shall outlast the fame of a Napoleon. Who would doubt that the poet is stronger than the warrior? Why, the poet can make warriors. Yes! and unmake them, too,—superseding the occasion for them. Certainly, gentleness is not weakness.

Recollect the old story of Hercules and Omphale! how the Victorious Laborer lays down his club at a woman's feet, content to be her slave. Or that, old Æsop's noble parable, of the contention of the sun and wind: how the fierce

dashing it furiously to the ground, with his bow and his shield, drew and brandished his naked knife.

'Yes!' said Mah-to-toh-pa, as he threw his shield and quiver to the earth, and was rushing up,—he grasped for his knife, but his belt had it not; he had left it at home. His bow was in his hand, with which he parried his antagonist's blow, and felled him to the ground. A desperate struggle now ensued for the knife,—the blade of it was several times drawn thro' the right hand of Mah-to-toh-pa, inflicting the most frightful wounds, while he was severely wounded in several parts of the body. He at length succeeded, however, in wresting it from his adversary's hand, and plunged it into his heart.

By this time the two parties had drawn up in close view of each other; and at the close of the battle Mah-to-toh-pa held up, and claimed, in deadly silence, the knife and scalp of the noble Shienue Chief."—From Catlin's *North American Indians*, Vol. i.

blusterer cannot tear away the traveler's tight-gathered cloak, from every gust still more closely drawn, more obstinately maintained; how the baulked wind fails, moaning defeatedly; while the warm sun, with one gentle smile, draws off the long-held cloak, with easy victory.

Charity—in its true meaning, as *loving-kindness*—is but another word for gentleness. 'Tho I give my body to be burned,' tho I have the courage of a martyr, 'if I have not charity,' if it is not out of a loving disposition, if not of gentle birth, it amounts to nothing. Gentleness 'suffereth long, and is kind;' gentleness 'envieth not;' gentleness 'vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, *doth not behave itself unseemly*' (for gentleness is careful not to offend,—and courtliest politeness cannot be more gracious), 'seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth,' outlasteth 'all things.' Gentleness 'never faileth.' Gentleness and valor,—they are as the sunshine and the storm: the one is Queen of Growth; the other is the Air-clearer, the masterer and overthrower of the hindrances in the way of Growth. The perfect character must command both. There is weakness in the valor which dares not be gentle; but gentleness,—true love, and care of lovingness and beauty,—cannot be otherwise than strong. For the weakness, indolence, or obtuseness which will not offend, is not gentleness. Gentleness,—which giveth no needless pain, whose 'step seemed to pity the grass it pressed,'—will endure to the death for all gentle things, as a mother fights for her young; will rise up into strong, active valor, rather than see one of those little ones offended.

A Luther, in stern duel against falsehood of whatever manner, is gentle as a little child, loves all gentle things: nay, looked rightly at, it is that love and appreciation of gentleness which have made him the stout champion and warrior against oppression and churlish injustice. It was not an ungentle spirit that animated Brutus when he drove out the churl Tarquin, but a noble chivalrous horror of the ungentle abuse of Lucretia. The stern justice of him who slew his own sons for Roman liberty had its origin in the same innate gentleness, from which, *under happier circumstances*, outgrew the delightful beauty of Raffaele. Let there be no mistake in this matter. The true hero, fighting against injustice, fights not for mere fighting' sake; but because, a true lover and worshiper of Truth, the Beautiful, he may never allow the ungentleness of Wrong. He fights, indeed, for peace' sake. It is the only worthy fight. And so, he of gentlest heart, the most devout adorer of Peace, becomes the greatest hero: his valor, born of gentleness, seeking to redeem the world, *because of his great love*. Think of Milton, with his fierce sword-like words, 'half-battles' (as Carlyle says of Luther), stalwart champion against Tyranny,—what loving, what womanliest feelings dwelt in him. Two centuries have past away; and his countrymen have yet to lay to heart the lessons of his love, have yet to learn how heaven-wide was the gentle spirit of that sublimest and most valorous of our English worthies, that giant-hearted hero whose peer Time scarce hath seen.

Gentleness is not to be confounded with that ease and complacency of manner, which show the fashionable, the courtier. Neither is there any gentleness in the lukewarmness and indifference of that apathetic selfishness which is never moved to any display of feeling. The cold-blooded formalist and well-trained hypocrite

are not gentle. Real gentleness is rather the excess of love, the crowning grace of the throbbing heart, the impetuous, vehement soul, which can not be otherwise than true; and which, meeting with the beautiful, is naturally gentle toward them, as a lover with his mistress; which even toward the unlovely is not ungentle, its very hate of unloveliness being sorrow, and the sorrowing pity of a physician rather than anger. To conclude,—*gentleness is love, and the manner of love, its expressive speech.* No courts can teach it. As different is the real manner of love from the pretence, as the delicate flower of the field is different from the artificial bloom of the milliner's show-room. The false jessamine on her Grace's brow, amid the whirl of the dancers, under the palace chandeliers, may not be easily distinguishable from the true: yet it lacks the flexibility, the delicacy, the fragrance, of nature. *It is not a thing of growth.* All the craft in the world is unable to make a flower: the flower must grow.

The Spirit of Gentleness is as the Lady in Shelley's Garden of the Sensitive Plant, the soul of its loveliness, ministering to lovelier growth, blossoming into beautiful expression.

There was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,—
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind,
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion,
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,—

Tended the garden from morn to even:
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
Laght round her footsteps up from the earth.

She had no companion of mortal race;
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told, whilst the morn kiss'd the sleep from her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise:

As if some bright spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Tho the veil of daylight concealed him from her.

Her step seem'd to pity the grass it prest:
You might hear, by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and going of the wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with the shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet ;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers thro' all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam,
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder-showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustain'd them with rods and osier bands :
If the flowers had been her own infants, she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore, in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof ;

In a basket of grasses and wild-flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banish'd insects, whose intent,
Altho they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee, and the beam-like ephemeris,
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that kiss
The sweet lips of the flowers and harm not, did she
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an ante-natal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
She left clinging round the smooth and dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved thro' the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer tide.



CHRISTIAN THEISM.

'The Religious Ideas. By WILLIAM JOHNSON FOX, M. P.' Charles Fox, 67, Paternoster Row, London. 1849.

FOR a long time since we have received any thing on the special topic of religion from W. J. Fox, the most eloquent of sermon writers, the poet-orator of England, the Bishop of the Working Classes, and now (a very slight addition to the name and none to the man) the member for Oldham. It was with no small interest and expectation that we took up this volume, put forth by one whose entire writings and speakings overflow with power, beauty, fascination, and who never touches a subject that he does not adorn with the rich hues of his own gorgeous imagination, and illustrate and make popular by graphic delineation, admirable grouping, and expansive sympathies. Whatever may be pronounced respecting the view taken in this book of Religion and Christianity, it possesses the great merit of being a frank and genuine utterance of thought. Passing thro' many grades of opinion,—having commenced his theological career among the Independents, and been brought up at the feet of that modern Gamaliel, Dr. Pye Smith,—his views have gradually unfolded themselves, he has advanced beyond the limits of all sect, and taken his stand on the ground of the absolute religion, which he claims to find and to decipher in human nature itself. Some will be startled at this conclusion, and in abandoning the old dogmatic ground of sacred books and infallible oracles, will tremble for the safety and perpetuity of religion itself. But there are many in this country, both among the Educated and the Working classes, who are quite prepared for the opinions unfolded in these lectures. They contain little or nothing original, and make no claim to novelty. But they are a frank, popular, eloquent, poetical sketch of the Religious Ideas which have gradually grown up in this age. Unless we misinterpret the signs of the times, the current of opinion sets strongly in this direction. F. W. Newman, Foxton, Froude, Crawford, have all recently given their adhesion to something of this kind, and others no doubt will follow. In many and independent quarters a feeling has sprung up that some new modification of the old creeds is imperatively required by the circumstances of our time, and the state of men's minds in relation to religion. Newman, Foxton, and Froude, are not the only Oxford men who are traveling in the direction of the new views. Puseyism has helped to provoke a re-action in favor of Rationalism. The study of the ancient fathers of the Church has led some to a re-consideration of the entire evidence of Christianity, and to an endeavor to estimate the value and weight of those ancient writings. So far is the appeal to those writings from being able to *protect* the old dogmas of Tradition, Church authority, and the charmed efficacy of Sacraments, that the unmistakable tendency of modern Civilization and Culture is to set aside all mere ceremony, sacerdotal caste, and church authority. Thus we regard these lectures as nothing more than the *utterance* of thoughts and views which have been growing up in many minds.

The 'Religious Ideas' are not a sudden and extempore result of reading our Strausses, Hennells, and Parkers—they are the slow and gradual evolution of thoughts that have been maturing for years. However the particular conclusion here arrived at may be condemned, none who read can be insensible to the holy and humane spirit which pervades this volume. If it were the destination of the Non-subscribing Churches to make the transition from a faith in Miraculous Christianity to that of a Non-miraculous, we do not know by what path the transition could be made more winningly, safely, or satisfactorily, than by the way which is here opened. The volume consists of Lectures, under the following heads:—1, The Religious Ideas; their Universality. 2, Their objective Reality. 3, Revelation. 4, God. 5, Divine Attributes. 6, Creation and Providence. 7, Redemption. 8, Human Immortality. 9, The Moral Sense. 10, Heaven. 11, The Religion of Humanity. 12, Christianity. 13, Political Establishments. 14, Education. 15, Practical influences.

We regret to learn from the last page, that the task which the Lecturer proposed to himself, of uttering his matured thoughts on the great subject of Religion, has been performed in the midst of feeble health. But the work itself is far from feeble. It has indeed, to our reading, less of the fire, splendor, compression, and fullness, of his former writings—but we still recognize the hand of the old master. It has one great advantage. There is here no writing *for effect*—no satire or caricature of antagonist opinions and abandoned views—not one grain of antagonism, dogmatism, or bitterness, thro'out the whole. But that poetic and philosophic insight which sees truth, goodness, and beauty everywhere, and amid all forms of religion, remains. The tone of the Lectures is, thro'out, mild, benignant, impartial, and expansive. For ourself we hold to the *supernatural* element in Religion; we admit it is an external authentication in the past, resting on the probabilities of history,—but we have long felt with Newman, Martineau, Fox, and Morell, that the spiritual element of Christianity is paramount,—is that by which it approves itself at all times to the hearts of the pure, and by which it becomes what a divine of the last century happily expressed in the title of a book—'*The Gospel its own Witness.*' There is a religion of human nature, a religion imbedded in the *constitution* of man, which no historical scepticism can touch, no Greek and Hebrew criticism obscure, no objections to miracle invalidate. That Religion may be of slow growth, like knowledge itself, the march of civilization, or other grand results of providential arrangement; but like them, too, it is sure, and it is enduring. In the loftiest and purest minds Religion, like Poetry, like Philosophy, like Art, comes forth a *natural*, yet spiritual, development. If there had been no supernatural revelation, Religion would still have grown up in the human mind in the fullness of time, as the flowers and the grass clothe the face of earth in due season. If God had never spoken by Moses, the human race would not be without religion. But without the man Moses, and such like, we should not *yet* have been *where* we actually *are*. The object of the supernatural is not to *create* Religion—but to give it distinctness, stability, and speed, by annexing additional authority to all the natural sanctions and sources of religion,—thus suiting itself to the infancy of the human race,—thus communicating grand and controlling ideas on the loftiest of all themes,—thus mightily accelerating the spiritual Progress of all mankind. The supernatural does not

contravene the natural in Religion, take away any of its authority, or close up any of its sources: but, respecting these, and leaving them in full entirety, it superadds a Divine authority—it attaches the seal of heaven to one who, in uttering lofty spiritual truths, lives a divine and holy life worthy of his doctrine;—it imparts vividness to ideas and feelings which, always grand, mysterious, and unfathomable, would else be in danger of becoming vague, misty, and variable;—by defining it confers a measure of stability and permanence,—and by awakening them earlier in the human soul thro' supernatural means, it prepares for a more rapid spiritual advancement of the race. A Supernatural Communication from God is thus of the nature of a Prophecy—an anticipation of the natural process. On these, and similar grounds, we should be disposed to maintain the worth and reality of supernatural communications. All that the admirable lecturer delivers may be true,—and *more* may be true. A religion based on something more stable than tradition or parchment *may*, and we believe does, remain for the human race. Men have been ever darkly groping after God, and, *in answer to this instinct of human kind*, it is our belief that the divine benignity has specially touched and illuminated the minds of certain chosen ones, for the spiritual enlightenment of their kind.

The fundamental idea of the Lecturer (which we completely accept) is contained in the following extract:—

“As we trace the religious ideas in succession, I think it will appear that they have a deeper foundation than the mere ceremonies, the creeds, the books, the priesthood, the teachers, the oracles, by which religions are distinguished, and from which they are called. I think we shall find that they have their root in human nature, that they are the growth of man's intellectual and moral constitution; that they are, in their essence, a reality as much as *he* is a reality. I do not call them Innate Ideas—that doctrine has been exploded from the days of Locke. We are not born *with* thoughts, but we are born with *tendencies* to thought, which afterwards take a definite existence. For tho Locke exploded the doctrine of innate ideas, his comparison of the mind of man to a sheet of blank paper, fails egregiously. There are some things which *cannot* be written upon that paper by any hands, and there are symbols of ideas which *will* appear upon it, altho no hand be excited to trace them there—which, under the appropriate influences, come out like the writing on paper with sympathetic ink when it is held to the fire, and will grow plain and legible even to untutored tribes. There are tendencies to modes of thought such as what philosophers mean by the ‘moral sense’—not a power born with us like the physical and external senses, but such a constitution as that, in due time, the conceptions of right and wrong, of good and evil, of duty, will arise in the mind, and exist there to a certain extent, tho that extent may be diversified by the acquirements, and the exercise of the faculties, of the individual.

“There is in human nature an internal impulse towards the divine. Hence religion—but religion modified in a thousand different ways, and by a thousand different influences.

“There is, then, a *religion of humanity* tho not enshrined in creeds and articles—tho it is not to be read merely in sacred books—and yet *it may be* read in all, whenever they have anything of truth and moral beauty—a *religion of humanity* more ancient than the oldest superstitions, more divine than the best attested oracles, more enduring than the faith which seems to be the most firmly established in the world,—a *religion of humanity* which goes deeper than all, because it belongs to the essentials of our moral and intellectual constitution, and not

to mere external accidents,—the proof of which is not in historical argument, or metaphysical deduction, but in our own conscience and consciousness—a *religion of humanity* which unites and blends all other religions, and makes one the men whose hearts are sincere, and whose characters are true and good and harmonious, whatever may be the deductions of their minds or their external profession—a *religion of humanity* which cannot perish in the overthrow of altars or the fall of temples, which survives them all, and which, were every defined form of religion obliterated from the face of the world, would re-create religion as the spring re-creates the fruits and flowers of the soil, bidding it bloom again in beauty, bear again its rich fruits of utility, and fashion for itself such forms and modes of expression as may best agree with the progressive condition of mankind." Pp. 4, 6, 12.

These lectures would prove an excellent antidote to that form of Doubt which questions all, and suspects fraud and falsehood everywhere, because certain critical objections press upon the letter of Scripture. Mr. Fox goes back to the *oldest* Scripture. Whatever objections may be brought against certain portions of the *written* Bible, this does not overthrow the *Living Book*—does not touch the religious sentiment sown in our constitution by the hand of God. Without accepting the classification of the phrenologists, it must be owned that the tendency of their doctrine has been salutary, in-so-far as they asserted the *naturalness* and *permanence* of the religious element. If Phrenology be true then, in addition to the evidence of history and the inductions of moral science, we have a visible and tangible proof that man is, by the tendency of his nature, as certainly a worshipping, as a social, creature.

"It is surely something—knowing how much there is of mere invention, of superstition, of ignorant fancy, in what is *called* religion—it is something to know that *there is more than this in it*, and elements of a very different character and tendency. Religion is not a dream—it is not mere cloud-scenery—it is not a vain and evanescent imagination. Such delusions have prevailed,—they have overshadowed nations and ages, but they have passed away, because they were no more than dreams before the rising sun of knowledge. But Religion has *not* so passed away.—It is something to arrive at the conclusion that religion, being neither fancy nor fraud, is not to be classed with mere historical legend. The historical forms which it has often assumed, are very unimportant as to its essence. All historical legend is full of prodigy—has large masses of falsehood intermixed with truth—requires the application of a close and searching criticism to distinguish the one from the other: its wonders fade away with the lapse of ages, becoming more and more incredible. Religion is not to be mixed with this; it is moral truth, resting on moral proof, and cannot fade or waste away." Pp. 17, 8.

The objective reality of the religious ideas, is argued from the analogy of our other faculties. These have outer realities corresponding to them—Are the religious tendency, the sentiments of trust and reverence and worship, the only ones left aimless, objectless?

"Are we to suppose that objects of sight are provided for the eye,—that sounds are provided for the ear,—that there are objects for every tendency, even of cupidity or destructiveness,—that all the inferior faculties have their corresponding objects without; but that such faculties as veneration, wonder, hope, conscientiousness, which all philosophers alike place at the very highest elevation

of our mental constitution,—are alone unprovided for, have nothing which corresponds to them, but fail of indicating, as all the inferior faculties indicate, actual and external being? Thro' the whole range of faculties, beginning with the very lowest, this objective reality obtains. The moral faculties of man require the reality of the religious ideas." P. 22.

As the miraculous is not held essential to the idea of Religion, what conceptions are we to form of Revelation?

"*Where is Revelation?* Everywhere; everywhere that man, cherishing his purest thoughts and highest faculties, finds his spirit in communion with the great universal Spirit. It is not here or there exclusively. It is with the poet of an idolatrous country: it is with sages arising in barbarous times, their light shining amidst the thick night of ignorance: and it is with those who, enjoying higher degrees of knowledge, surrounded by an atmosphere of intelligence, find their own minds enabled thereby to look yet higher, even to the great Source of Light. Wherever moral and spiritual truth suggests itself to the mind, grows in that mind, passes from it to other minds—*there* is revelation; by whatever name it may be called, under whatever external forms of religion it may be conveyed, with whatever establishments and institutions of priests or churches it may be associated—*revelation is there*, and there should we thankfully acknowledge its existence.

"There is a *state of mind* to which it comes—not preternaturally—there is no conjuration in the case—there is no violation of law; it comes in harmony with the great laws of matter, mind, spirit. When a man has meditated in solitude, or has discoursed in society—if he has become familiar with antique volumes, or has listened to living teachers,—whenever and wherever he has felt himself most at-one with the scheme of things in which he exists: when his mind, retiring from petty struggles and petty enjoyments, or seeking relief from its weight of sorrows, allowing the course of his thoughts to run freely, he has perceived, amid the great confusion of things, some moral truth, as it were, beaming from above—there has been God's revelation, and let him lay it to his heart and cherish it." P. 46.

The twelfth lecture, headed 'Christianity,' is probably the standard lecture by which most of his readers will test the volume,—what specific views it contains of the origin, evidence, essence, development, of christianity. The author is not an antagonist of Christianity; on the contrary, he gratefully accepts the pure spiritual elements of Christ's religion, and differs only as to the kind of evidence on which its truth reposes. Outward miracle is no part of his Christianity; but for all which is good and true, moral and spiritual, the author has lost none of his early reverence.

"In all religions there will be occasion for discriminating between that which belongs to the true and the universal—that which is really a portion, taken possession of and applied by that specific form of religion, of the great universal religion of the human family—and that which is the result only of fraud, of superstition, of enthusiasm, or of whatever influences, perhaps of a different and far purer character, have been at work. While we may trace some parts of these specific forms of religion to the influence of prophets and priests, of books or miracles, we shall trace other portions to the varied influences of nature,—and the great and essential elements of all religions we shall assign to the human constitution itself.

"One result of this view of religion is, that it denies to all specific forms the

exclusiveness which most of them claim. However ancient their origin, however wide their dominion, whatever the lustre of their professors or their priesthoods, it will not allow that any of them, exclusively, are the one true religion. It claims that in its degree for all: it denies the monopoly of it to any form whatever—even to those which seem to have the most right to be exclusive, since they claim a local God. Athens with its Minerva, or Judea with its Jehovah, might have its peculiar Deity; but the Religion of Humanity shows us elements of the universal which mingle with all, and the nature and tendency of which is to overrule all. Let them have their defects or excellencies, their truths or falsehoods, their real piety or their gross superstition, their foundation in reason or their claim to the preternatural, it says to all, that *in these dictates of our being is religion*—religion universal and everlasting—this is the heart of their hearts, the religion of all religions.

Christianity is no exception to this rule. If we would be correct in our conceptions of Christianity, we should endeavor not to look at it from our own limited and restricted position, but rather to regard it as citizens of the world, as partakers of the common human nature. * * * * * The most striking peculiarity of Christianity is this, that it is *the religion of the predominant races in the world*, of those in whom both intellectual power and industrial energy have been the most largely developed. It is the religion of the conquering and colonizing races: it is the religion of the reflective, the inventive, the generally *progressive* races. Whether this be by an affinity with the peculiarities of their constitution, or whether its own influences upon them have not had their share in such a development, is another question. The amount of action and re-action it may be very difficult to estimate in such a case, but there stands the broad fact, that Christianity is the religion of the grandest portion of the earth's inhabitants, and of those who, if they do not exclusively possess the world, yet bid fair to subdue and to govern the rest of mankind.

"But still this falls short of the character of universality and perpetuity which belongs to the Religion of Humanity—belongs to that religion [*or religiousness*] which enters into all religions. For what is the history of Christianity? It is the history, not of the simply spiritual and unchanging, but the history of change and accommodation. From its origin in Judea, the records of Christianity are the records of a series of modifications—modifications arising out of the changing condition of the world, or the changed character of those by whom the religion was professed. In Judea, for instance, it lacked organization, converts were made individually; their church association, or church government, was of the simplest kind—rising out of the connection of the Jews together religiously, by their voluntary attendance on synagogue teaching, or copied from the establishment of the Essenes. Christians were comparatively isolated. The keen mind of the apostle Paul saw this, and he introduced organization. He not merely made churches more strict and exclusive bodies, but he ordained bishops and elders over them; he, as it were, regimented and banded them in their several localities and provinces, and was himself the great traveling primate of the religion which he did so much to establish in the world. Time rolled on; Christianity prevailed extensively in the Roman empire; something else was needed—some other modification in its original form, besides the organization with which the apostle Paul had started. More of appearance, more of grandeur and of pomp, was requisite for the religion of the masterly Romans than had sufficed for the religion of the despised and oppressed tribe of people that abode in Jewry. Then came the season of pomp, then worship grew into magnificent ceremonial; then the commemoration of Christ was the offering of High Mass, with its imposing forms; then were rich robes and vestments, and altars, and temples of architectural grandeur, made subservient to Christian worship. We have these forms, this splendor of service, in the initiatory condition of the Roman Catholic Church,

But this did not suffice without another modification speedily to follow. For the then circumstances of the world there was too much isolation and separation in Christian societies—too much of independence in congregations or dioceses, if not of peculiarities of thought in individuals. More *unity* was necessary. The scattered elements of the church were cemented together—the great pile rose tapering towards the skies, like the spire of a cathedral: the whole was bound together in its oneness by the power of the Roman Pontiff; and the Pope donned his triple crown.

“As European intellect unfolded itself,—as it was stimulated to thought, meditation and enquiry,—this system was found insufficient for its wants. More was needed of freedom, more of spirituality, more of simplicity, more of the certainty of a written word to appeal to, so far superior to that of the spoken words of the priest. The Reformation was necessary, and Luther rose. And how has it been since Luther's time? Is there no modification now in progress? Has not science, within the last three centuries, been making its most brilliant discoveries? Have we not had the telescope and the microscope brought in aid of our bodily senses. Has not man penetrated into the bowels of the mountains, and caverns of the earth, and read, in characters of stone, the history of the past revolutions of the globe? Is not science continually modifying some doctrine or other? Have not tenets once universally received and supported by Scripture—as those of witchcraft; of demoniacs, of a local heaven, of the recent creation of the world, of the introduction of death after the formation of man,—have not these, one after another, been shaken to their very foundation by the discoveries of science? Christianity teems with a new birth, and must accommodate itself to the Spirit of the Age—must undergo another modification, compelled to it by the advance of scientific knowledge. But all this is the history of change, and not of unchangeableness—it is the history of modification, and not of something essentially enduring in its nature and universal in its application.” Pp. 178-185.

These views of Christianity are coincident with those put forth by Theodore Parker and Professor Newman. The rejection of the Miraculous does not put one beyond the pale of Christ's religion, but it revolutionizes Christianity. It is so different from the old view that a distinct designation would be appropriate. It appears to us that, in point of etymology, history, and charity, the anti-supernaturalist is entitled to the Christian name. He may not admit the *intellectual* infallibility of Jesus himself—but he does admit and sympathize with his Divine Spirit of Piety, Trust, and Benevolence. He comes to *Christ* for something—for much;—he rejects, or criticises away, some portions of the *record*—others do the same. It is a question of degree, not of kind. The principle of unfettered Investigation—the great and vaunted Protestant principle of the right and *duty* of private judgment,—will vindicate us thus far. The man who has seriously convinced himself that the miraculous records are no part of original Christianity, but a later accretion around our faith, may be wrong,—we may wonder at his logic,—we may ask him to account for the character of Christ, or the spread of his religion, without the admission of miracle at the origin,—yet he who has detached the miracles and clings to the spiritual element, has only done the *same sort* of thing, but to greater extent, as he who rejects the demoniacal agency, but admits the miraculous cure. It is only a question of degree. In both it is the application of criticism to the record. In both it is believed that a nearer approach is made to the original Christianity. If the principle of private judg-

ment will not protect us in rejecting *all believed corruptions* of Christianity, neither will it vindicate us in rejecting *any*. The divergency between the old and the new construction of Christianity, however, seems to us so wide, that, for the sake of definiteness, discrimination, and intelligibility, Anti-supernaturalist Christians ought to take a new name. Names are simply a contrivance to mark and distinguish things, in order that we may reason accurately concerning them. Perhaps the best name might be that suggested by Mr. Hennell, *Christian Theists*. This would be at once distinctive and comprehensive. It would mark the relation to Christianity; it would link them with the historical Christ, and it would clear so wide a field as to comprehend all students of theology, and all religionists. It seems to us scarcely fair in Anti-supernaturalists, to march under the banner of Unitarianism. They are a distinct variety of the great Christian Community—let them have one a distinct designation to mark this. Confusion arises from blending under one appellation the rejectors of miracle, and those who, with Priestley, Belsham, Ware, and Channing, hold to the supernatural, and regard it as a main pillar of their Christianity.

Mr. Fox further expresses his views of Christ and Christianity:—

“The universal and enduring are in Christianity, and allowing that they exist in all religions, the result of a complete and fair examination will be, I apprehend, *that they exist more truthfully and efficiently in Christianity than in any other specific form*. We find them in its devotion. How sublime are the delineations of the Deity by the old prophet-bards of Judea! How magnificent their exaltation of the power of God over human imaginations and devices! How grand the theology of the Old Testament! How benignant the theology of the New Testament! What can the heart know of piety that is indisposed to adore ‘the Lord God’ with Isaiah, to trust ‘the Heavenly Father’ of Christ? This *cannot* change while the world shall last. As long as the stars shine in their brightness and roll in their orbits, it will be felt that we may worthily and devoutly use the language of the Jewish Psalmist, and affirm that the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Look at the morality of Christ. How heart-searching! how pure from conventionalism! how clear, and true, and strong! how simple his maxims! how easily applicable, and how complete, his summary of human duty and human good, in loving the Lord our God with all our heart and soul, our mind and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves!

“These, then, are things eternal, enshrined in Christianity. No storm can shake them; they can be superseded by no discovery in science. The moral pictures of the Scriptures are everlasting; be they historical truth, or be they fancy-work; let them be the narratives of the literal chronicler, or let them be parables, still there they are,—and such characters as those of Joseph, of Moses, of Caleb, of Ruth, of the good Samaritan, of the zealous and energetic apostle Paul, will remain thro’ all time, unchanging in their worth and in their power, as moral influences. They are paintings whose color no time can obliterate, no accident impair,—which are never obscure in their meaning, nor feeble in their application.

“These, and together with these, the maxims and precepts founded on a deep observance of the heart of man—the readings, clear and distinct, of that law which was written not upon tables of stone but in the fleshly tables of the heart,—dictates of truth and thoughts that cannot pass sway—legends which, in their very wildness, have a force and beauty that charm the mind—these are all of the enduring, these will last. And, preëminent above them all, the character of Him, ‘the Son of God,’ the crucified one for man’s salvation—so full of gentleness and tenderness, so rich in compassion, so prompt to forgiveness, and so submissive

in agony—so confiding in God, in humanity, in futurity—that remains, the soul of all, CHRISTIANITY INCARNATE, and yet unchanging. These then are the enduring, the universal. They speak for themselves. They appeal for their proof, not to the musty records of dark ages,—not to verbal criticisms on Greek or Hebrew,—but they appeal to our own moral sense, to our elementary perceptions—they commend themselves there, and there they command full and lasting admiration.” Pp. 186-189.

It is a small matter, but possibly the volume might have been more appropriately named ‘On the religious Sentiments.’ It is in the emotional region of human nature that we find the fountain-head of religion. While men’s ideas are very diverse, their sentiments and tendencies exhibit a much greater accordance, and a greater approach to universality. Ideas are developed by culture—sentiments, tendencies, faculties, are given us by nature. But the title of the volume is still defensible, for sentiments arise from, and expand into, Ideas,—and the task which the lecturer prescribed to himself was, not merely to show that human nature has spontaneous and inherent tendencies to religion—but also, that abstraction being made of what is local, temporary, mistaken, fraudulent, or superstitious, there still remain certain grand and pervading ideas, which might be called the Religious Ideas of the Race.

We regard the publication of this work, and of similar productions by very able men, as among the signs of the times. It is needful for our learned theologians to bestir themselves, if they would stand upon the old ways, and save the ark of their fathers. The controversy is not now on the surface, but it touches the very foundations of Historical Christianity; it is not about baptisms, and bishops, and forms of Church government, the devil, the Trinity, or the decrees of God—but it is an enquiry into the original facts of Christianity itself,—the way in which those facts are to be accepted,—the origin and composition of the sacred books,—Miracle, Inspiration, Revelation, etc. These topics are now forced afresh on the attention of the learned of all denominations; and they require, for their satisfactory solution, deep thought, sound learning, force and clearness of understanding, *with mental honesty to follow the evidences whithersoever they may lead.* Truth must gain by every examination; and the more simple and spiritual our faith becomes, the less is it exposed to the shafts of infidelity. If, as some suppose, Disbelief is fast spreading both among the Working and Educated Classes of society, it is not the mocking, sneering, ribaldrous, and superficial infidelity of a former age. Doubt and questioning now come to us in the form of reverence and learning, and giving a reason withal for their unfaith. In a time of such upheaving as the present, it is to be expected that crude political and religious theories will be started. So much the more need for all friends of true learning, sober thought, and progressive reforms, to arouse themselves, and help toward the diffusion of sound ideas on the paramount topics of human contemplation. Meanwhile, let us maintain in ourselves that philosophic spirit and stability which is just alike to old thought and to new thought, gathers up its portions of truth from old schools and new, and is equally proof against slavishly clinging to antiquated and exploded notions, and against being carried away by whatever new opinions may be thrown up into the atmosphere of speculation.

Chowbent.

A. MACDONALD.

WATCHING.

BY W. J. LINTON.

 I AM weary, watching for thy coming,—
 And yet thou comest not;
 Day after day my weary feet are roaming
 To that dear spot
 Where thou didst bless me with those words so vain—
 'We soon shall meet again.'

My soul is worn with prayer for thy returning,
 And yet thou dost not come;
 All thrō the long long night the lamp is burning
 In thy lone home,—
 Thy home, my heart, where echo yet in vain
 Thy words—'We meet again.'

TO A RIVER.

SPORTIVE Young River, we've rambled together,
 Over the mountain moors, purpled with heather;
 On where the foxglove and bracken wave over
 The blackcock and curlew, the pewit and plover;
 And down the rough rocks, with a shout of delight,
 To the cleft where the birken tree clammers for light;
 And onwards again with a sparkle and splash
 To the dark, dusky woods of oak, alder, and ash;
 And down deeper still to the green sunny valley,
 With frolic and laughter, with song and with sally.

Beautiful River! full many a day
 In that green happy valley we've sauntered away;
 Watching the flight of the light cloudy shadows,
 Listing the low of the kine in the meadows,
 The chirp of the grasshopper, hum of the bee,
 And sweet loving song of the bird on the tree.
 In a world of our own, without sorrow and sin,
 All peaceful around us, all peaceful within;
 Where gay pleasant fancies, profuse as the flowers,
 And musings and calm meditations, were ours.

True-hearted River! we've wedded together;
 There came a sweet rill from thy home in the heather,
 And ye kissed and united, and flowed on in one,
 O'er rugged and gentle, thrō shadow and sun;
 And I found a sweet maid in a nook by thy side,
 Where bees, birds, and roses enraptured abide;
 And glad was my heart as the soft sunny breeze,
 As we whispered and walked 'neath thy bowering trees;
 And that young lovely maiden, so modest, benign,
 Is the rill now whose being is blended with mine.

Strong-hearted River! for God and for man,
 We've toiled fulfilling His mighty plan—
 All things working together for good—
 Soul, earth, and atmosphere, light, fire, and flood,—
 Toiled together, hard, early, and late,
 Bearing undaunted the buffets of fate;

Ever earnestly striving, gaining strength,
Thro patient endurance to triumph at length;
And win the high guerdon, and learn the deep lore,
Unfolding to true, earnest work, evermore.

Majestic Old River! we're passing away
From the land of our pilgrimage, green and gay;
Calm, deep, and strong, thy beneficent course
Sublimely rolls on to its vast ocean source;
And I lonely listen the deep low roar,
Of a mightier ocean that knows no shore;
Where the streams of all time and being tend,
Where all thought, love, hope, sorrow, and joy descend—
And I bow down and pray to the Will Divine,
For calmness and courage and strength like thine.

J. W.



